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PERSONAL ADVENTURE.



CAPE TOWN.

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PERSONAL ADVENTURE

Chatterton
31/3/74

SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE

REV. GEORGE BROWN,

GRAAFF REINET, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

ILLUSTRATED.

LONDON:

JAMES BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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PREFACE.

A BOOK without any sort of preface were an unusual thing. The writing of what I design to be prefatory to my book is, however, to me a harder task than the writing of the work itself. One can write with ease and freedom, when feeling well assured, that well-beloved friends will be gratified and pleased thereby ; but now, that both this, and what was originally intended for the partial eye of friends, is designed to be laid before strangers, I feel the sense of this to have a tremulous, stiffening influence upon my pen. Then why present to the public what was intended for the eye of friends only ?

I well remember the deep interest that was taken in the native races of South Africa, in those religious circles in which it was my happiness to mingle before I left my native land, and know the feelings that are cherished by the pious and benevolent there, in reference to especially the Caffre tribes here. Then I too cherished all those same feelings, and came gradually to an entire change of my views and feelings, only after I had seen things here with my own eyes. Every step of this change pained me.

Measures of injustice and oppression I had thought to be carried out against the "poor natives," by both the colonists and the Government, and that only the missionaries understood and practised the proper mode of treating them. Here I found the

Government seeking in every way to raise those natives from the most wretched barbarism, to a state of civilization and comfort. The establishment of missions was encouraged, assistance given to build schools, and salaries for native teachers ; the materials too for decently clothing those who waited upon their instruction, were liberally distributed by Government among the missionaries. And no interference whatever with native freedom, or laws, or customs, save such as shocked alike humanity and morality. But these were just the things, the repression of which the natives were least disposed to bear—hence this outbreak. It is in reality, a war of despotism against freedom—of barbarism against humanity ! the grossest licentiousness kicking at the first restraints of morality.

It is at the mission stations, that native character may be expected to be found farthest advanced towards improvement. That at which I had fullest opportunities of making observations, was the oldest, and, reckoned at home to be, the most prosperous in Caffreland. There the people possessed more land by far than they could cultivate ; land, too, which yields two abundant crops each year—wheat, barley, maize, potatoes, and the finest fruits, could all be produced in abundance, yet these people were yearly, from about the month of September to January, in a state scarcely short of starvation. Themselves unable to work, and their children fainting in the pathways from very hunger ! All this from sheer indolence, in-bred laziness, pride, and improvidence ! The adult population here was under one hundred and twenty, and the charge of the station to mis-

sion funds, was between £500 and £600 annually.

These things wrought a complete revolution of my sentiments and views. From both experience and observation, I know well the circumstances of that large class at home, who make sacrifices to keep up our mission funds, and have often wished that those self-denials of honest industry, were turned to other account, than supporting pride, the most hateful laziness, and squandering wastefulness. That money does not go to promote the cause of Christ, but the very reverse. Meetings are held—speeches made, and periodicals circulated, all to produce such excitement as will dispose people to contribute liberally. In all these, truth, if likely to be unpalatable, is withheld, or presented in

such language that it is misapprehended, and the result is, that it has all the effect of misrepresentation. In reference to this present outbreak, the sympathies of a Christian people, are sought to be drawn out in behalf of men perfidious and ungrateful, and the honest, industrious, and peace-loving colonists, whom they have pillaged and murdered, are slandered and scandalized.

It was on learning from the English papers with what zeal parties follow this course, that my resolution was taken to present, for the full information of the public, what I had intended for friends only. I state the truth ; beyond that I have no object to serve. I have no favour to court, nor censure, of which I am afraid. Operations for evangelising the heathen, must be conducted upon

very different principles, and the men conducting them must do so in a very different temper and spirit, before God can honour and bless them.

G. B.

GRAAFF REINET,

January 1855.

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PERSONAL ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory—War—British Rule—Chumie—The Hot-tentot Sandilli.

THE day of parting with friends is still fresh in my memory, and I doubt not an equally lively remembrance of it is cherished by them among the last words that I heard from the lips of a dear relative. Where there is war in the country, deep feeling and strong love, such as only a mother can experience and cherish, sought vent in that exclamation. It was the expression of a momentary desire to keep me, though but for a little, and to look at the trial of giving me up, through the shade of the future, rather than feel it as a present painful reality. It was this that overcame every other feeling.

By having such a record, as I hope to be able to give, of all that we have been already brought through, as well as through what we yet may be brought, I hope that yet another end will be served.

Reader, you have read of war, and that is all you know about it. It is not one of the smallest of the many blessings that have so long been lavished upon happy Scotland, that for many ge-

nerations she has not known what it is to have war upon her own soil. War is a horrid thing: Sir H. Smith, who is a soldier by profession, has said this of it; this is true of all wars, much more is it so, when one of the parties engaged in the conflict is barbarian, if not savage. Of the horrors of such a war I have seen much, and felt a little; how much more I may yet have to feel or see, is known to God only.

There are few wars, in which a certain amount of blame does not attach to both parties, for having provoked to such a state of things: the instances are rare, however, in which less blame can attach to any party, than does to the representatives of British government, in the shedding of blood here. Taking it in all, British rule in South Africa has been one of beneficence. Acts of real and seeming injustice and oppression, are, no doubt, readily enough to be found; but under what human government are these not to be found? Where is the magistrate, even the most upright, in your own enlightened land, against one part or other of whose administration such charges may not be brought by dissatisfied or misinformed parties? But then any thing in the form of injury done to the poor Caffre, the poor Hottentot, or Hindoo, at a distance of ten or twelve thousand miles, produces a very different feeling among you, than were the same thing done to your nearest neighbour. From what I have seen of the natives of this country, I maintain that it is not in the power of the white man to oppress them, even though he had the disposition; he is more by far at their mercy, than they are at his; they can subsist quite indepen-

dent of him—he cannot do so without them ; and let me assure you, they are not at all of a temper or disposition to submit to oppression or injustice ; humility, or low views of themselves, is none of their virtues.

When I say that the British rule has been one of beneficence, I mean that the Government has greatly meliorated the social and individual circumstances and condition of the natives, within the territory over which its influence extends—it found slavery in existence, and abolished it, thereby exciting extensive and lasting disaffection among the Dutch population. Among the Caffres, it found a state of things even worse than slavery ; the remains of several tribes, which had been spoiled and desolated by some more eastern and inland conquerors, sought refuge among the Caffres ; these taking advantage of their helpless condition, set them in a position of the very lowest degradation, regarding them with a contempt, and treating them in a manner worse than ever white man did the negro slave. *Imfengu* is regarded as the term most expressive of reproach and contempt in the Caffre tongue—below even that of dog. To this people, the Caffres applied this epithet as their distinctive name—hence the English Fingo. The Fingoes differ nothing in either appearance or language from the Caffre ; in disposition they are much more humble, and of more industrious habits. By the British, these Fingoes were delivered from the power of their cruel lords, and re-established in a position of independence ; and if we may believe the accounts given by visitors to the Cape fifty years ago and later, the Hottentot race bade fair to

have become ere this time utterly extinct; but instead of this, under the fostering care of the British, the wasted and wasting race has revived, until now they are formidable antagonists, when, in the basest ingratitude, they have risen, in wild rebellion, and are thirsting for the blood, and seeking the utter extermination, of the very parties to whom they owe even their continued existence, and under whose humanity they have been nurtured into new strength and vigour. This people seems to differ from all other people, the depth of their ingratitude being just in proportion to the kindness with which they have been treated, and the favour which they have received.

More than twenty years ago, the attention of the British Government was directed by some of the most warm-hearted philanthropists of the day, to the abject and miserable condition of the Hottentots; the result was, that they were declared to be entitled to all the rights and privileges of freemen, and to be placed in all respects on an equality with the other subjects of the British crown. Nor was this all; an extensive district of country, not surpassed in value by any district in the province, was freely appropriated to the Hottentots; here each family had six or more acres of arable land, with a right to as many thousand acres, as a common pasturage, to every hamlet containing a few families. A population of several thousand people soon flocked into this district, and for some years all seemed to get on surprisingly well. In that district, a station had been commenced by the Glasgow Missionary Society; and Mr. Thomson, who had been sent out

by that Society to Chumie, was appointed minister there, and his salary paid by Government : Mr. Read, of the London Society, had also a location granted in the district, and great attention was given by all parties to the education of the Hottentots.

The prosperity of the Settlement, and the success of the philanthropic experiment, were destined to be short lived. Those most intimately connected with, and most deeply interested in, the Kat River Settlers, saw with grief and disappointment, that the zeal for improvement, and industrious application, after but a few years, cooled down, and the old habits of the Hottentot, or new ones, which were worse, began to gain ascendancy ; bad gradually became worse, till now they surpass in wickedness and reckless violence, the worst apprehensions of the old alarmists, who were then looked upon as the bitterest enemies of the native races ; and what is calculated to still more vex us, those professing to have been brought under the influence of the gospel, are not behind any of their fellow-settlers in deeds of wickedness ; those even who were employed as native teachers, and agents in the dissemination of Christianity, are many of them forward in their present iniquitous course.

A large party of these people occupy a rocky, bushy fastness, a few miles from this ; they go out in bands away into the colony, and fall upon the first defenceless farmer's place they come to—plunder his house—carry off his flocks, and shoot any one that may offer resistance, or they way-lay waggons, which they attack, at some difficult part of the road ; the mail-riders have been re-

peatedly attacked by them too, and the bags lost.

And while this is the life these people lead, they profess to have as great regard to religion as ever; they sing hymns, pray, and maintain worship with hands full of blood; yea, they even glory in their tribulations; they persuade themselves that they are being persecuted by wicked men for the name of Christ; they apply to themselves such passages, as that which speaks of men having trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, wandering about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. All this I have heard with my own ears, for we have had repeated, but most undesirable, visits of those people, both when coming with mischievous intentions against ourselves, and passing to, or returning from, the execution of such purposes against others.

All this party describe themselves as being Mr. Read's people: those who had attached themselves to Mr. Thomson's ministry, were all the more industrious and respectable of the Kat River Settlers. They stand fast in their loyalty to Government, and occupy an old military post in the district. Like Judah from the children of Edom, they have suffered more bitter and deadly assaults from those whom they had been taught to regard as their brethren, and who were their neighbours and fellow-settlers, than from all the hordes of barbarian Caffres: this is but the open manifestation of a state of feeling, that has long been cherished towards them. Few men would have borne what Mr. Thomson has done: he is of a meek spirit above most men, and equally devoted and adapted to ministerial and missionary

work : it has been no part of his system to make every little thing appear as a grievance to his people, and the colonists as the cause or occasion of it. Instead of a habit of incessant complaining, petitioning, and memorializing Government, he taught his people, that if true to themselves, they had little to fear from others, and that a man to prosper must help himself—use his own hands and head ; the fruit of this mode is seen in his people to-day.

Both in appearance and natural characteristics, the Hottentot differs as widely from the Caffre as we ourselves do ; he is of a spare, light make, rather short of stature—quick and lively in his motions—of a dun sole-leather colour, rather than black, and hair in short tufts, like a worn-down shoebrush, with spaces of bare scalp between ; he seems to be a creature with passion, feeling, and appetite, as the only principles of his constitution ; he lives for this hour only—for the next he takes no thought ; of foresight he is destitute, and, to the last degree, improvident ; his desire for stimulants amounts to a kind of rage, which the placing of coffee, tobacco, and brandy within his reach, at once kindles up ; and for trinkets, perfumery, and dress, the veriest fop you ever knew would lose by comparison with him. The men make expert waggon-drivers, but so heedless, when they get squatted at an outspan place with their coffee-kettle, to all else, save what is just before them, that they constantly let the oxen go a missing, and it may be days before they again find them. In my first journey up the country, I was fortunate enough to get through with only two half days waiting thus, and it is no comfortable fix, let

me assure you. In addition to the detention, on the first occasion, I had fifteen shillings to pay, for damages done to some one's crop, into which the lost oxen had strayed. This is what the natives reckon to be one of their sorest grievances, the impounding of their cattle, when they thus eat up the fruit of the white man's hard toil and industry; there can be no unlawful impounding, the party sustaining the damage, cannot impound for more than the amount taxed by a neutral party.

In many of the above features of natural character, the Caffre is a perfect contrast to the Hottentot; he is altogether much more staid, and by no means so easily moved to either good or evil; he is acquisitive as a Jew—provident too; and with all his deceit, is much more to be trusted; he will submit to severe privations, in prospect of future good; the Caffre steals that he may add to his flocks—the Hottentot that he may devour flesh.

The native perfidy of that people has been all exercised against us during this wicked outbreak. After they seemed utterly broken in Kat River, many of them formally gave themselves up, and were taken by General Somerset to Fort Hare. Between them and the party in the bush, a constant intercourse is kept up, in spite of whatever vigilance may be exercised over them: of every important military movement, they manage to have notice conveyed to both Hottentots and Caffres, so that they know to have both themselves and their cattle out of the way. When dispatches could be transmitted from one military post to another, only with the greatest secrecy,

this service was confided to Hottentot females, as being less likely to be suspected by the Caffres ; the party so confiding, however, had most reason to be suspicious, for instead of taking such dispatches to the parties for whom they were intended, they took them direct to the rebel chiefs. Caffre women who had been employed on this service, have in no case betrayed their trust ; and instances are known to me, in which they have shewn admirable adroitness as well as fidelity.

The Cape mounted rifles is a Hottentot regiment, of which General Somerset is colonel, and which is mostly officered by his sons and sons-in-law : by no party has perfidy so base been shewn as by this corps ; considerable numbers of them have, at several times, gone over to the rebels, and to test the fidelity of those that remained, the shots were drawn from their guns one day, when, of a hundred, two only were loaded with ball, the others with blank cartridge only. It is not easy to account for the lenity with which these men have been treated. Sir Harry says, that it is the " psalm-singing rascals " that have acted so basely. We feel this reproach all the more, that there is something like ground for it. At Fort White, where Mrs. Brown found refuge, when she fled from Igqibira, the Cape corps men refused to aid in the defence of the fort when it was attacked by the Caffres. The sergeant stole out and joined the assailants, calling to his men—" Come away, bruders, come away !" Mrs. Brown says, that these men were noted for their singing and praying when she was there, and the sergeant was chief speaker among them. This surely is one of the old adversary's deepest devil tricks.

I know not in what way it is to be, but am confident that he will be foiled in his satanic malice—that his own arts will be turned against himself.

When I began to write, I thought two paragraphs would be enough as introductory to the more interesting part of my narrative, and I have not yet done. We often have had war with the Caffres. I almost wish we had some other term to express our kind of quarrels and contention with that people. War! How would it sound to speak of Britain being engaged in war with the county of Caithness, or the town of Canterbury or Paisley. The Caffre tribes with whom we are at war do not exceed in numbers the population of any of those places. Other tribes there are who describe themselves as sleeping. They are asleep with their eyes open, however, and not more to be trusted than their friends who are wide awake. They make themselves very useful in taking care of colonial cattle which the others drive back into their country till the war be over.

Sandilli is nominal head of all the Amanqika, or as the English call them, Gaika tribes; several other chiefs acknowledge him as their 'great chief,' *inkosi inkulu*, when it suits their purpose to do so; when they think it their interest not to do so, they act quite independant of him: some chiefs have few or no people—others have several thousand in their tribe.

Sandilli is a young man, as full of vanity and self-impotence as need be. The war of 1846—7, was the first in which he had engaged. Wearied or hungered out he gave himself up, and came

under every obligation to live as a dutiful and peaceful subject of the British crown. The Governor confiding in his sincerity with a generosity which he has basely requited, placed Sandilli again at the head of his tribe. The other chiefs with their people came all under the same obligation. They were still allowed to administer the native laws, and only such practices as were grossly immoral and sinful were prohibited. Everything was done to encourage the formation of civilised habits, and to improve the natives; ploughs and all sorts of agricultural implements were distributed among them, cooking utensils and clothes also, and assistance given to such as wish to put up houses, or bring out water to irrigate their land.

Nor was education neglected. An annual sum of one hundred pounds was paid towards the support of at least ten native boarders with Mr. Govan, who so efficiently conducts the Seminary at Lovedale, connected with the Free Church, and an equal sum to a Wesleyan Seminary for the same object. One of these young men whose attainments were regarded to be such as to qualify him for the office of teacher, was employed in connection with the police station at Fort Cox, where he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all parties. Missionary operations were also patronised by Government, and many of the most sincere well-wishers to the native races, had fondly hoped that the set-time to favour Caffreland had now come.

That the chiefs and principal men were not 'sitting sweet' under this new state of things, was easily discovered. It was mostly by such

practices as were prohibited, that they had their wealth. When the chief was in want of cattle, a case of witchcraft was a most convenient pretext for "eating up" any one whose numerous herd was an object of envy. To "eat up" anyone, is to confiscate his cattle, and if of his own accord he did not get out of the way, it was not unusual to apply a ream to his neck, after which there was little danger of his making himself troublesome. All misfortunes, sickness, and death come upon the Caffres, more especially the chiefs and principal men, by witchcraft, not by natural means, far less as part of the curse of sin, of which they know nothing. The chief got cattle too, in return for the young females of his tribe, which he claimed the right of disposing of according to his own pleasure, for the vilest of purposes, and if he did not openly profit by the theft of Colonial cattle, he certainly connived at the practice.

There are men who profess to see a good deal to admire in the Caffre native Government, and in the Government of other uncivilised tribes. It is described as patriarchal, a term that is designed to express all that is simple, mild, fatherly. We like it, because Noah, Abraham, and Jacob, were patriarchs, and it was the kind of rule they exercised. But they were men who feared the Lord, and who commanded their children and households after them that they should keep the way of the Lord. And we forget the great gulf that separates between them, and men who from their remotest ancestry, "did not like to retain God in their knowledge," so much so as not to have in their native tongue any word to use as

the name, or to denote the being of God—of any God! No; under such men, and in such a state of things, be the mode of Government what it may, “the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.” I am convinced the more we know of all such people, the more will the inspired description of them be illustrated and confirmed.

CHAPTER II.

Hottentot Rapacity—Suspended Judgment—The Igqibira
Missionary Station—Well Digging—Labour Lost—
Primitive Engineering—Converts—The Chief Stock—
Colonel Mackinnon—Avarice of the Natives.

WHILE I write it, a horde of the Kat River and Theopolis Hottentots are prowling all over the station. They are picking out of the poor women's gardens, who are themselves famishing, the pumpkins not yet larger than your fist. These are quite unfit for food, but are the only thing on the place that can be substituted for it. If they yield no nourishment, they at least afford a little exercise to the jaws and the organs of deglutition. These men have stolen in upon us during the night, without any one hearing when they came. They had gone out from the Amatole, to make an attempt yesterday to carry off the cattle about Alice and Fort Hare, but have been turned back in disappointment, by a thunderstorm in the afternoon, and a wet night following. It is said that they intend to loiter the day away here, leave in the evening, and renew their attempt. My prayer to Almighty God is, that they be turned back in confusion.

Believe me, it is a lamentable state of things, when destruction, the death by violence even, of our fellow-men, causes satisfaction, if not joy, to a Christian heart. These are men, in whom is developed every feature of character, and whose

whole course of conduct is such, as in the word of God is declared to mark men ripe for destruction. No words could more accurately describe, not their general character as belonging to a fallen sinful race, but that which distinguishes them from others of even that race, than does that passage of inspiration—Rom. iii. 13—18. In each individual, there is a horrid concentration of all the dispositions, habits become confirmed, and features of character therein expressed. That is the picture, here is the living reality. David of old said of such—“Destroy thou them, O God—let them fall by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions.”

There are some who hesitate as to the applying of many of those delightful, heart-expressing, soul-supporting psalms, under the milder and more merciful Christian dispensation. Rest assured, that it is not the dispensation to which these psalms are unsuitable, but the circumstances of the parties, to which they are not adapted. The most true-hearted believer, when in health, has but a half relish for, and defective understanding of many of those psalms. Lay him however upon a sick bed, bring him down to the “gates of death,” to the very entrance of the “dark valley,” then what so precious to, or so much relished by him, as these psalms? How many saints, even they it may be, “who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage,” when the hour came, have given the most truthful expression to their feelings in the words of that hallowed twenty-third psalm—“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art

with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me," and have gone down holding by that rod, and leaning on that staff, with a confidence, the like of which they never before felt? To the man yet in his natural state, asleep, dead, "unrenewed in the spirit of his mind," what so unmeaning a thing as that fifty-first psalm? But let him be once waked out of his sleep, "made alive," convinced of sin by the Holy Ghost: then he will appropriate that very psalm as if it were written for himself alone, and he will do so with a heartiness just in proportion to the measure of grace that he has received.

Whatever you may think of it, I have found no unsuitableness in the most positive comminations and imprecations of these psalms, but have used and applied them with confidence, and with the fullest approval of conscience, and that too when under the liveliest sense of my own utter undoneness, save for the mercy of God; and when experiencing the deepest heartfelt gratitude for that mercy, which has been to so abound towards me. To those wicked men, as personal enemies, I cherish no feelings of revenge, but can say in regard to that evil they have done to me, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge." But to the Christian, and especially to one who has become a missionary of the cross, there is at least one object of more absorbing interest, than anything that is merely personal. Not at all to speak of their having burned up all the houses of God in the land, how many years of missionary toil and painful anxiety—how many of the most fondly-cherished hopes of the best hearts—how many "prayers with strong crying and tears"—all this,



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and how much more that cannot be expressed, the glory of Christ, of the mercy of God in Christ, and the weal of their own souls, have been made as things of nought by those wretched men, the bond-slaves, and yet the hearty servants of the "enemy of all righteousness!" Let Satan's kingdom be destroyed!

How long an introduction, and yet no introduction to what immediately follows. It has been written upon the principle of saying what is uppermost, rather than that this is the proper place for it, and the Caffres have not left me even the notes of such things that I used to keep to refresh my memory. I believe the lithograph impressions, from a sketch of the Igqibira missionary station will give a more correct notion of it than any description of mine can give. I well remember what a charming place I conceived it to be from looking at that picture. Fine woodland in the background, lawn in front, in which are several figures represented as variously employed, the church and schoolrooms in their proper places—altogether, it looks such a place, as one might live very happily about, and no doubt you thought me very comfortably housed, when you learned that I had gone there, and occupied that sweet smiling cottage, with shady verandah and flower garden in front.

That picture shows however what the place is not. The buildings as there represented, I never saw of course, as they all were destroyed by the Caffres during the last war. There are ruins enough, however, to show what these have been. A wall that encloses a space used as a cattle kraal alone, contains more good brick building than

most missionaries in Caffreland had for the accommodation of themselves and families. What seems the lawn in front, and where as I fancied, some of the figures are represented as raking grass, is a hard, dry, stony flat, where for long periods not a blade of grass is to be seen. The whole place is altogether one of the most barren burnt-up spots that could well be found, it is so utterly destitute of water. Fresh water is not to be had within a distance of eight or ten miles of the station. The stream that flows past it, in its ordinary fulness, would pass easily through the hollow of your two hands, and this is so brack, as to taste much like a weak solution of Epsom salts. For washing, this water is worse than useless, and if you drink it to allay thirst, you were better to leave it alone. We used it for cooking, and I was not sensible of any injurious effect it had upon my health, yet it never became agreeable—I never got used to it. To Mrs. Brown it was still worse; she had all her life been accustomed to the sweet cool waters from the Gwali stream.

The whole locality, but more especially the bed and banks of the river, often brought to my mind descriptions that are given of the shores of the Dead Sea. In many places the bed of the river is wide enough for the Clyde at Glasgow to pass down it, the rocks which compose it have a peculiar fire-scathed appearance, and in several places drop down in the bottom a space of twenty feet or more, thus forming immense troughs, with precipitous sides, which stand always full of water. On the banks of the river there are no trees, gnarled stunted bushes there are, having foliage of a sombre brownish tinge, not of that lively

light green, by which the course of a fresh river may be distinguished at a great distance. A stranger readily discovers his approach to it, by an offensive stagnant sea-water smell.

Although I had no expectation of long occupying the station at Igqibira, and I did not wish to be at the expense of providing water casks, with which to fetch a weekly load of water from the Kieskome, I set about adopting means for the collection and preservation of rain water. Although for months together we have not a drop of rain, still I am convinced, that from periodical rains and thunderstorms, with the exercise of a little skill, and the expenditure of a little labour, the wants of a family might be in great measure supplied with this most necessary article, fresh water. Before I left, a friend in Carluke pointed out his well to me, which is constructed upon the most simple artificial principle, and which he assured me furnished an abundant supply of beautiful water, from rain collected from the roof of his house alone, I set about getting such a well dug, and it was a somewhat formidable undertaking,

Our only tools were, two spades, a pick, and a large hammer. Not more than two feet from the surface, we came to hard rock, with an uneven surface, and cracked in various directions. At this we had just to smash away with the big hammer, till a piece of it broke, such as we could pick out, and thus from a hole once made, we continued to break off and loosen away pieces in the best way we could, till we got to the depth of about seven feet. At first I had four, but latterly, only two stout young men employed on this work; they had never handled pick, spade, or

hammer before, so I had to shew them how every thing ought to be done. This is the first sort of schoolmaster we want for the Caffre, one to show him how to use his hands. With the use of these, every one in Scotland is so well acquainted, in not one, but in an endless variety of occupations, that you cannot conceive how awkwardly a man sets about doing anything, who may never have used his hands to any other useful purpose, than milking a cow. I have really felt teased at times, to see a man take a spade in his hand, get down upon his knees, and set to work with it in much the same manner as I dare say you have done when a boy with a stick, in "hollowing out a bees' nest;" or laying down the spade, he will gather up the earth with his hands and carry it to it, and when he has got three or four handfulls laid upon the spade, he will take it up, and make as if he would throw the earth somewhere, more than half of it falling just where he took it from.

But my employment in teaching these men was doubly useful; I gabbled Caffre with them, and was thus mastering their barbarous tongue, while they were being made acquainted with the arts of civilisation, and when they observed me pick up a new word, or get the true pronunciation of one that I had before been blundering, they were quite boisterous in their joy. But if their tongue was barbarous, still more so was their appearance. They were utterly without clothing of any kind, to conceal their shame. One had a sheep skin, another some fragments of an old blanket, and another a soldier's old cast off red coat. I enforced it as a rule, that no one appear upon the station without endeavouring in the

best manner he could to avoid outraging every feeling of decency. This brought the sheepskin and blanket from the shoulders to the loins, around which it was fastened in a sort of kilt fashion. The red coat was a very unsuitable garment for this use, but however grotesque it made the wearer to appear, it was forced into service.

These men were all working for blankets; I gave them their food and a blanket for eighteen days' work. That night the first five got their blankets; they seemed to be new men altogether; only one of them had ever possessed a blanket before, and not one of them had ever earned so much by his own industry. That they could have a blanket of their own by working with their hands, seemed to give them an idea of themselves, quite different from what they had ever before entertained. But having got their blankets, they left off working; there was no other thing that they wanted, or at least felt their need of.

But what of my well. After a week or two, there came a heavy fall of rain, and we were all alert clearing away everything that hindered the water from flowing into the newly-prepared receptacle. The natives now began to see the use of the hole, which before they had conjectured all sorts of things about. Some would have it that I was making a place in which to hide things when war came. Well, we got a beautiful supply of nice sweet water; and as I went out repeatedly to look at it, standing in its clean cistern of blue rock, I almost felt disposed to accept a little self gratulation at my success. The third day after the rain, we sent out for a supply of our nice sweet water, when Mrs. Brown, on taking a

draught of it, exclaimed, with a feeling of surprise and disappointment—"O, that is as bad as the river!" And so it was. I at once concluded that it must be from the rock that this quality was imparted to the water.

In a little clump of *Euphorbia* and low brush wood, about three hundred yards from the station, I had observed a moist spot, completely shaded from the sun. There was no grass, but a foot or two of the surface was covered with a minute lively green plant, and the foot sank in the soft mud. Here I set the men again to work, but to dig out what seemed to be soft mud, was a harder work than I had expected, when the spade was put to it it was tough and elastic, as if folds of thick woollen cloth were mixed with the mud. Two feet from the surface, the clay, mud, or earth, whichever it might be called, got quite hard. Here we dug a great hole, and no appearance of rock. The clump of brushwood was, to the surrounding ground, like the bottom of a large basin, so that it was the natural receptacle for all the rain which flowed off the surface. After the first rains our pool was filled to overflowing, and it continued so without any sensible diminution, so long as we were at Igqibira, several months. This water kept quite sweet too, but was unpleasant to the eye, it being exactly the colour of what be got in a road-side ditch at home, after a heavy thunderstorm. Nor did it ever settle, however long it might stand. No part of the earth or colouring matter was ever deposited in the form of sediment. This is a peculiarity often to be observed in water here. The Great Fish River has always that colouring matter in its waters.

On one occasion my waggon was overturned in crossing it when rather full, and all that side of the tent, covered with white canvass or sail-cloth, which was under water, retained the dirty red colour acquired by this dip, in spite of all the bleaching powers of drenching rains and blazing sun, to which it was afterwards exposed.

I had yet another undertaking greater than both of these : scarcely a half mile above the station, was one of those immense basins or troughs in the river, having three sides of perpendicular rock, sinking to a depth of seventeen feet. At its lower part this spread out to a breadth of fully fifty, with an outlet for the water of not more than four feet. It was an ugly hole, but capable of being turned to some useful purpose. The stream was weak, and I found it easy to dam the narrow outlet. From the opposite lower angle, I led out a water-course, which took the stream a good many feet higher than its natural channel, which began to fall very rapidly from this point. I had thus the command of both the stream and the large natural reservoir, to turn at pleasure for irrigation over a piece of nice holm. About three hundred yards further down the river, a small part of the water-course was six feet deep ; here we had some difficulty in getting out several large blocks of stone, our only shift was to apply the big hammer perseveringly, till we got them smashed into pieces that could be lifted. One beat us to either break or lift, but we took the water round one side of it. All the rest of the work was easy, a great part of it being little more than a furrow on the surface in which to lead the water.

From four to five acres of land were thus brought under irrigation, the half of this I purposed to divide in patches of about one-third of an acre, among the families on the station, although not one of the men would put a hand to the water-course without being paid; the other portion I put in crop myself, as in the garden up at the house, neither potatoes nor useful vegetables of any kind could be raised. A very small piece of land under water is of great value where rain is so uncertain, and where, by supplying moisture, the land brings forth two plentiful crops in a year, so mild is the climate and so rich the soil. In all these public works I expended little more than five pounds, and had I remained to reap but a single crop, this would have been repaid. It was only after the natives saw with their own eyes the water flowing over the ground, that they could be convinced of the possibility of bringing it there. Perhaps you say, has a missionary nothing better with which to take up his attention than such works as these? He has, but unless he both have some knowledge of such work, and be not ashamed to put his hand to it when occasion may require, he is but ill-adapted to the missionary work in this country.

The dwelling house at Igqibira was a small portion of the extensive ruins which had been fitted up for temporary accommodation. It consisted of two rooms, one eleven feet by eight, the other eleven feet each way, with a small dark place between them, in which a narrow bed could stand. When about to leave Glasgow, I remember one of the directors asked me whether I would take a sofa with me. Well, had you stepped into

our little front room, you might have enjoyed a lounge on it. I brought it from Glasgow, in the shape of a large packing box ; this laid on its side, and lengthened by the lid extended from one end to supports in the corner of the wall. Above, a long coarse calico bag filled with nice soft grass, and over all a smart patched bed cover reaching down to the floor, and so tidily pinned all around by Mrs. Brown, that no man could have said whether the furniture which it covered, were of mahogany, rosewood, or old pine-board. Altogether, the most handsome Ottoman could not have suited us better—no, not so well. So we do things here.

Close beside the house was the building that was used for both school and place of worship. It was capable when well packed of holding eighty adults, a larger audience than is easily brought out to worship in any part of Caffreland. It was a most suitable place, and could be put up for only a few pounds, and with an ordinary degree of care, would have stood for a quarter of a century ; a period quite long enough for which to make provision in such things, among a people such as are the Caffres. Most of the Caffres and Missionaries had foresight enough to perceive this, and were very chary in the expenditure of money upon buildings. Had this disposition been universal the United Presbyterian Mission might have been saved the expenditure of thousands of pounds, now irrecoverably lost. At none of the stations connected with other societies did the sum expended on buildings exceed one hundred pounds, nor was missionary effort thereby crippled, or the missionary's comfort lessened.

On the station itself not more than seven families were located, nor were these all converts, they had all, save one family, only Caffre huts of the most wretched description, in which to live. This I have always regarded as a reproach to any station. As a centre of mission operations, Igqibira was favourably situated during the season of plenty of grass, but from the prevalence of drought, the district is not one in which a permanent and settled population can be expected. The value of a district of country is not lowered in the eyes of a native by its having no water; he uses almost none of that commodity so essential to civilised life; his dog's tongue serves to cleanse his milk basket, and fresh cow-dung his own hands.

Stokwe, or as it is more commonly written, Stock, is the chief of the Amambalu tribe, which occupies that district. They exceed in stature any Caffre tribe that I have seen, and are certainly more hardened against the gospel than any other tribe that I ever visited. They quibbled at everything that was addressed to them, and I never saw the feeling of real hatred to the gospel so prevalent, or so painfully exhibited, as among that people. Many a time have I come home, after itinerating all day among them, and laid me down with an aching heart; I felt as if I had something more than merely "who hath believed our report?" to complain of. One or two exceptions there were to this universal hardenedness, but even with these, O the bones were dry, very dry!—"O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord"—"Come from the four winds, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live."

Stock himself is a man of the most sottish dispositions. Drunkenness is a vice common to mostly all the Caffre chiefs; I have heard some of themselves say that they would cheerfully go a distance of fifty miles to even purchase a bottle of brandy or gin. At the trading stations the sale of spirits was wisely prohibited by Government. The natives themselves make a sort of beer, which is slightly intoxicating, but they much prefer the "strong drink" to this.

Among the native rights of the chief, was that of disposing of the young females of his tribe according to his pleasure, for the vilest of purposes, and in the most shameless manner. This, under British rule, had been strictly prohibited. Stock, however, on one occasion made an attempt to maintain the abominable custom. The Missionary thought it his duty to give information of this to the Assistant Commissioner, Captain M'Lean. Stock made this an occasion of great offence; he said, "You, the teacher of God's word among my people, saw me, as you say, guilty of breaking God's law; then why not yourself come to me with that word, and reprove me? I would have listened to it; but instead of this to run to the constable of our enemies and complain! I little expected you would have done so."

About three weeks after my first arrival in the country, the annual great meeting of all the chiefs with the British Chief Commissioner, took place at King William's Town. The conduct of all the other chiefs had been good, and they had their annual commendation expressed in the substantial form of lots of blankets, and other European clothing, implements of husbandry, axes,

and cooking utensils. Instead of anything of this kind for Stock, he was publicly and justly reprimanded by Colonel Mackinnon, who said he had all but determined to send him a prisoner into the Colony to be tried by British law, and that if any other case of disrespect done to a female, by either chief or private person, came to his knowledge, he would not treat it with so great leniency. This was a sore mortification to the proud chief. Whatever he might assign as the ostensible occasion, I have no doubt of the abounding corruption of his heart, being the real cause of his something more than indifference to mission operations afterwards.

At my first going to Igqibira, I called upon Stock, and asked whether he wished to have a missionary among his people. He said to me, "The last missionary never told any one the reason why he went away. I am not a man that speaks his friendship; if you settle among my people I will leave it for your eyes to tell you whether I am friendly or not." He never came to worship, but sent to ask presents, and called repeatedly. He behaved respectfully towards me, I studied to do just the same towards him, but not in any way to court him. Several of his brothers and near relations seemed much more earnest that I would settle among them; they came often to worship, both on the morning of the week day, and on sabbath, but invariably had something to ask, as rice or coffee for food, potatoes to plant, a spade, an axe, clothes for themselves, or their wives; and came in, expecting to take breakfast or dinner with us, and if they had been at the trouble to put on a pair of

trowsers, to sit even at the table with us, although every article their clothes or bodies came into contact with, got smeared with fat and clay. All this fashion of things I steadfastly set my face against.

CHAPTER III.

African Children—Trading Duplicity—Effects of Hunger
—Umlanjeni—Sacrifices—Macomo—Symptoms of War.

ONE of my earliest resolutions, after I had seen the working of our missions here, was to adopt the words of Peter—"Silver and gold have I none," and to go forth, simply with the word of God in my hand, and publish the conditions upon which the gift of eternal life is there held out for acceptance. The whole temper and disposition of the natives, in regard to their giving heed to what is spoken by the missionaries who go among them, is like that of the lame man, "expecting to receive something of them." They are not ashamed to ask a piece of tobacco, a knife for themselves, or a kerchief for their wives, as a sort of reward for merely sitting quiet and giving a kind of decent degree of attention while the missionary is speaking, and endeavouring to make known to them the things that belong to their peace, the gospel of salvation.

Instead of doing any thing at all to court either the chief or those about him, I took rather to a sort of kidnapping of children. These, if taken before confirmed in the barbarous habits of their parents, and placed under the immediate influence of civilized life, are more likely to turn to some good account. With some difficulty I got two boys and two girls; these I adopted into my own family, with the design of bringing them up to

be useful domestic servants. These children were famishing when I took and fed them ; they were either absolutely naked, or had only a fragment of some old filthy skin, which had been worn by one or other of their parents till it fell in pieces ; instead of this, we provided them in comfortable and clean European clothing, and in every other respect had them suitably accommodated. Some, however, preferred their famine, filth, and ignorance, to our comforts and instruction, and ran off at the first opportunity. Moreover, the parents of these children expected us to remunerate them in some way, for allowing their children to come to live with us, and enjoy these benefits.

The four who remained with us, and who seemed attached to us, were most dutiful, and had both aptitude and desire to learn. Our object was, so to train them, that in after life they might be useful to both themselves and others. In order to this, we sought to make them acquainted, first of all, with the truths of the word of God. Their first morning exercise was to commit a text to memory ; we used for this purpose the texts printed in the Tract Society's Penny Almanack, one of which has been annually sent me by a friend, not less mindful than well remembered. One of these daily texts I translated, and repeated over and over, till each one could repeat it quite accurately. At evening worship, and again the following morning, I heard them repeat these passages, and, if they could all do so, gave them a new one. This became a most interesting exercise ; we sometimes overheard the children, during the day, talking over these lessons, one helping the other to remember something he had for-

got. And in the afternoon, when Mrs. Brown gave an hour specially to their instruction, they had singular questions to ask her at times, to which the entirely new and incomprehensible ideas suggested to their minds by these passages gave rise.

Brought up, as you have been from earliest infancy, under the influence of Christianity, you can have no conception what an utter blank the native mind here exhibits, in reference to every thing that relates to God, or that goes beyond the range of mere sensual existence. Reasoning powers the Caffres certainly have, and where personal interest is concerned, these they can exercise to good purpose; and I often wonder, that with such intellectual powers, none of them have ever had even the feeblest glimmering of Spiritual Being of any kind. To them the words of the Apostle apply with peculiar force—"the God of this world hath blinded their minds."

There is hardly a hope of making any thing at all of such, unless the mind be got hold of when yet in its inquiring state, otherwise we can never have any thing else than old men, yet children. This is not desirable; no old man, however much a child, and however readily he may acknowledge this, likes to be treated by others as a child. We could only guess at the age of the children which we had adopted; the youngest we thought about seven, and the oldest ten years. That their little hands should be taught some useful employment, and that they should acquire habits of industry, was an object of our first attention. I think it quite practicable to make such a class of children self-supporting. We had no fair opportunity for trying this; their support, however,

cost us a mere trifle ; their food we never missed, and from our Scotch boxes we had abundant material for clothing.

With all its disadvantages, we had begun to like Igqibira. We were solitary, but not the less happy on that account. A trader had a place not more than half-a-mile from the station. He had no family, but was a most kind-hearted obliging young man. His name was Spyven, and his parents were from Stirling, or the neighbourhood. Traders here are a kind of shopkeeper ; they put up a temporary place in which to accommodate themselves, and bring a lot of blankets, kerchiefs, spades, hoes, pots, knives, axes, tobacco, beads, buttons, &c. These they sell to the natives, not often for money, for of this they have none, but for cattle, hides, horns, gum, and such things. Besides this young man, there was no white person within a distance of ten miles ; about that distance was another mission family, yet we did not feel at all lonely.

The nearest post-office was some twenty miles distant, which afforded us a weekly opportunity of receiving or sending letters. When I got a Colonial newspaper, that was the only thing we felt to be a disturber of our quietude. From these we learned, that in the Colony apprehensions were entertained regarding the Caffres. On one or two occasions I had to visit Alice and Chumie ; rumours of war were rife in all that district, and when I had a note from any of the missionary brethren, the somewhat-anxious inquiry was usually made—"How are the natives about you disposed?" my invariable reply was, "All in this district are most peacefully disposed ;" for when

I at all hinted at the subject to any of the natives, they seemed quite surprised that they ever should be suspected of meditating war or rebellion.

I had then no notion of the Caffre mode of carrying on war, and could not conceive it possible, that people in such a state of utter prostration, could ever entertain a thought of such an outbreak, as the event proves, and as they now themselves acknowledge, they were in all readiness for. The Caffres have an annual period of hunger, extending over several months. This arises wholly from their indolence and want of management. They have land enough to raise the quantity of grain they now do increased an hundred fold, if what they now raise were not sufficient for their support. Were this, however, properly husbanded, I am certain it would be amply sufficient.

The only grain they grow is maize and millet, familiarly called meelies and Caffre corn. This, with pumpkins, comprehends the whole of their agricultural produce. Their fathers cultivated just the same things, before the Cape of Good Hope was known to Europeans. They now have had full opportunity to introduce wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes; but even at the mission stations, these are not cultivated by the natives, save it may be by a family or two more immediately connected with the missionary, who furnishes them with a small quantity of seed. September is the beginning of the proper planting season, but I have seen them planting in July, just that they might have their seed put into the ground out of sight, lest in their hunger they should be tempted to fall upon it. They may continue

planting till January, when they begin to reap, or live upon the fruit of what was first planted.

At this time they present a painful spectacle to the eye of humanity. Their tongue, their eye, their every bone, speak gaunt famine. The skin of their exposed skeleton hangs in numerous wrinkles, and large withered folds; their whole appearance is most unsightly, and, to the mind of civilized man, excites the feeling of extremest wretchedness. From the time, however, that they get any thing to eat, they keep almost without intermission, eating on, till all is consumed. April is their full harvest month, but from January, up till then, they have generally an abundant supply of pumpkins and meelies, to keep them eating. Now they enjoy life to the full, they get quite grown up, become sleek and fat. To see a man in December, and again in two months after, you would scarcely know him to be the same person. By the month of July, the corn of the land is mostly eaten up, and then commences their famine season again. The bark and roots of the young mimosa bushes, with any little milk the cattle may now yield, is then all they have to keep in existence. Such is Caffre life—admire it who may! The above is all as justly applicable to the mission stations, as to the avowedly heathen part of the population. By high authority they have been advisedly written—“irreclaimable savages!” and the task of reclaiming them certainly does not promise to be a light one.

Such the Caffre is—see what he might be:—with even the quantity of grain that he now raises, were it used in any thing like regular

meals, he would never know hunger ; or were he to adopt the culture of the potato, he would have one crop ready in October, and, without planting anew, would reap a second crop in May from the same ground. So might wheat, barley, oats, beans, and peas, be all introduced with advantage. Or were he to take to farm service, he would find hundreds of farmers ready to employ him, and give full value for his honest industry, and supply him with rations of flesh and meal daily, and in greater abundance than most ploughmen and farm servants in Scotland have for their whole family. In addition to this they have a supply of tobacco, and during harvest and sheep shearing, and when driving the waggon, they have coffee besides. Let me assure you, native servants live better here, and do less work than most small farmers in Scotland themselves do. Never think the Colonial farmers those base oppressors of the native races, that some would have you believe them to be. They know the value of an industrious, trustworthy, honest servant, and a regard to their own interests even, will prevent them ill treating such an one : nor are the natives of a temper or disposition that will submit to oppression.

When I spoke of their "state of utter prostration," it was in reference to their then famished condition. It was during the months of August and September that rumours of war began to float about ; and when I saw the condition in which the people were for want of food—their possessing, as I thought, neither arms nor ammunition, and their own universal, and apparently-earnest disclaimer of all thoughts of war, I regarded with

a kind of ridicule the apprehensions of the more experienced colonists.

The Caffres were, it is true, in a very unsettled state. A great one had appeared among them, named Umlanjeni, and was drawing the whole world after him. He was visited by the chiefs and most influential of the people from the utmost corner of the land. He practised some airs of mysticism, as most of his craft do, and enjoined a set of "words," as the natives express it, the first of which was, that they were to abandon witchcraft—second, they were to avoid shedding blood—a third, they were to give up stealing—and, lastly, they were not to burn the gum tree as firewood; the meaning of this no one professed to understand, as that is most plentiful, and universally preferred as firewood; and in the three former articles, we could have all joined hands with him, as an helper in the work of reforming his countrymen.

It was suspected at the time, and not without reason, as soon became evident, that these were framed and given out rather to decoy, than truthfully to express Umlanjeni's principal instructions. He very soon acquired an extensive influence over the people. They came hundreds of miles to see him; yet I never found one to acknowledge that they had gone on such an errand, save one woman, the mother of one of our boys; she spoke of him as "not a person at all, but a beast." By and by the people began to slaughter many of their oxen, those particularly of a dun, or light colour, and this too was by Umlanjeni's word. These were regarded as sacrifices; it was only the well-picked bones, however, that

were burned, the people very wisely found a better use for all that could be eaten of the animal. For weeks we saw around Igqibira, almost daily, the ascending smoke of these sacrifices. The professed object for which they were offered was, to call up the spirits of their fathers, or the old heroes. Nothing could be traced to Umlanjeni himself, that he had said more than the above. It oozed out, however, that by all the people rigidly adhering to his words, the white men would melt away, or disappear, and the Caffre would get all his impahla (things).

When literally dying of hunger, during the two previous seasons, the British Commissioners humanely and generously provided for the relief of the sufferers. Arrangements were made with the Colonial farmers to have as many of the Caffres as possible taken into their service. The natives crowded forward to the Commissioners in hundreds to be so provided for, and were at the public expence sent to the districts in which their service was most in demand. Now these parties began to steal away from their service, in many cases not even asking what wages was due, and in others honestly warning their masters of the approaching danger. Their return to Caffreland was not so much their own choice, as that Sandilli had given a word that they were to do so. Observant men could easily see that all this was not for nothing, and the excitement along the frontier rose higher. Colonel Mackinnon published the most positive assurances that no signs of insubordination were to be discovered among the Caffres, but rather the reverse, and that the fears of the Colonists were groundless.

This uneasy state of things brought the Governor in person to Caffreland. He called all the Chiefs to meet him at King William's town, when he informed them of the reports that were abroad, and explained to them the object of his visit. They one and all expressed their grief that His Excellency had put himself to so much trouble—that what he had heard about them, was nothing more than the “lies of white men”—that he was their father, and they were all so happy under his government, that nothing could be farther from their thoughts than war. To this meeting Sandilli did not go, nor Stock, nor Macomo: Macomo is the eldest of the late Nqika's (English Gaika), almost innumerable family; he is the longest headed too, as we would say in Scotch, of them all; that he does not rank as the “great chief,” is because his mother is not of the Tembu tribe or nation. He acquired by intelligence what he had not by birth or rank—the highest place among the other Chiefs. For several years, however, he has transferred his Chieftainship to his sons, and seemingly felt himself far happier as exercised in emptying a brandy bottle, than in administering the laws of his people. His absence from the meeting was not much noticed, and Stock had an excuse of sickness, which was valid.

It was otherwise with Sandilli; he is quite a boy, both in years and understanding, compared to Macomo. He is regarded as “the great chief,” however, as being Nqika's son by his Tembu wife. He is a vain, self-conceited young man, rather a simpleton, and easily wrought upon. The Governor exercised great lenity and forbearance towards him; he sent again and again to induce

him to come, assuring Sandilli that he had nothing to fear: Sandilli sent back such excuses, as every one knew to be the veriest shams—he had fallen from his horse—he was sick—some one had told him that the Governor wanted to take him prisoner and kill him, and he was afraid. After waiting several days, Sir Harry formally deposed Sandilli, declaring that he was no longer to be regarded as a Chief, and appointing Mr. Charles Brownlee, Civil Commissioner, direct administrator of the affairs of his tribe. Some of the other Chiefs affected to intercede for Sandilli, saying that it was from fear alone, and not from any feeling of disaffection towards Government that he did not come. When they saw the Governor firm, however, they professed to acquiesce, and expressed anew their determination to maintain peace.

The Governor fondly flattered himself that he had put all to rights; he returned to Cape Town, by Graham's Town, and Port Elizabeth, and took every opportunity to assure the frontier Colonists that their fears were groundless—that the Caffres were never more peacefully disposed.

At Igqibira we felt no uneasiness; I never suspected the sincerity of the Caffres. The planting season had far advanced, and the usual rains had not fallen; the heavens were as iron, and the earth as brass; with no instrument of iron could the soil have been dug to put in the seed, the grass for the cattle was burnt up, and the people had all scattered and gone where grass, or the green foliage of the jungle, near the rivers, was to be found, that their cattle might be kept from dying. On this ground I felt some anxiety; it

seemed as if the people must perish from famine. Early in November, however, the clouds appeared and began to pour down their watery treasures. We had almost constant rain for nearly a week; this changed at once the face of nature, and the temper of men. Hands—that is of the women—were now all busy putting their seed into the ground, the cattle were brought back in large droves to enjoy the abundance of grass that had sprung up; our land was now “a land flowing with milk,” and we flattered ourselves that after these showers of blessing we would hear no more of war, but that the sword would be turned into the ploughshare.

The smoke of Umlanjani's sacrifices, as they were called, was now, however, to be seen at almost every kraal, and I had repeatedly seen men passing with guns; to have these was unlawful; great meetings at the chief's place too were being held; still the natives maintained all was peace, and I believed them. Stock himself called with an umpakati (counsellor), and I was careful to sound him as to the state of public feeling. He was that day dressed in his military uniform, red jacket, dark cloth trowsers with red stripe, and cloth cap. The Governor had given such clothing to all the Chiefs, and Stock paid us this measure of respect, that he rarely came down to call, without putting it on. Although I was very cautious in putting direct questions, so as to excite his suspicions, yet he seemed to have discovered my drift; he rose to his feet, and with a good deal of grotesque gesticulation, and not a little energy, he assured me, in the most positive terms, that none of the Chiefs had any thoughts of war—that

if Sandilli did fight, he would fight alone; none of the Chiefs would join him. As to Umlanjeni, who was he? a boy! not the son of a chief! no, not of a counsellor even! Were the Caffres a people that would make war at his word? True he has made a great noise among the people, but he has done nothing; we are waiting, just looking to see what he does.

The counsellor afterwards asked me, if the war broke out what I would do—would I leave the station?

I replied that I had no wish to do so; that unless Stock wished me to leave, and told me so, I would not leave from any fear that I had.

Stock here again assured me, that we would be perfectly safe; were there war, he would take no part in it, and if, at any time, I thought that I saw cause of alarm, and wished to leave, he would send an escort with me to wherever I wished to go.

Although I knew that Stock was not truthfully speaking his sentiments in regard to Umlanjeni, yet I saw no object he could have in seeking otherwise to deceive me; I put a large measure of confidence in his assurances, and resolved not to abandon the station. The country was now putting forth all its loveliness, every plant and sprig was springing into blossom, and the light lively green that everywhere met the eye, and the soft, fresh fragrance that everywhere regaled the senses, were enough to sweeten the feelings, and cool the passions of even the savage heart.

As with the Caffres, so with those connected with our mission; a time of interest and activity

was full upon them. The Rev. H. Renton, commissioner from the Mission Board, had now reached Chumie, and with promptitude had entered upon the execution of his commission. Our three stations may be described as forming a triangle, the distance of any one from the others being about thirty miles. Chumie was our place of meeting, and consequently till the common business was disposed of, we required all to be there during the greater part of our time.

After being from home all the week, I returned on Friday evening, and early the following morning our little boy was ushered into the world, an event which none of us had expected for yet two months. From this event our course has been marked by special providences, at the remembrance of which my heart often grows big with grateful emotion. Unexpected as that event came upon us, it consequently found us unprepared. Unknown to me, however, two native females, returning from a visit to some friends at a distant station, had made Iggibira a resting place for the night. One of these in particular, had experience in affording assistance among her own people in such cases, and was not backward in affording her services on this occasion.

My dear Janet was brought through this period of deep solicitude, most favourably. The infant was very weak, but by Monday morning, she felt herself so well, as to ask me not to allow her to detain me, should my presence be required at Chumie. The two women engaged to remain with her till my return. When I got to Chumie, very serious apprehensions were entertained by parties there; the state of public feeling had

turned up a more troubled aspect since we separated; and an anxiety and uneasiness was expressed in every countenance. It became a question how far it was provident for any of the missionaries to be away from their families and stations under such circumstances, and early on Tuesday I left to return to Igqibira.

Before leaving home, I had given instructions that my spare horse be kept at hand, and the lad in our service dispatched to fetch me, should any unfavourable change take place with either my dear wife or the child. Not more than ten miles from Chumie, I saw in the far distance through the scanty bushes, a person on horseback coming forward very fast. My anxious mind was not slow in suggesting who it might be, and when he rapidly came up in front of me, and I saw my little horse foaming and steaming with perspiration, my heart sunk.

The lad instantly handed me a letter, which was from Mr. Brownlee, resident magistrate and commissioner for the Gaika tribes, advising me that it would be well to provide for my own and family's safety, as danger seemed near, and no one could say how far it might spread. This, though not what I had foreboded, was not much calculated to relieve me of fear and anxiety. I sent the lad forward to Chumie with the note, that Mr. Renton might know of the gathering darkness, and after three hours' hard ride, I reached Igqibira and was rejoiced to find that beyond a little agitation, the alarming note had had no bad effect upon my dear wife.

But what were we to do? No place of safety was at a less distance than twenty miles, and to

think of taking her that distance in a rough jolting waggon, seemed to be like courting death in one form, to escape it in another. Besides only five of our oxen now remained, the other five had died from the effects of a poisonous grass that abounds around Igqibira. We felt our position to be one of difficulty, and cast ourselves upon the Lord. Mrs. Brown expressed a desire to remain, rather than make any attempt to leave, and I still had a large measure of confidence in Stock's repeated assurances.

Mr. Spyren, our neighbour, had much less confidence in him, and had gone to procure waggons to take away his goods. He returned on Wednesday, and in the evening came over with his brother-in-law, to use all their influence to persuade us to leave. If we would have consented to do so, he would have given one of his own waggons for our use, even though he should have to leave the less valuable part of his goods. We felt grateful to this young man for his attention and disinterested kindness, but what with the hazard of yet moving Mrs. Brown and the hope that the alarm and excitement, would soon cool down, without any serious outbreak, we declined his kind offer. Next morning when the station people saw the trader's goods being loaded into the waggons, and heard the reports brought by the parents of one of our little girls, who had come to take her away because of the danger, they became more and more alarmed, and resolved at once to leave the station.

CHAPTER IV.

A Welcome Message—Meeting of the Chiefs—Caffre Duplicity—War commences—Destruction of a Village—Attack upon Auckland—Murder of Mr. Munro and his Colleagues.

FROM the conclusion of my last, you might suppose that Igqibira was no longer the place of our sojourn, and when I tell you all, you will be ready, I dare say, to blame me for a degree of obstinacy. My holding out in this case, however, was not from any mere self-willedness. The station people seemed to be carried away under the influence of a groundless panic, which I thought it my duty to do everything in my power to counteract. I could not bring myself to believe that the chief, and all the principal men who had so repeatedly assured me that the Caffres had no thoughts of war, and that if any of the other tribes did provoke to an outbreak, they would take no part in it—I could not conceive what object these men could have for practising deceit upon me, in speaking thus. I trusted them, and I may say feared no evil.

Old Irving who had followed me from Chumie, and who made himself serviceable in going out, both on the Saturdays and on the morning of the Sabbaths, to call the people to worship, knew much better than I did, the real state of feeling existing among the Caffres. He urged me by every consideration to allow them to make the waggon ready, and try to make what oxen I had

pull it, that I might get with Mrs. Brown to some safe place. He told me that I did not yet know the Caffres, and was trusting far too much to them.

It was to us a trying hour. The trader's waggons were loaded and being inspanned, and the people had determined that they would not remain behind them. Mrs. Brown had not yet been out of bed, and I hardly durst make known to her the extreme desolateness in which we were soon likely to be. The only individual now left with us, was the oldest of our two servant girls. She was crying and looking after those who had left, so that there was little probability of her remaining long behind them.

I stept into our little bed-room, and acquainted Mrs. Brown with our situation; I knelt at her bedside; we joined our hands and lifted up our united hearts to our God. In our deep anxiety we had yet a feeling of confidence in this exercise such as I have but rarely experienced. Immediately after thus throwing ourselves wholly ever upon God, I went to the door, and was surprised to find that the people still loitered not more than a hundred yards from the house, whereas I expected them to have been nearly out of sight of the station. They had seen in the distance one of the Caffre police, they knew him by his dress, and white haversack through among the bushes, and knew that he could be come only as the bearer of tidings from Mr. Brownlee. The man had now got forward, and delivered me the note of which he was the bearer, with the utmost consideration; Mr. Brownlee had sent this note to say, that if we had not moved from this station,

there was now less occasion for us doing so, as the danger seemed to have passed over.

When this note was read to the people, it gave joy to every heart, and in but a few minutes our servants were again busy at their work, as if nothing had happened. Upon the heart of my dear Janet, and upon my own heart, the effect is not easy to be described. This unlooked-for relief from anxiety almost too great to be borne, coming too at such a juncture of circumstances, caused our hearts to grow big with feelings of thankfulness. We remembered Him who has said, "see that thou call upon me in the day of trouble," and we sought opportunity to give vent to a gush of grateful emotion at His footstool, who thus even "whiles we were speaking in prayer," had more than answered our supplication.

Things having taken this favourable turn, it was thought we might safely resume the transaction of business at Chumie on the following week. The Governor had again returned to Caffreland, and appointed another meeting to be held at Fort Cox, almost in the centre of the Gaika district, on the 19th of December. We had been engaged on the business then occupying our attention from Monday, and on Wednesday Mr. Niven wished to be relieved from further attendance at Chumie that week, he having engaged to bring Mrs. Niven down to the great meeting on the following day; the Commissioner, too, had been invited by Mr. Brownlee to pay him a visit on the occasion, and so we agreed that our meeting be adjourned till the beginning of the following week.

All the Caffre chiefs went to meet the Governor

when called, save Sandilli, who had now taken to the bush. Mr. Brownlee had previously urged him by every consideration to make his appearance, and be reconciled to the Governor—that no harm would be done to him—that he himself would stand by him, if no other man would, so long as he acknowledged his obligation of duty to the British Government. The chief had no better tried friend than Mr. Brownlee, and even the Governor himself, when yet only Colonel Smith, had been as a father to him, so that Sandilli was without shadow of excuse for all this distrust of them.

At this meeting, renewed expression was given of their determination to make no war, by both the chiefs and Sir Harry. He challenged those who were for war, to boldly and honestly say so, and at the same time assured them, that he was quite prepared to put them down, his object and determination being to protect all who wished to live at peace, and to inflict merited punishment upon all who attempted to disturb the peace of their neighbours.

The immediate occasion of unpleasant relations with the Government, was the resistance of two parties to the police officers, and resisting the magistrate's authority, who had inflicted a fine in a case of theft. The magistrate had himself already granted an extension of time for the payment of this fine of a certain number of cattle, and the Governor gave a still further extension of it. He proposed that the assembled chiefs should elect one in the place of Sandilli, who, by his obstinate refusal to make his appearance when called, and taking to his hiding place, had con-

firmed the worst suspicions entertained regarding him. Sutu, the mother of Sandilli, was elected by the chiefs according to this proposal, and one half of her councillors was nominated by the chiefs, and the other half by the Governor. Sutu had previously occupied the same position, and exercised the functions of regent during the long minority of her son. She is a woman fully as well qualified in every way to do honour to the regal functions as he is. The Governor expressed his determination to punish Sandilli, and every such disturber of the peace, when proof of their guilt was established. And thinking the chiefs to be as sincere in their repudiation of Sandilli as their professions and proceedings seemed to indicate, said that they were themselves to bring him in, and not to think that he had brought his soldiers to go into the bush in search of the fugitive; the man who brought him in, would have £500 reward.

Some enlightened statesmen hold, that the soundest policy, and the surest way to maintain peace, is to be in a state of complete readiness for war. With what object the sequel will shew, the Caffre chiefs most certainly well practised the latter part of the above maxim. At Fort Cox they might seem very devout idolators, worshipping the staff of peace; away in their own districts, however, their people were all ready with their *vehlt schoon*, a very primitive sort of shoes, made of raw hide, in form they are much like Blucher boots, and are a good preservative for the feet, in the rough work of Caffre warfare; each man had his compliment of assagais too, and such as had stowed away an old gun from the

war of '47, had it now brought out and put into trim.

The meeting at Fort Cox was on Thursday ; we had agreed to meet on the following Tuesday at Chumie. Early on Tuesday morning, after commending my wife and our helpless babe to the special care of our Heavenly Father, who had hitherto so wonderfully vouchsafed his mercy to us, I left Igqibira, and reached Chumie about mid-day. All along the way I saw nothing more indicative of an immediate outbreak, than I had seen on former occasions when passing. On the afternoon and evening of that day, we were engaged in forwarding the business then before Mr. Renton, as Commissioner ; Mr. and Mrs. Renton boarded at Mrs. Chalmers's, and when at Gwali that of course was my home also.

On Wednesday morning, when at breakfast, the intelligence that a white man had been killed that morning by the Caffres at the Tyumie drift—ford—within sight of, and not three miles distant from the station, startled us a little. We had heard too that Colonel Mackinnon had moved out with a force of six hundred men, up towards the spruits of the Kieskama, with what object no one knew, and rumour had it, that the Caffres had made an attack upon this party, with some advantage.

Just as we were standing, speaking over these things, three men of the Cape Mounted Rifles came riding over the ridge from the direction of Alice, or fort Hare ; these men soon came up, and delivered a letter to Mr. Renton from Mr. Calderwood. This was dated from the magistrate's office, two o'clock in the morning, and stated

that dispatches from His Excellency at Fort Cox had just come in, bringing information that Colonel Mackinnon had been attacked, that there had been some sharp fighting, with some loss on our side. Mr. Calderwood wished to know whether the station would be disposed and able to maintain a position of self defence, and if so, whether a supply of arms and ammunition would be required. This had already been determined upon by the men, and application for at least twenty-four guns and ammunition, made; Mr. Renton detained the messengers only till he wrote a note in support of this application. On learning that the men were riding with their rifles unloaded, it was thought prudent to suggest to them that they should at once load their pieces, as they had to proceed onwards to the military villages, the one three, and the other eight miles from us.

These men had not yet mounted to proceed, when a multitude of people made their appearance upon a ridge full in our sight, and not more than a mile and a half from the station. We were at a loss to determine who these were; some thought them Caffres, others that it was a large party of the Cape Corps, the familiar appellation of the Cape Mounted Rifles; we soon saw them divide into two parties, and immediately after lost sight of them.

This was no time for me to be at Gwali, and my dear wife and babe thirty miles from me, all alone at Igqibira. I got my horse quickly caught and upsaddled, resolved to make home with all speed. Just when in the act of mounting, one of Mrs. Chalmers's boys said, "Stop, Mr. Brown,

there is Woburn burning ;” and it was so. The clouds of smoke were rolling up in the bright sunshine behind the rising ground that hid the village from our view. My way lay close by this village, but the increasing danger only increased my anxiety to be with my helpless wife and babe. None of the men from the station would accompany me, but said I would most certainly be killed if I attempted to go. Mrs. Chalmers said, I must just trust my wife and child in the Lord’s hands; it was now evident that I could do nothing for them, and Mr. Renton, with all the earnestness of a brother, urged me to abandon all attempts at leaving in the face of so much danger. I yielded; but O the feelings with which I took the saddle from off my horse again!

I had scarcely done this, when a man was observed coming at the full speed of his horse, from the direction of Woburn. We went down to know who it was, and what tidings he had brought. It was Stephenson, superintendant of one of the military villages, and field cornet—that is the most petty office in the Colony. He was a very overbearing man, not at all of a disposition to undervalue his commission, and far enough from being a favourite with the natives. He told us that he had gone over to enjoy Christmas eve with the superintendant at Woburn, and had stopt all night; that in the morning the men were just going out to have a Christmas game at crickets, when the cry, “the Caffres,” was given. They had no time to run for their firearms, or to in any way organise themselves, and it was his conviction that ere now there was not a living

man in the village ; before he got on horseback he saw one man shot.

Shortly afterwards a man without a rag of clothing was seen running towards the station. A shirt and trowsers were sent down to him by Mr. Cumming, and in a few minutes he narrated to us the particulars of his escape. This man belonged to Auckland, and was going down to Fort Hare with some potatoes and vegetables to his family, which he had sent for a time to the Fort ; he had two horses loaded with these things, and one of his little boys with him ; his money was first demanded, then article after article of his clothing, till he had nothing left ; he had got separated from his little boy, and how great was his anxiety to know what had befallen him ! We flattered ourselves that the Caffres would not wantonly murder a child who could do them no manner of harm, and endeavoured to comfort the man by telling him so. In this, however, we were mistaken, for some women from the station, passing shortly after that way, saw some vultures rise from an object not far distant ; they turned aside to see what it was, and found it to be the boy Snodgrass ; he had been killed, and cast headlong into the channel of a little stream. Snodgrass himself assured us, that the man most virulent in the attack upon him, was a man that knew him quite well, he having often had him employed as a workman.

During the forenoon, the women and children from Woburn came also to the station. They could give us no account to be depended on, of what had taken place, only that every one of the men were killed, and that without their being

able to offer the least show of resistance, or self defence. We had heard, in all, not more than three shots fired, there were fourteen men killed, so most of them must have fallen under these horrid assagais.

Towards evening the three Cape-corps men came back again to the station, one of them stript naked, his arms and horse, as well as his clothes, were taken from him. This one happened to be the bearer of Mr. Renton's letter, regarding the supply of arms and ammunition, to enable the men of the station to occupy a position of self-defence. That this was lost, I for one was not sorry. When first I knew that the application had been made, it seemed to me the most unfortunate step that could have been taken. It was that which, of all others, was most likely to provoke to an assault upon the station: and, besides, it was doubtful indeed to what use a number of the men on the station would apply these arms if furnished with them.

That evening, at dusk, two or three white men, who were on the station, not missionaries, left with the three Cape-corps men, with the hope of getting to Fort Hare, by a circuitous way, under cloud of night. This was the day of the beginning of troubles, and at its close we laid us down to rest, not knowing what might be ere the morrow.

The arms of the Almighty were around us, and on Thursday morning we rose in safety, if not free from anxiety. My endeavours to get away to Igqibira were renewed with earnestness. One man consented to accompany me, but he afterwards declined going. From what I have since

seen of that man, I regard it as a special providence for the preservation of my life that I was hindered going forth with him. He was then to me a stranger; I only knew that he was a sort of outcast from some of the other mission stations, and had found refuge at Gwali, and was one of the four who were baptised there, on the first Sabbath of January. Mrs. Chalmers had occasion to know something more about him, and her suspicions led her to ask some of the people of the station whether they knew any thing of this man; and it was this coming to his ears that made him take offence, and refuse to accompany me. At that very time, even when making profession of Christianity, and was ranked as a convert, his lawful wife had separated from him, heathen though she was, because of his cohabiting with another woman; both of these he has since repudiated, and taken one who is the wife of another man. We know now, too, his hands to be full of blood, violence, and robbery; he has excelled in all wickedness, and I often reflect, with feelings of thankfulness, on my disappointment in not getting away with him that day. At the time, however, I felt the disappointment most bitterly.

When no one would accompany me, I resolved to go alone, come what would. My mind suggested every possible form of distress in which my dear wife and child might be, and my heart yearned to be with them. It would have been a lessening of my distress, to have shared theirs with them, if I could not deliver them out of it. I caught and saddled my horse, which, when the station people saw, and knew my determination, they came, both men and women, and told me,

that rather than allow me to leave the station, they would take my horse from me. Mr. Renton renewed his entreaties too, saying, that it was the conviction of every one, that no white man would be suffered to pass through Caffreland in the present excited state of feeling. I had again to relinquish my purpose; and could only say—"God help my poor wife!" But I still, somehow, felt it far easier to cast myself upon Him, and set my face against every danger, than to commit her all alone into His hands.

Early in the afternoon, a party of the ninety-first, with a few of the Cape corps, mounted, came to the station. The sight of the red coats produced a sort of relieving impression upon me. I ran to know the exact object of their visit. In going down to where they halted, I met Messrs. Niven and Cumming returning from having been to the officer in command, and asked them for what objects the soldiers had come, and had in reply—"To escort all out who wished to leave the station."

I stood a moment hesitating what to do; then turned, and ran to catch my horse, that I might go at least to Fort Hare, where I thought, surely I will get help to go to Igqibira for my wife and child.

All out of breath when I got up again to Mrs. Chalmers, I told her my purpose. She urged me to desist, and pointed to the Caffres coming out to the edge of the bush, and so directing their course along the ridges on the side of the mountain, as plainly to shew that they designed an attack upon the soldiers, in all not more than one hundred and twenty, at some advantageous point.

By this time, the officer in command of the party, on learning that none of the missionaries were going out, and that his passage homeward was likely to be disputed, had ordered his men, without longer waiting, to march, that they might be out of the more bushy and difficult part of the way before nightfall. Ere it was possible that I could have joined them, they were going over the ridge away from the station; and the Caffres were running from all directions, that they might fall in behind them; so that, instead of seeking to get away with them, our sort of involuntary exclamation was—"Poor fellows, we wish you may get all safe back!" Immediately afterwards an irregular firing commenced, and was kept up so long as the parties were within our hearing. The Caffres kept up this annoyance all the way, from under cover of the bushes, but, happily, without hurt to any of the soldiers.

We had heard that Auckland, the military village, about eight miles up the river from us, had been attacked, but had hopes, that both from the number of men there, and the warning they had of the danger, they might be able to hold out in self defence, till relief could be afforded them. Now evidence to the contrary presented itself. Scarcely were the soldiers hid from our view by the ridge on one side of the station, than the women and children from Auckland came in sight upon that on the other side.

This was the most mournful sight that we had yet seen. The number of women and children, and still more their appearance and demeanour, made it so. The five women who came in yesterday from Woburn were Hottentots, and the most

that could be said of them was, that they were a good deal agitated; they gave little evidence that any object of affection had been torn from them; but when those to-day drew near, it needed not words to tell us, that they had been bereft of husbands, fathers, brothers. We hurried down to meet them, and when we saw their woful plight, and heard their mournful tale, it was hard to refrain from weeping with those that wept. In addition to their grief, and the cause of it, all the best of their clothes had been torn off them, and most of them were much bruised and cut, and from thirst, want of food, and fatigue, all were faint. Who would not have commiserated them?

All of us were impatient to hear the details of what had taken place, although at the expence of renewed feelings of grief to the parties. There were so many tales of wo, we could not hear all at once. Sarah Gibson, the daughter of one of the settlers, regarded to be one of the most intelligent of the party, was to describe, as well as she could, what she had seen.

A hoek, in South Africa, is not exactly what you would know by a vale at home: it is rather a cleft in a mountain, or between a range of mountains, and may be one mile in extent, or ten or more. I would liken the Tyumie hoek to the letter *V* in the italic alphabet. The one side is bounded by the Amatole mountain, which stretches down it to a distance of nearly ten miles, where it abruptly terminates, or, rather, presents a different face at right angles to that which looks into the Tyumie hoek. On the other side, the Tyumie mountain stretches down an equal dis-

tance, and breaks off in a way very similar to the Amatole. The distance between these two points may be twelve miles. The sides of both mountains are broken by a succession of ravines, in which are the channels of small streams, and are separated from each other by high ridges, which gradually flatten as they fall down towards the river. It is on one of these streams, known here as the Gwali, that what you know in Scotland as Chumie station is situated, at the foot of the mountain, and three miles from the Tyumie river.

Auckland is at the very top of this hoek, where the two mountains, which I have described as bounding it, are connected to a lofty and mountainous table-land, all around which are scooped out such hoeks. The Tyumie river falls down the precipitous face of the mountain from this table-land, just above Auckland. The situation is at once bold and beautiful. On three sides it is compassed by lofty mountains, the cleft and precipitous sides of which are hung with dark forests. The site of the village is on a beautiful flat; and the Tyumie, whose banks gradually deepen from this downward to the mouth of the river, here flows along a bed almost level with the surface of the land.

The Tyumie is the boundary line between the colony and Caffraria. On the opposite side of the river a number of Caffre kraals were full within sight, and in distance not more than two miles from the village. The freest intercourse was allowed between the people of these and the other kraals further down the river, and the settlers. The Caffres supplied them with milk, for which they got a very extravagant price. They gather-

ed thatch-grass too, which the settlers bought, and drove it to Alice, Fort Beaufort, and other places, for sale; and such of the natives as were disposed to work, were readily employed by the settlers. No doubt cause of provocation occasionally was given, sometimes by one party and sometimes by the other; on the whole, however, they lived on terms of good neighbourhood: the natives were becoming acquainted with the value of money, and were gradually introducing implements and utensils of civilized life amongst themselves.

Nothing had occurred to excite the fears of the settlers, beyond the rumour that had been floating about. And, strange enough, they, as well as most others, who were in immediate contact with the Caffres, were the parties most disposed to regard that rumour as a groundless and idle thing, and were almost ready to enjoy a laugh at the expence of the more timid colonists.

The Cape riflemen, as already stated, were charged with messages for the military villages, as well as for the station, and on leaving us the morning before, rode on to Auckland; which they had no sooner left, than the Caffres from the other side of the river began to come over in considerable numbers, all curiosity, as they expressed themselves, to hear the news.

Without suspicion, the superintendant, with a number of the other men, freely entered into conversation with the natives, who were all the while talking of peace, and professing their desire to sit on terms of friendship, although the Governor and their chief Sandilli had fallen out. While talking thus, the Caffres had gradually in-

creased in number, and now formed such a group as quite to surround the handful of unarmed and defenceless men. It is a rare thing to see a Caffre without an assagai in his hand, and the fact of each of these having his assagai would awaken no unusual apprehensions in the minds of the men. The peculiar whistle, which makes every one's blood run cold who knows it, was given by one of the party, and in a moment their assagais were plunged into the bodies of these poor men ! Mr. Munro was the first that was slain, and from what I knew of him, I have hope that death had no sting to him. He was a man in whom was the fear of God : he loved the day—the word—and the ordinances of God. He was a good man.

CHAPTER V.

Result of Attack on Auckland—Its Causes stated and examined—Macomo's Message to the Mission—The Author leaves for Igqibira.

NINE men were stated to have been struck down almost in a moment, in this first basely treacherous onslaught of the Caffres. The others now saw that no time was to be lost in providing for their own and their families' defence, if even that could now be effected. Several more of the men were struck down in attempting to do this. Those who yet could do so, made for one of the houses which was standing without the roof, and there took up their position of defence. The father of the young woman Gibson, had already fallen; her brother took her by the hand, and ran to get her into the house; at the threshold he was stabbed with an assagai, his belly was ripped up, and thus he fell at his sister's feet! There are a number of younger brothers and sisters of this family; the mother has been some years dead. Here they stood, all before us, with the children of other families equally destitute, their eyes red and their little throats sore with weeping; few of them had more than a shirt, or some such scanty covering left, and that all torn, soiled, and stained with blood; their bodies bruised and cut; altogether, it was a spectacle to draw tears to the eyes, and destitute of all feeling must have been that heart, from which

a spontaneous cry did not rise to the God of the fatherless, to befriend these worse than orphans!

Those who got within the turf walls of the roofless house, were able from this, so long as they had ammunition, to, in some measure, defend themselves for the time. The women and children were all packed into this place, as well as the men, who fired out at such openings as they had upon the Caffres, two only of which were known to be killed. The great body of them set to pillaging the houses and gardens of the village, after which, the whole was given to the flames.

It was difficult to burn the house in which the men were, from there being no thatch upon it, and they kept their position there till the following morning. The Caffres now seeing that their ammunition was spent, were not slow to perceive that they could make an easy prey of their victims. They kept throwing stones and other such things in upon them, from which the women and children had many of the cuts and bruises by which we now saw them disfigured. When they found that they could advance so near as to do this with impunity, they then set about kindling such wood as was about the frame of the house, and told the men that they would leave an open way for the women and children to go away. The women and children accordingly came out; whatever clothing they had worth taking, was torn off them, and what the end of the unhappy men was, their cruel murderers only can tell.

One woman was considerably behind the others in reaching the station; on hearing that she was missing, but thought to be on the road, I went

out alone to look after. She was by this time quite at hand, when I met her with her two little children: her first exclamation, while in keen anguish she wrung her hands, was, "Oh, sir! can no relief be sent to these men? Oh, my dear husband! Oh, that last look he gave me when I came away!" I shall not soon forget the earnestness and feeling with which these words were uttered.

The other women had given us to understand, that all the men had been killed before they came away, and I now asked whether this were not the case. This poor woman assured me, that ten men were yet alive, when she left, shut up within the walls of that house. She would have remained and shared her husband's fate with him, but for the sake of their two children he entreated her to leave, and try to get to a place of safety with the others. After coming out with them, she turned back to take a last embrace of her dear husband; "and, oh, that look!—that long, long look with which he followed me!" Here, the poor woman again wrung her hands, and her utterance was choked.

Many of these women had to bewail double bereavements; sons, or brothers, as well as husbands, had fallen. I felt a peculiar interest in them all. For several months after my first coming to this land of thick darkness, I regularly commenced the public labours of the sabbath, by preaching at this village. I was always welcomed with cordiality, and the people readily came out to honour the ordinance of God: they felt much the want of a teacher for their children, and had memorialised to have a Scotch minister settled

over them ; and they had a sabbath school organised and conducted by themselves. Previous to my coming here, Mr. Laing was the only missionary that gave any attention to the spiritual wants of those people. Chumie is just midway between Lovedale and Auckland, the distance between the two latter being about sixteen miles ; this, Mr. Laing cheerfully rode every second Tuesday, to hold divine service and minister to the spiritual wants of the villagers. This was in addition to all the ministrations connected with his own station, the charge of the English congregation at Alice, and the superintendence of Birklands, another station twelve miles distant : he might well have adopted as his honourable motto "in labours more abundant," and was glad, after my undertaking the service, to relinquish the fortnightly visit to Auckland.

"All's well that ends well ;" if the opposite of this be true, and the utility and character of these villages be determined by their end, then they must have been bad indeed. That wicked men were in all of these villages, no one that knew them will deny ; but that they were all evil, and only evil, no one will maintain, save such as had no acquaintance with the men, or were prejudiced against them. After my coming to Chumie, the services of the sabbath were so arranged, that I had an opportunity of preaching in English in the afternoon. Parties from both Woburn and Johanesberg, the two villages on different sides of the station, but within three miles of it, were regular in their attendance upon that service ; they manifested a growing interest in the sabbath ordinances, and the attendance

increased up to the time of the discontinuance of the service in English. At the same time, they made application for, and were supplied with religious and otherwise improving books; I repeatedly visited those families, and had good hopes of good being effected upon them. If we may take "the Apostle of the Gentiles" as our exemplar in missionary work, we, in every instance, find him giving his first attention to his own countrymen. He never shunned, neglected, and far less scandalized them, but made his first and most earnest efforts in every place for their salvation. Why should not we do likewise?

That these villages were an eyesore to the natives, is true, and had they been settlements of the most Christian men that ever lived they would have been so. It is a question whether it be possible for civilization and barbarism to be brought into immediate contact, without some grating and jarring between the parties. The habits, feelings, dispositions, the every thing in fact, of the one party is so unlike, and so opposed to that of the other, that harmonious working together is not to be expected.

The impounding of their cattle was what of all other things most irritated the natives. Now who was to blame in this? Between the natives and the settlers there was a well defined and well known boundary; the prohibition to cross this, was adroitly pleaded when the natives were urged by any of us to come to church on Sabbath; and had they been but half as scrupulous in keeping their cattle from crossing it, they had never got into trouble on this head. But after the settlers had cleared their land, cultivated it,

and brought under crop at an expence of toil and labour, which the Caffre only laughed at him for bestowing upon it, and when that crop of oats or barley was the only means of support he had for himself and family, to have hundreds of wild oxen let in upon his crop to trample and eat it down, while the idle fellows who ought to have been herding their cattle, and who never knew what it was to bow the back, to handle a spade, or other implement of husbandry, to have a limb or even sinew tired by bodily labour, lie under some bush enjoying the shade, and having at the same time a malignant enjoyment of the mischief which they see done to the poor settler : is there nothing calculated to provoke in this ? This was a thing of frequent occurrence. Yea, I have known the Caffres actually drive over their cattle where the river was easily crossed at Auckland, into the cultivated lands of the settlers, in such numbers, that all the men on the place were unable to seize or take them to the Pound-kraal.

Now how would a farmer in Scotland do in such a case, even were he a pious and benevolent man ? Is it for the good of even the offending parties, that forbearance be exercised towards them, while they continue such habits of indolence and carelessness, not to speak of any worse disposition ? Is there anything unjust, or unreasonable, or even approaching to oppression, in an industrious man honestly seeking to recover such amount of damages as may have been done to him in this way ? Impounding the cattle was just doing this ; the damages must be alway staxed by a neutral party, and not by the party agrieved.

Many of these men had just struggled over the

principal difficulties of first settlers, when the desolating hurricane burst upon them. For the first year, they had rations from Government, seed to plant their land, with a waggon, a plough, and span of oxen, for every six men or families. Twelve acres of land were allotted to each man, which after five years' occupation, and approved cultivation was to be his own. At the expiring of the term for which the Government waggons, oxen, ploughs, etc. were allowed, they were put up to sale, and the steadier men had purchased what of these things they required; they could now call them their own; they had had a season of trial without any help from Government, and were in a fair way to establish themselves in a moderate independence; but the 25th and 26th of December brought them to a barbarous death. My heart is often sad when I think of their melancholy end.

And when on that sad day, I saw all these widowed mothers and fatherless children in all their distress, think you that my whole heart did not go out in intense, indescribable anxiety for my own loved wife and child? How did I know that they were in less distressing circumstances than any of those that I saw, and having that distress to bear, if yet able to bear it, all alone—no friendly station at which to find refuge, for all the other stations had been already abandoned; she too in a strange country, one foot of which she did not know, beyond the bounds of the station. Could I only have got to be with her, but I cannot! That uncertainty as to where she might now be, and what suffering, and all that

terrible apprehensiveness connected with that uncertainty, it was hard to bear.

We had sent early in the morning, one of the station-men to Tebe, widow of the chief Tyalie, and who jointly administered the affairs of the tribe, with Wobo the son of Tyalie, by another of his wives, to endeavour to get one of her counsellors to go with me to Igqibira, but the messenger brought back a very unsatisfactory answer; he said he thought one might be got if I would give him a gun. A gun I had, but to have given it to any such party for the avowed purpose of being used in rebellion against Government, and in shooting down my countrymen, was more than I was prepared to do.

On the morning following a man came with a message from the chief Macomo. He said that in former wars, the teacher Chalmers had always left the station with his family before he had any opportunity to send a word to him, and his word now was, that the teachers were not to leave; they would not be disturbed on the station. It at once suggested itself to me, the man entrusted with this message must be a person of some influence and importance; such a one as might be of service to me. After some conversation with him he agreed to conduct me to Igqibira. At this bare prospect of a possibility of getting there, my heart bounded for joy. My own horse was soon caught, but the whole forenoon was spent before one could be caught for him, night must have overtaken us before we could possibly reach our destination, and the other horse was so wild that no one could ride it after it was brought in. Disappointed yet again! My going was still reckoned

extremely hazardous, and I was still remonstrated with to give up thoughts of it. It was thought a female might go with safety, and Mrs. Chalmers might ride through in my stead to Igqibira, and effect the object I had in view, much better than there was any likelihood of me doing it. To this I could by no means agree, and arranged to leave early the following morning on foot.

Totane, the man whom I had engaged to accompany me, was but little known to the people on the station; it was suggested that after all he might prove a faithless person, and abandon me on any appearance of danger. To ascertain, in some measure, what sort of a person he was, and whether he were to be trusted, Mrs. Chalmers drew him somewhat indirectly into conversation, when, with much firmness, he expressed himself, saying, "The blood of Tsikana flows in my veins; that shall be shed, before a drop of the teacher's be spilt."

It was argued too, that Providence, in so often frustrating my endeavours to get to Igqibira, was bidding me in very emphatic terms pause, and not rush into seen danger. I was disposed now to read in a different version the Providence that had thrown a man unlooked for in my way, when all my own exertions to obtain one had proved fruitless. After committing myself to the guidance and protection of the Almighty, I laid off my watch, money, etc. gave my papers and documents which I wished preserved, to Mr. Renton; and on Saturday morning started on foot with Totane.

We had not got more than two miles from the station, when three Caffres, armed with assagais,

threw themselves in our way. Totane was careful to tell them who I was, where I was going, and all about me, inserting between almost every clause of his narrative the chief's word, viz. "That the man who would spill a teacher's blood, his guilt would be great over all the earth." The men seemed to look upon me more with astonishment than anger; they shewed no disposition to do any violence. I daresay they thought my doom sure enough long before I got to the end of my journey, and that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves with me. My confidence in Totane was somewhat confirmed by the way in which he promised to manage matters with such parties, only I thought if as much time was spent with each party we were likely to fall in with, our journey to Igqibira would take us three days instead of one.

We had no interruption for the next two hours or more of our journey. At the edge of the bush near Old Lovedale, a man made his appearance armed with assagais. He came running up to us, and said he was sent by a party in the bush to stop us. Instead of standing still, Totane bade him walk on with us, and he would tell him all the news. He did so, and Totane began by telling who I was, where I was going, and for what; and as he had done before, inserted at every short interval the chief's great word. Even this he found a way to introduce into the details that he gave of the heart-rending massacres, but to them pleasing occurrences of the last two days. A little farther on, three men rode fiercely up to us, two of them armed with guns; I made bold enough to speak to these, but was most contemptuously

told to sit down there, and was glad to obey by crouching down under shade of a mamose tree. To these Totane had all his story to go over again, as to who I was, etc., and the chief's "great word" was not less frequently introduced than on the other occasions which he had to make it known. These men too left us without offering any violence, although when they looked at me, it was with a growl in their countenance, which was anything but pleasant.

For three miles or so we proceeded quietly on, and had now got well forward upon a low ridge; over which large blocks of stone are scattered in every direction; where the loose soil at all appeared, it was in a granulated form, and as if grass or other herbage had never bound it together; the steep side along which we kept our way, was thickly covered with dark bushes, and far down at the bottom lay the serpentine course of the Tyumie, a sight of whose waters would have afforded a kind of relief, for even the eye had a feeling of parchedness. The sun was now entering the most fiery part of his daily course, and his influence upon all the lower atmosphere made it present such an appearance as you may see over a heap of ironstone being calcined, where there is no smoke; at this period of the day, the beasts of the field, and the flying fowls, as well as man, seek a shade if it can be found. The bushes themselves seem as if scathed by fire, and tend to aggravate the feeling of exhaustion in man, rather than to refresh him.

All sweltering in perspiration, and ready to drop down from excessive heat, we held on our way as best we could. I repeatedly staggered

under a faint and giddy sensation that more than once came over me, and a feeling crept over my heart that I would not ever reach Igqibira, or see again the objects of my affections.

The road which I had been wont to take in going to Igqibira lay down the other side of the ridge from that on which we now were. I thought Totane's object was to take me along in such paths as he knew there would be least likelihood of us meeting any people. All at once, and to me quite unexpectedly, we came upon a kraal. The huts at a distance could hardly have been distinguished from the large blocks of stone among which they stood. At all the kraals, one or more of the trees or bushes are allowed to stand; and around and under the shade of these the men sit or lie during the heat of the day. At this, the village oak or elm here, I saw a very considerable group of men. Totane did not seem as if he designed to turn aside to speak to them, till we had nearly quite passed them, when he quickly looked round, and said to me, "Come."

We had not yet passed over the twenty paces or so to get to the group that we first saw, when I was startled by seeing numerous other groups spring to their feet, from under the shade of other bushes where they had been enjoying the indulgence of a sort of half doze. From every direction they came running towards us, bundles of *assagais* were set up against the bushes and stones, and lying on the ground all around. I had no sensible emotion of fear, but such a faintishness came over me that I had nearly dropped down; I could not speak to ask a mouthful of

water ; this I am convinced was the effects of exposure to the terribly hot sun.

Several hundreds of these rude sons of the bush had now gathered round me : their appearance, not usually disagreeable, was rendered repulsive, by the way in which they had smeared themselves over with red clay ; I thought with myself, now I have not much further to go. In a few sentences, Totane stated who I was—what had brought me out to the jeopardy of my life, and how he had got engaged to go with me. He paused—turned round, and looked at me, and said—“ Macomo,” directing my attention to the chief, seated on a mat or skin at the root of the bush, which afforded himself, with some thirty or forty men that were seated on the earth around him, a shade from the sun. I had not observed the chief. On whatever around me it was that my eyes fell, it was rather in a sort of vacant stare, than in any thing like a look of recognition ; I was looking above. I will never forget the pang I then felt, just to know something certain of my wife and child, before I should know nothing more of them.—Were they in a condition to have their distress aggravated, by knowing of my death, and the manner of it ?

The name of Macomo recalled me to a kind of consciousness, and when I saw him seated on the mat, I drew near and saluted him, and then took my seat on the ground beside him. Naked barbarian though he be, Macomo has an intellectual character, that well entitles him to the consideration of any one capable of estimating man by this standard ; he can both give and understand a reason, and it was not the mad youth, but the

elders of the people, by whom he was here surrounded.

The chief said to me—" You are a teacher—you say that it is your object in coming among us, to teach us the word of God. But why do you always give over teaching that word, and all leave your stations, and go to military posts when there is war! You all call yourselves men of peace; what then have you got to do at any of the forts? there are only fighting men there? I am doubtful whether any of you be true men of peace; Read, I think he is; but look at Calderwood; what have you to say about him—did not he come as a teacher? now he is a magistrate—one of those who make war."

I replied—" That my sole object in leaving my own country, which was a land of happiness, where no war ever was, was to teach them the word of God; that I had no wish to leave my station because of the war, and go to a military post, if the chief would afford me protection at the station."

To this he somewhat hastily rejoined—" The Caffres have no blood of a teacher on their hands;" and giving my arm a twitch, continued—" But this is a war such as the Caffres never before engaged in for cruelty; it will be no surprise that you are killed on the way, before any one asks who you are: you are white, and that is enough."

Before this, I had asked a drink, and a man now brought me a little very bad Caffre milk in a jug; this I greedily drank, and was afterwards a little more able to speak, being, in some measure, relieved of my faintness. Macomo asked me if I had any paper in my pocket, that

I might write for him, and that there might be no mistake, a man was called forward to interpret. This man was completely masked, having his face literally plastered over, or we might rather say, it was rough cast with red clay; he, however, spoke English more precisely than I have ever heard any other native do.

Macomo said—"You must write for me to Smitt," meaning Sir Harry, "and ask what this war is for."

My reply was—"That since it was about the war that he wanted me to write, I would not do it; that I had professed to be a man of peace, and would not be drawn in to meddle, directly or indirectly, with war."

He insisted that I must write; but I refused in the most positive manner to write any thing about the war.

Being anxious to get forward, and also to learn from Macomo what he would advise me to do—whether to remain at Igqibira, supposing I got there safe, and found all well, or leave for a place of greater safety, he said, I must be guided in that matter by what Stock said.

I was still seated at the root of the bush beside Macomo, and around us stood at least three hundred Caffres, staring down at me, and listening to every word that was said. When I expressed my anxiety to go, Totane was called: when I first sat down, he went away; but before he did so, said to me, that he would soon be back. When he appeared, Macomo said to him—"The teacher has done well to get you to go with him. You are one of my people, and when I have perilous work to do, I often employ you. Then

the teacher is in your hands ; take him onward to his station ; should he find it destroyed, and his wife and child not there, take him back again to Gwali in safety. Come here and report when you have done so ; should the teacher, while under your care, lose his life, I will take yours."

Although impatient to get to the end of my journey, I was not at all sorry that I had had an opportunity of meeting Macomo, and meeting him too with so many people about him. The fact of my having gone out into the very midst of the Caffres, without human protection, as well as every word that had passed between the chief and myself, would soon be known over all Caffreland. I had hopes that all this might lead the Caffres to reflect, and lead them also more to respect my own person, as well as that of any other teacher who might yet be in their power. As far as known, no other white man has been spared that has fallen into their power. Will they not then be induced to ask themselves, wherein is the teacher's safety?—What is the ground of their confidence? I now took leave of Macomo and those about him, and certainly I did so with feelings very different from those with which I had a little before gone up to them. Three or four of the principal men rose, and came out with us a considerable distance. I am convinced they felt all not a little flattered by the mark of confidence in them, which my coming among them as I had done evinced.

CHAPTER VI.

The Author again surrounded by warlike Natives—Attempts on his Life—Reaches Igqibira—Finds the Station destroyed, and Family gone—Is relieved by the Wife of a Chief.

AFTER the men who accompanied us the distance of about two miles from where we saw Macomo, had turned back, we proceeded fully another mile without seeing any person. The country was bushy, and we could get along well without being seen, unless met quite directly in the path. That path so favourable to our concealment, had, however, the counterbalancing disadvantage, that anything before us was hid till we were just upon it, and so, quite unexpectedly, we found ourselves in the midst of a number of kraals. We saw at first only women and children, but had the men quite soon enough. Two men came running from one of the huts; the foremost one was quite naked; he uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing me, and grasped my hand in a peculiarly earnest manner; the other man also shook hands with me as if he knew me. The first of the two I was certain that I had repeatedly seen, but at the time could recollect nothing more about him; he kept half hanging on my left arm as if wishing to hold me.

We shewed no disposition to halt, and had now a goodly company about us, which seemed to increase with our every advancing step. All of them were talking too, and that not at the lowest

pitch of their voice ; in the noise and confusion, it was puzzling to know what the temper and dispositions of the men really were. I thought it best to make, at least, a shew of perfect ease, and be as familiar as possible, and asked if none of them had a drink of milk for me to-day, and this was by no means a feigned want, but here Totane gave me such a look, as put all desire to obtain the favour I had asked, far enough from me.

From the outside of the rabble a woman darted away into the bushes rather in front of us, and shouted "simplunga!"—a white man. It was as if the magic word of some conjuror had been uttered. A number of additional huts were disclosed among the bushes, and from these rushed a number of men, most of them taking advantage of a turn in the path, and getting quite in before us. These men seemed all to be in a state of the highest excitement.

We were getting now so jostled as not to be able to walk with freedom, but kept going forward as we best could. Totane had somehow got separated from me, but the man who had first come out to us here, kept close at my side, if not still holding by my arm. I had fallen considerably back, and to the outside of the crowd, and a very tall athletic man, quite naked, and red all over with clay, passing behind the whole, came hastily up, gave me a pull by the arm, and sort of beckoned me to turn aside. At first I had no impression of unfriendly intent on the part of this man, and was not indisposed to yield to him. To say nay, or attempt resistance in any shape, never once suggested itself to me ; single-handed the



THE BUSH.

man was more than a match for me ; he was quite a Goliath of his race.

No sooner did the older men see me disposed to turn aside, than they so thrust themselves in between us, as to make the man let go his hold. I had got but a few paces forward, when a blow at my head was struck from behind ; it did not, however, take effect otherwise than by turning up the brim of my hat, and knocking it half off. In a moment I was seized by both arms from behind, and hastily pushed forward through the rabble, and placed at the side of Totane, who I think took hold of me by the left wrist.

Immediately the man who before pulled me by the arm, again laid hold of me by the right arm, and that in such a way as to leave no room this time to doubt what were his purposes. He made me spin out of the path as if I had been a child. As he grasped me firmly with his left hand, he stamped with his foot upon the ground, and in his right hand grasped his assagai, which in savage frenzy he raised over me, as I was falling backwards, and had given the horrid weapon the peculiar twirl with which they plunge it into their victim ! What arrested the descent of that weapon ? He only, who covered me under the Almighty's arms knows ! Yet, when I think of it, my heart beats quick, and a perspiration breaks out all over me. Of a truth the Lord was to me "a God at hand" that day ! I never think of that outstretching of his Almighty arm, but a feeling of awe pervades my whole being.

At the time I had no fear whatever ; whether this arose from my not being afforded time to think, I do not know. There was such rapidity

in every movement, that it seemed all like the work of a moment. Whether without help I regained my footing, or was kept from quite falling by the grasp that the man had of me, I cannot say, nor how he was made to quit that hold. The other men had rushed in between us, and now formed a circle around me, and the man who had all along kept at my side, now clasped me tight in his arms, and his whole countenance was expressive of alarm and anxiety. I was now squeezed up in the centre of the living mass that had closed around me for protection. The man from whose weapon I had been snatched was springing from side to side, mad with disappointment, and yelling in savage fury, he sought at every opening to make a plunge at me with his yet uplifted assagai. The men nearest to me stood firm, and close about me, the others moved round as quickly as he did, so that his every attempt to reach me was baffled. Several of the younger men then sprang upon him at once, seized him by the arms, wrested the assagai out of his hand, when he was overpowered and dragged away.

One other, a little, thin, decrepit, oldish man, was not less violent. He seemed almost to be the personification of some evil spirit. His eyes glared with rage when he found that he could not reach me with his assagai. He almost managed by stratagem, what he failed to do by force and open violence. In the swaying to and fro of the crowd about me, he insinuated himself into their midst, and, unperceived, got two assagais thrust through between the men, so as to strike me upwards in the lower part of the body. I saw the point of one of the weapons, as it was stealthily moved

forward, but was so wedged up as to be unable to draw back from it, and just as it was about to strike me, the man was instantaneously dragged out. While I was thus fast locked in the arms of my protectors, several parties were trying to rifle my pockets. I had taken care however that nothing was left there to gratify the cupidity of such parties. A handkerchief, and the Tract Society's Miniature Edition of the Psalms, were the only articles to be found there. One man, notwithstanding its little bulk, felt the latter, but could by no means find his way into my coat pocket to take it out, and so I preserved it.

In addition to these two, there were a few others very violent, but must soon have seen that it was vain to attempt anything against me, while surrounded by so many determined to shield me from their violence. A party of the men moved backward, half dragging those more violent ones with them, and we moved onward, attended by forty or more of the friendly party. For a considerable distance, the savage yells of that man, who so surely had me as his victim, startled me at every short interval. I sometimes thought him to have got out of the hands of those by whom he was overpowered, and to be again full upon us in the bush. It was only now that I began to feel anything like fear. After coming a good way forward with us, the men told me I might sit down to rest; they would wait and get all the news from Totane. I did so, but was very impatient to get to a further distance from that fearful place. When any of the now distant bawling sounds yet reached us, at which any of them saw that I was startled, they said something to keep

me from being afraid, and when they had got all the news, most of the men very civilly bade me good bye, and returned to their places.

I had no wish to loiter in this neighbourhood, and with my faithful Totane moved on again towards our destination, which was yet far distant. I had a fear now of falling in with any more Caffres, and knew that we had two clusters of kraals on the direct way to Igqibira, and the thought of passing them was not at all of an agreeable nature, more especially that the people at one of those places were very badly spoken of. In our descent to the Keiskama, three armed men met us in the way, but caused us a very short interruption, and when we got to the stream, we sat down and ate our little refreshment, and drank most plentifully of its clear waters.

Most gladly would I have enjoyed the cool shade a little longer, but the day was so far spent, that we could barely expect to reach our longed-for destination before dark. The two places which most of all I was afraid to pass, seemed, when we came to them, to be entirely deserted.

Near sun-down we had got to well-known ground, where I apprehended no danger. Being now not over three miles from the station, I expected that the people in all that neighbourhood would respect me. My confidence in the assurances of Stock too was yet unshaken. In one short half hour or little more, I would have in my fond embrace the dear objects of my affection, when we would together pour out our thanksgivings to our Almighty Preserver and Heavenly Father, for what he had so wonderfully manifested of his mercy towards, and care over us, and how



Mr. Brown and Totane resting on their Journey.—Page 84.

under feelings of grateful adoration and praise, our hearts would swell, as we remembered and rehearsed to each other, the dangers from which his hand had delivered us !

Fondly indulging those feelings, I tripped along more lightly than I did when we first started in the morning. My lameness, fatigue, and exhaustion all left me, and not much caring whether Totane now kept up with me or fell behind, I sped me on, till I had gained a considerable distance upon him. Just as I was nearing the brow of one of the little rounded hills which form the sort of basin, in the flat bottom of which the station stands, and when a few more minutes would have gratified my straining eyes with a sight of it, I heard Totane call. On looking round, I saw three men with him, and he now called me to turn back. I thought this most strange, and called him to come on—that I almost saw the station, and that we were a very short distance from it. But no—not one foot farther would he come. I felt teased, and half disposed to be angry with Totane, as I trudged away back to where he stood. He said to me that these men had just told him, that by going forward to the station, I would not find my wife and child ; they were away, and the station itself destroyed.

My station destroyed, my wife and babe away ! Whether now alive or dead, or where to find them, I know not ! I now almost wished that the weapon of death had not been hindered in its work ! I sank down upon an ant hill, covered my face in my hands, and groaned out my distress. The three men who stood by and witnessed this,

in a roar of laughter mocked my anguish with barbarous unfeelingness.

I did not set thus long. All my anxieties to at least know something certain, if possible, of what had become of my poor wife, were renewed, and with more than their former vigour. I wished to go forward to the station, that with my own eyes I might see what had been done; and hoped that there I might find some one able to tell me something about Mrs. Brown, and where I was likely to find her and the child. But Totane was immoveable; he would neither go forward with me, nor allow me to go by myself. He asked whether I did not hear the word of the chief to him, and he urged that now we must just turn and go back to Gwali. Before he agreed to come with me, he said that in addition to the money which I had promised to give him, he must have a blanket. I now thought this was more likely to move him to go forward to the station than any other motive that I could urge; I told him my blankets were all there, and that unless he went forward with me, I had no blanket to give him. Totane knew his countrymen far too well however to reckon on many of those being now left for my disposal.

Stock's place was within sight, and about a mile and a half distant: I proposed that we go there, when I found that by no means could I get to the station, and to this Totane consented. The sun was now set, and passing a kraal on our way to Stock's, a young married woman, who had attended Miss Chalmers's school, at Chumie, came running after us. I had hopes that she might be able to tell me something regarding those I was

most earnestly desirous to see. Disappointment in this again awaited me. The painful uncertainty with which every one spoke of Mrs. Brown, no one knowing to where she had gone, excited the suspicion in my mind that worse had befallen her and the dear babe than they were willing to acknowledge, or wished me to know.

We had now got near to "the great place," as the chief's residence is usually called. Just in approaching to it I saw fragments of books, some of them evidently new, strewed about among the bushes on the ground. Any fragment of a book, or printed paper, is enough to cause me to stoop down, at almost any time, to know what it is, and here I picked up some of those over which I was treading; among which I found leaves of the sacred scriptures, with other books. A whole volume, with the cloth boards merely torn from off it, met my eye; this I lifted, and read the title: the name "Hövernick" attracted my notice. In a kind of stupid unconsciousness I went on saying to myself—"Hövernick, Hövernick! strange place this for Hövernick to be?" In an instant the truth flashed upon my mind—"Why these are my own books!" and a momentary feeling of anger made, I am sure, my face redden, for my books have ever been a sort of idol to me, and in a land, such as this, they are the only profitable companions whose fellowship an intelligent mind can enjoy. Hövernick was one of four volumes, which had reached Igqibira one short week before, and was the year's issue of "Clark's Foreign and Theological Library," to which, from the commencement, I have been a subscriber. What

gratification could it afford those wantonly-wicked wretches thus to destroy my books?

Stock's kraal is on the side of a gentle slope, to the top of which we had now reached, and were now quite upon the place. In my book-grub spirit, I had put the boardless "Hövernick" under my arm, with, I suppose, a kind of instinctive purpose of preserving it—but I had not yet seen all. A squad of from thirty to forty men were here squatted on the ground before us, some had bed-rugs about their shoulders, and some blankets, some had their heads wrapped about with pieces of furniture print, and some, nice boys' caps laid on the crowns of their head, and tied over with nice Cashmere shawls, that they might not fall off. One brawny fellow was walking about with a black dress coat, tightly buttoned up in front, and without any other article of clothing whatever; others had trowsers, shirts, all according as each had succeeded in the work of appropriation; and here stood I, in silent astonishment, with only an old worn-out cassenett coat, drill vest, and a pair of trowsers I had borrowed, left me.

In addition to all my own clothes, of every description, the contents of boxes from Dr. Lindsay's and Dr. Beattie's churches, Glasgow, from Mr. Dickie's, Aberdeen, and from Stonehaven, had all fallen into the hands of these men. These boxes had come to Igqibira only eight days previous to the spoliation. I had sent my waggon for meal and other supplies for the family, and to fetch the boxes from Lovedale. Such was my confidence in the assurances of those deceitful men, and so little apprehension had I of mischief on their part. Deceit appears to be the very basis of the Caffre

character, and cupidity the almost only motive under which he is capable of being prompted to action. He cannot live by honesty.

My thus dropping down so unexpectedly upon Stock's people was a no more welcome sight to them, than was their appearance a pleasant one to me. To use a common form of expression, they were quite taken. There is nothing that a Caffre likes worse than this. To lie, or to steal, is a small matter in his eyes—the criminality of the one or the other is all in its being found out. Here, then, these men were so caught, as to be rendered speechless, and the chagrin of every one of them was such, that it could not be concealed. The universal expression of countenance by which I was met cannot be described—it was certainly appalling; and I paused before advancing quite up to these men. I saw one man stretched out on the ground, behind those that were sitting, stealthily raise his gun, and point it over the shoulders of two men before him towards me. I did not speak, nor did any of them do so to me, but I observed a muttering among themselves, and such an exchanging of looks as to me betokened no good.

There was only one man that I saw who had no part of the spoil about him, that was Tsaba, brother to Stock. He was sitting with his back to the fence of the cattle kraal. I had fixed my eye intently upon the man that I saw have the gun, and without much withdrawing it, I walked up to Tsaba, named him, and saluted him in the usual manner, then cast myself down on the ground at his side. He took no notice of me whatever. At this I felt the greatest distress, for

I thought he, of all others, was the most likely to have showed kindness to my dear wife. He knew her father from his first coming to the country, and professed to entertain great respect for his memory, and he always talked of Mrs. Brown as of his own child, familiarly giving her her own name, Janet.

I cast my eye anxiously around, thinking it might fall upon Stock himself, but he was not there; scowl after scowl was all that met my eye, as it rapidly glanced over the group before me. Again I looked at Tsaba, and most earnestly asked him whether he knew where Mrs. Brown was. He made no other reply than shrugging up his shoulders. Not a soul of these men had yet opened a lip to me. And these were not strangers, they all knew me, most, if not all of them, were under obligation, in one shape or other, to me. When famishing, I had given them or their children food; and when sick, medicine. At planting time I had provided seed for them, when they pretended to have none, and that it was out of their power to procure it.

Totane himself looked surprised at the sullen silence of these men; they had little to say even to him; and he came and sat down at my side. I laid myself back against the fence of the kraal, as a sort of support to myself, and finding that I had still "Hövernick" under my arm, I laid it down, and said, within myself—"What more have I to do with books?" My emotion was now like to overpower me. I said, what can they have done with my poor wife and helpless babe, that they will not even say whether they have seen them? Thoughts and apprehensions, not to

be written down or expressed, were not backward to present themselves to my distracted mind, now in a state of all but utter despair too. To have seen even the lifeless remains of the objects of my affection, would have been a kind of relief to me. I should then have known, at least, that I could do nothing more for them; but, oh, that uncertainty, and all that it gave rise to!

I grasped Tsaba's hand and said, "Can you not tell me where Janet is?"

He only answered "Akako—she is not here."

It had now got dusk, and from an overpoweringly hot day, the evening had become very cold, and with the darkness a cold thick drizzling wet come on. I lay shivering by the side of the kraal, while the most of the men had gathered round large fires at a little distance from me; there they sat to feast themselves upon large pots of my rice which they had cooked, and also coffee, sugar and flour. I had just laid in a supply of all these, and we do not here, as at home, purchase such things by the pound, or even smaller quantity, but by the bag; the coffee just like sackfuls of raw beans; we roast it in a pot, and grind it between two stones as we want it, so these men had no lack of material to make themselves a feast. They had flesh too in abundance, in all likelihood the carcass of one of my oxen, to all of which they had helped themselves. My spoons, knives, and forks, I saw displayed in every hand too; each man had possessed himself of one or other of these articles, which he drew from his bag as he joined the circle to help himself to a share of the common bounty.

For none of those things did I now care, but,

oh, the distress of my heart to know something of those dearer objects, whom I could neither see, nor learn where they were, or what had befallen them. Tsaba said nothing more for some time, after giving the above snappish reply to my earnest inquiry. He afterwards turned towards me and said—"impi—you are an enemy."

This, I suppose he meant me to understand as his reason for shunning all conversation with me. I said to him, "you greatly wrong the teachers when you treat them as impi," and pointing to the reed which I had used as a walking-staff, asked him "if that was the weapon of impi; that I had come out into Caffreland with only that in my hand, and also bade him say what I had ever done during the whole time of my residence among them, to cause any one of them offence."

He made me no answer, and I observed that now not an article of the pillaged clothing was anywhere to be seen. The men had stolen away in twos and threes, and laid aside whatever they had on or about them, and appeared again in their own ingubo. I am convinced that had they had notice of my approach, and got this done before I was quite upon them, their reception of me would not have been so unfriendly. It was the fact of their being taken so, that chagrined them. They were rendered speechless; shut up so, that none of their arts of dissimulation, at which they are so adroit, could serve them anything. It was on this account, doubtless, that they felt so galled.

I occupied my cheerless position but a little longer. A man came to say that one of the inkosikosi—wives of the chief—wished me to go into her house. Each wife has a separate house, piece

of ground for cultivation, and allotment of cattle, from which she has to support herself, her children, and her lord also, at such times as his caprice or affection may lead him to make his abode with her. The man has no house of his own.

It required little pressing to prevail upon me to accept this invitation. I could not think of leaving before I had seen Stock himself, and although every thing else had been favourable for my return to Gwali, my whole body was so exhausted, my physical system was so utterly knocked up, that I could not have gone; I felt as if I could have died.

When I went into the hut as invited, I was cheered by the welcome that was given me. A mat was already spread on the floor for me to sit or lie down upon. Behind me stood my large black trunk. This contained all my private writings, and manuscripts, which possessed a value peculiar to me, more than all the rest of my property. Unoxina, Stock's wife, said that the chief was taking care of that for me; he had been asked to do so by Missis. I asked her when or where she had seen Missis? She told me that she had been there with the baby last night, pointed to where she sat, and said that she was weeping all the time she was there, and had left in the morning, she thought to go to the Debe.

Hope now gleamed in upon me. I had not before wept, but my heart grew big at what I now heard, and tears flowed fast. From these my choked utterance by and by found relief, and many earnest inquiries I now anxiously made. I was further gladdened to learn, that although all

the station people had abandoned my dear wife, our servant girl had stood by her most faithfully. But how she was to get to Debe, through a country every foot of which was strange to her, and full as it was of rude barbarians, in a state of the highest excitement, and their hands already stained with violence and blood—her own recovery, too, favourable as it had been, far from being yet perfected, and on her arms a weak and tender infant, was to me yet cause of lively anxiety. She had left, too, only that morning; she might yet be in the immediate neighbourhood, unable from weakness or illness to proceed; had I come only a day sooner, I might have been with her.

Unoxina, I dare say, felt somewhat for me; I wonder how far, or if at all, she was led to reflect, and contrast what the white man was prepared to undergo for his wife and child, with what the lords among her people cared for theirs. Poor woman! she is quite content and happy in her condition—why should I wish her contentment broken, or her happiness destroyed! She did everything in her power to make me comfortable. The first thing she prepared for me was not a cup but a large basin of coffee; of this I drank a little, but as a mere drink, Caffre milk was much preferable to me. When I said that I should relish Caffre milk above everything else, she gave me some from her children's calabash; although the new milk had been too recently put in, to allow of its being in a proper state of fermentation for use.

Soon after this the pot took the place of the kettle over the fire, and it was made full of flour porridge. The first bowlful, and that a large one,

taken out, was set on the floor before me, and a spoon laid beside. I did not at once fall to, as the porridge was boiling hot. The spoon was at once picked up by a big naked dirty fellow who sat beside me; to wait till the share of the porridge that was given him cooled, seemed never to enter his head. After having served him and several others the spoon was laid back in its former place. To Unoxina I felt truly thankful, for all her kindness expressed and intended. May she be given yet to relish that bread which perisheth not with the using, and be fed upon it! Such is my prayer for her.

CHAPTER VII.

Unclaimed rights in property—Domestic habits of savage life—The Caffre Chief joins the party—Gives some account of Mrs. Brown—His narrative suspected, and his conduct suspicious—Set out for Gwali.

THE last chapter concluded with the close of what was to me a day of perils, surpassed only by the greatness of my deliverances—a day of trials and disappointments, yet marked so by mercies, that even yet, at the remembrance of them all, my heart grows big, and my breast heaves with grateful emotion. It had seen me safely lodged with Unoxina, and has exhibited her endeavours to make me comfortable. After the spoon had been replaced by the side of my bowl of porridge, I was not even then in any great hurry to take it up. Unoxina observing this, without saying a word, made one of the lads lying near me on the floor, take up the bowl and hand it to her. In the way this was done, there was something so like what is done to a child in pet by wise parents, that I half smiled within myself, and said, “Unoxina is offended; she thinks that I despise the food which she has so kindly prepared for me.”

In this I was mistaken: she had stowed away behind her, in her own private quarter of the hut, among dirty skins, milk baskets, and calabashes, a bag of considerable bulk, and most carefully tied up. This she brought half forward into the light, and untied. It was what had

fallen to her share of my bag of sugar. This she stirred into my porridge till it was nearly as black as treacle, and then set the bowl again down at my side, with the spoon sticking in the porridge. I feigned, as I best could, to appreciate the well-meant kindness of poor Unoxina, and to relish what I really had no relish for.

I took a little of the porridge, then handed the bowl with the remainder back to Unoxina, for which she thanked me, and proceeded to divide the contents among a number of eager expectants, big and little, seated all round the hut. This, most of them received just in their hand, half shut, so as you may have seen it used at home, to lift a mouthful of water, where no vessel was at hand, and this they licked so clean, that nothing was left to induce the dogs to apply their tongues to it at all.

Soon after the porridge had thus disappeared, the Caffre milk, the usual meal before going to sleep, was ready. The sacks, or skins, which will enable you better to understand how milk can be kept in sacks, much like what are called "bottles" in the Bible, only larger a great deal, were untied by the men who have the sole charge of them, and the milk emptied out into a number of baskets. The distribution of the milk being entirely in the hands of the men, did not at all cause me to be neglected, and I had a far keener relish for this, than for either the coffee or porridge so considerately and kindly made for me by Unoxina. There is scarcely anything that can at any time be got, so refreshing as a drink of Caffre milk. The richest butter milk at home is not at all equal to it. It is made by pouring

the warm milk, just taken from the cow, into these skins or sacks made of bullock's hide, which soon become quite saturated with the milk constantly kept in them, and have a very sour disagreeable smell. The warm milk poured into these, upon a quantity of the old milk always left in them, instantly curdles, and gets rapidly into a state of fermentation. The curdle is all nicely broken by a sort of kneading, rolling and shaking of the milk sack. It is agreeably thick, with the butter all in minute particles swimming in it, and but slightly sour when poured out. When exposed to the air, the gas generated by the fermentation rises in little bubbles; and after drinking about a tumbler of the milk, an almost instantaneous perspiration breaks over the whole body; and after a pretty full draught, I have experienced a kind of headiness for a short time. The milking the cows, and all this preparing the milk, is done solely by the men, and while thus engaged, they are always in a state of entire nudity.

A great deal of chat was kept up by the men, till a late hour, in the hut. Sometimes I gave a little heed to what was being said, but oftener far my thoughts were away after the objects so dear to me. I had not full confidence in anything that had been told me, even by Unoxina, regarding them. Fears were constantly starting up in my mind that worse had befallen them than any one wished me to know; and, even if true that Mrs. Brown had left to go to Fort White, the probabilities were all against her ever being able to reach that.

I was greatly fatigued, but had little disposi-

tion to sleep. Wearied with sitting, I lay down upon the earthen floor, that I might at least enjoy a change of posture. When Unoxina saw this, she said "he is going to sleep;" and took off one of my beautiful blankets which she had folded in the middle, and was wearing around her in sort of petticoat fashion, and handed it me over to wrap about me. It was now all smeared with clay and fat, and for other reasons as well, I did not much care to have it very close about me; but for the same reasons that I did not wish to refuse the sweet porridge, I did not wish to refuse it; the only use that I made of it, was to spread it over my legs.

Totane was evidently not without apprehensions for my safety. He had all along kept close by me, and now that I lay down he stretched himself out too, quite at my side. I wished him to leave a clear space, however narrow, between us, but he directed such a look at certain parties, and then one of not less significance to me, after which I kept quiet, and was content to take just what came in the shape of clay, fat, or animalcula, from having such a neighbour so close by me. During the whole evening, parties of the most wild and reckless men kept coming into, and going out of the hut, and these had all to step over me, as they passed in and out, the place where I lay being near the entrance or door.

Before Stock came home, most of my fellow lodgers had laid themselves out to sleep. In the better sort of huts a partition runs from the one side, more than half way across, at the side where the opening which serves as the door is left. This cuts off usually about three feet from one side of

the circle which the huts form. The fire is of wood, and is exactly in the centre of the floor. The sort of corner where the partition described joined the outer wall—if we may call rods covered with dry grass, and plastered inside with cow-dung, a wall—was occupied by Unoxina and the children; further round in the circle three or four old men had laid themselves down, then came Totane, and lastly myself. Between where I lay and where the partition terminated, there was still a small space, but this was for the most part unoccupied, being too much in the immediate doorway. Thus then, we all lay with our feet to the fire, and our head away towards the outer circle of the hut.

The approach of some party on horseback was at last heard, and when the greeting, "Nkosi!"—the chief—was heard, those seemingly asleep waked, and those only wearied rose up; *i. e.* we changed our posture from the recumbent to the sitting. When Stock entered, I held out my hand to him, which he took in the usual form, but with no very good grace. His countenance at all times heavy and sullen, was as downcast as ever Cain's could have been. He sat down, and for sometime not a word was spoken. The first thing he said was, "that he must know what had brought me there." This afforded me an opportunity of speaking. I reminded Stock of all his assurances of safety, and promises of protection which he had so repeatedly made to me; then bade him look at my station to-night, and himself say whether he had been true to these. "All my clothes, food, knives, spoons; my waggon, oxen, and horse you can make some use of, but my

books, of which you could make no use, you have wantonly torn to pieces : this is very wicked : a teacher loves his books above all his other things, and more than a Caffre does his cattle—but much as I loved all these, they are as nothing ; it was not them that I came to seek—where is my wife and child ?”

Stock did not give me a hasty answer. He looked thoughtful, and seemed really ashamed and vexed. Totane was asked how he came to be with me, and in stating that he had been sent by his chief with a message to Mrs. Chalmers, and had been engaged by me when at Gwali to come with me, Stock once or twice said “ Intombi ka Chemers,”—the daughter of Chalmers: “ it is a bad business ; I am vexed about it !” Totane found more than one occasion to introduce the great word of his chief, about the guilt of that man who would shed the blood of a teacher, and all this seemed to make Stock the more thoughtful. He most positively asserted that the pillage of my station had been contrary to his will, and all done before he even knew of it ; that it was not till he saw the men coming with my trunk and Missis, that he knew what the people had done ; “ it was a black business ; he was vexed about it.”

Then directing his discourse more immediately to me, he said that when Missis wanted to go away, she was very discontented ; she would not stop, but cried so much ; he offered to give her a horse to ride, but he had no saddle, and she could not ride without one, and when she did go on foot, he sent two women, his own sisters, with her to help her, and he was sure she would get safe enough to Debe Post—Fort White ; none of the

station people had stopped to help her ; he had sent men to sleep at the station, to prevent any evil being done ; he was vexed at what had been done.

On hearing all this, I thanked Stock, and it was no feigned or mere formal thanks ; I felt truly grateful for all he professed to have done for my helpless wife and child ; so much so, that I almost forgave all the other mischief that had been done. The only thing that came once or twice up in my heart in the form of a grudge, was a feeling caused by the wanton destruction of my books. Had I not seen them so strewed about in fragments, I could have easier borne the loss. I told Stock that I now claimed the fulfilment of his promise more than once made to me, that if danger should arise, he would give me an escort to take me to the neighbourhood of whatever place of safety I wished to go to ; that I wanted two trustworthy men to go with me on the following morning to Fort White, that I might know whether Janet had got there. These Stock said he would give me, and I had now nothing more to ask. I thanked him again for his kindness.

When early in the evening the milk was being distributed, a quantity, about five or six quarts, was poured into a rather clean tin pan, such as you often see used for carrying milk in Scotland ; this had been carefully set aside, and was placed on the floor before Stock, as soon as he had set down. During the whole time that the conversation was going on, he left it untouched, and now, without himself having tasted it, he handed the whole, with his spoon, over to me. I took a few spoonfuls, and then handed the pan

back to him again, pleased with what I thought to be an additional evidence of friendly feeling. Totane had a great many questions to answer, all about the massacre of the military settlers, and whatever had taken place in the Tyumie district. At length Stock said he was going to sleep; and as he rose to leave the hut in which we were, for that of some of his other wives, I said—"Now I trust to your having two men ready for me, by very early dawn, to escort me to within sight of Fort White."

He replied, that he would, and went out.

After Stock went away, most of the inmates of our hut lay down again to sleep. I too lay down, but sleep I did not. During the whole night, some one or other, at every short interval, sat up, and thrust the burned-away pieces of wood forward into the fire, so that we were rarely without a little flame, and consequently had a little light also; sometimes two or three would, at one time sit up, and chat away together an hour or more, and then lie down again. This custom is quite common among the Caffres. Among those who are professed converts, when the head of the family wakes up during the night, he very commonly calls—"Vukani, vukani!" (get all up), at which all his family rise, and, sitting round the fire, they sing a hymn together. This, when it is done at one hut, may be heard in all the huts at the same kraal, and when begun by one, all the others, who hear, usually follow. At Stock's kraal, however, there was no such exercise; it was a place noted only for the practice of violence and abomination.

Many of my previous fears and suspicions came

back into my mind, notwithstanding what Stock had told me. When I lay and thought over it all, it seemed to me unaccountable, how no one else had told me all that he did, when they saw my distress, and heard my anxious, earnest inquiries about my wife and babe. If it were all true what he had stated, every one there must have known it all as well as he did. Why did no one before tell me? Many such thoughts troubled me; my confidence in Stock's statement, however, prevailed over my doubt, and the hope of, in a given number of hours, embracing those so dear to me, and regarding whom all my anxieties and concern had been excited so intensely, gladdened me at times, almost half as much as I thought the full realization of all my desires could do. That day was the Sabbath, on which I expected that we would be restored to each other. I had already arranged how we would spend the day, after I reached Fort White, in a service of thanksgiving and grateful praise to our Heavenly Father, our God! What obligations, of an almost miraculous kind, should we then lie under to glorify and praise Him! yes, and these obligations are now all increased manifold!

There are "they that watch for the morning," and I was one such, through the darkness of that night. It is by what serves as the door of the hut only, that light from without can enter; this was within view where I lay. The first grey dawn had only just begun to take the place of the darkness of night, when I sat up, and wondered where I would find the men who were to go with me, for I longed to be gone.

Totane lay as if he were still asleep; but in an

instant, and without speaking one other word, than "Come, let us go," he started up. I had only my reed walking-staff, which lay at my side, to lift, and I was all now ready as he could be. I said, we must call Stock, to get the men he had promised to send with us, to near Fort White. He shook his head, and said, "no, we must go back to Gwali." I felt some surprise at this, as Totane, a few hours before, had heard me make the arrangement with Stock, and he then made no objection. But just now Stock himself entered the hut, and said to me, I must leave—that no one would go with me to Fort White—that I would not find Janet there—that she said to him, she would not stop there, but would only go in and rest a little, then go on to Mr. Brownlee's at Fort Cox, and from that to Gwali: he was certain she would be there before I could get back again—that I need not go to Fort White—it was all done, or destroyed.

I tried to remonstrate—to remind Stock of his promise; but no, I was peremptorily told to be gone. Two of Stock's brothers stood outside the hut, one of whom had always made profession of great friendship towards me. I attempted to speak to him; but with a most emphatic "ham-bake!" (go away now), he beckoned me off with his hand.

"What change is this? What new story now trumped up by Stock! What means it all?"

Crushed under this fresh disappointment, I could have sunk down; all my previous painful surmisings — suspicions — fears — uncertainties, waked up with new force.

This was my bitterest hour. My last hope of

again seeing my beloved wife and babe now sank, and what I think distressed me still more, was all that uncertainty as to what had befallen them, for now I could not believe what any one had told me. I was not more than two miles from the station ; perhaps Janet was still there, hiding it might be, in the clump of thick bush to which she was most likely to have run ; perhaps she was there sunk in weakness, or wounded, or perishing of hunger. Oh, the pictures of her distress and probable condition that passed before my mind ! I was now on my way leaving the neighbourhood of where she likely was, without a hand to afford her help, or a human being to speak one word of comfort to her in her extremity. It might be that she even was within hearing of my voice, and I was passing away, with not the shadow of a probability that either myself or any one else would be able to come again, to so much as learn the reality of her fate !

Crowds of such thoughts rushed through my mind, as we were going down the hill from Stock's place. I made more than one attempt to call aloud, " Janet," but my voice would emit no sound—my utterance was choked. My emotion could not be concealed, nor did I try to conceal it. How I wished for the gushing out of a stream of tears. It would have afforded me relief of a certain kind, but none would flow. The anguish of that state of feeling beyond grief, so dry, parched, burning ; when the channels through which grief usually finds expression seem gorged up, and that inward consuming thing cannot find vent, it is terrible !

Totane witnessed my distress, and evidently

sympathised with me. He looked in my face, and with grave emphasis said—"Ngu Tixo yedwa numbla"—(it is God only this day) and stopped short. His full meaning I quite readily understood, and these words, coming as they did from the lips of a heathen man, had a peculiar waking up, reviving sort of influence upon me. I repeated the words, and said—"Yes, it is God only for me this day:" and the thought that I still had God—God only; not for myself so much, as for my helpless wife and babe, for it must be "God only," for them too, if we were ever again to be permitted to see each other. I thought of His marvellous and repeated interpositions for my own protection and rescue on the previous day; and felt as if those yet more helpless could not have been forsaken of Him. A kind of hope and gratitude sprung up in my heart together. Then I wept and found relief, yea, a kind of gladness came over me.

Sometimes I have wondered whether existence could be prolonged, for even a very short period, under such a state of feeling, with all its intense-ness of burning, pressing, choking, bursting, yet having no vent, as I suffered before that relief came.

All Totane's anxiety seemed to be for my safety—regarding this I had not myself one anxious thought. All my anxiety was for those for whom I had thus put my life in jeopardy. Could I only have been assured of their safety, or even any at all certain about them, my mind would have been at rest. The probability of Janet being yet in the neighbourhood, unable from weakness, or fear, to go forward still harassed me.

My ear was quick to catch every sound, that peradventure the wail of our infant, might as a guiding-star, direct to where I might find the beloved objects.

At the first kraals to which we came only two or three of the old men had got up; beyond asking where we were going, and one or two other questions, they gave us no trouble. The first beams of the morning sun were now beginning to light up the highest of the rounded tops of the little hills. In less than an hour we came to another cluster of kraals; here we sat down, and such of the people as we saw behaved quite civilly towards me. This was within a circuit through which I was somewhat known; the people had been occasionally at the station, and once or twice I had visited as far out.

The principal man here asked me to examine his gun, and see whether it were all right. I told him that I was not at all skilled about such things as guns, and did not like to see them being put into use, especially as the probable object was to shed the blood of men. This rather seemed to please than give offence to the man. We sat on the ground and spent so long time in chat here, that I was beginning to lose patience, and could not see what object Totane could have in thus loitering. I proposed repeatedly to go on, but he still found some excuse for waiting a little.

Before leaving, two of the women came out, on learning what my object in being there was. These assured me that they had seen Missis the day before, passing along, carrying the baby, and pointed out the track through among the bushes where she went. Had I only been at liberty

how I would have flown along the same path, in quest of those so dear to me.

It was to no use, however, that I stated my wish to Totane. He was quite fixed to neither allow me to separate myself from him, nor turn aside to go anywhere else with me than back again to Gwali, and I was far too much in his power to make it safe in any way to cross him, or take my own will.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sad forebodings increase—An intractable guide—Recross the Kieskama—The Mother of Macomo—The Country deserted—A Caffre army.

IN this chapter it will be my endeavour to carry you along with me in my return from the bootless, as well as perilous errand on which I had gone out. You have already seen us fairly started by early day-break on the morning of the Sabbath, 29th December. After leaving that kraal, where the women pointed out to me the path along which they had seen my dear Janet carrying our babe on the preceding day, we soon turned aside from the way, which if left alone, I would have taken even to go to Gwali.

Whether the way we were taking was shorter or more circuitous I did not know; it was altogether unknown to me, and I did not doubt that Totane had good reasons for selecting it. The path led for a long distance through a country very thickly covered with mimosa-bush. This differs from a forest, inasmuch as it has no large trees, only gnarled sort of things, such as hawthorn left to itself would grow at home. This is not the bush in which the Caffres have their hiding places. That is all on the tops and steep sides of the mountains, and consists of gigantic timber trees, filled up below with all sorts of lesser thorny and creeping plants, which are so inter-

grown with each other, that it is difficult indeed to find a way through among them.

The path along which we went was dry and well-beaten, but so narrow that we could not both walk abreast. The tracks are made by the cattle and can be safely followed only by a native, as they keep perpetually running into, or branching out from each other, that it is perplexing to know which is the right one. For hours we went on without passing or even being in sight of a single kraal. Had my feet been whole, and my mind and heart at ease, I should have enjoyed the walk. All was so still and quiet around, that the mind was invited to reflection.

I could well enough perceive that we kept in far too easterly direction for being in the direct line to Gwali. When we came to Debe stream, or rather the dry rocky channel and precipitous banks of the river, I knew something of where we were, and thought that, after all, Totane was taking me to Fort White. When I tried to find if he were doing so, his most positive hayi—the negative to a question—at once convinced me, that we were as near Fort White as he meant to go. After crossing the bed of the Debe, which was hot and parched as if no water had moistened those rocks since the days of Noah, we had to climb the other bank, which was very high and steep, and stuck full of great blocks of stone, or rock, over which we had to make our way. Among these shot up the naked stems of the euphorbia, which was poor shelter from the sun which was now waxing hot.

That we could not be more than a few miles, I thought at most four, below Fort White, I

knew, from what I here saw of the now more open country. Repeatedly I thought to get behind one of those large blocks of stone, in the hope, as Totane was before me, that he would go on to the top without missing me, and keeping hid till he was quite out of the way; then I would endeavour to get along myself to Fort White, even if I should lie hid till it was dark. Once I did make the attempt to get out of sight, behind some large stones, but Totane just then looked back, and asked if I was tired, as I was sitting down. I was glad enough to excuse myself in this way; nor was it altogether a feigned excuse, for tired I verily was.

I made no other attempt to get away from Totane, but when we had got fairly to the top of the steep and rugged bank, there was the waggon-road to Fort White. I knew quite well now where we were, and put on my most imploring look, that I might move Totane to only consent to go; I had rode along that same road more than once, and felt confident no danger was to be apprehended. To think that I was here within an hour's walk or so, of where the dear objects of all my affection had taken refuge, and were to be found, if yet in existence, and that I could not go to them, nor even learn with certainty whether they were, but must pass away some twenty-five miles or more, without knowing how we were to be again restored to each other. Yes, I am sure it was an imploring look that at that moment I presented to Totane.

He was, however, inexorable, and hurried so onward, that I was hardly allowed to gratify my eyes by even a glance along the road towards

Fort White. Up till now, I had indulged a kind of hope, that by some means or other I should get there, but the last glimmer of that hope here disappeared, and a last pang of distress, akin to despair, wrung my heart. I felt from this time as if I had done my utmost for my dear wife and child, and the intenseness of my anxiety regarding them somewhat abated. Exhaustion and fatigue were gathering fast over me, the sun was now blazing near his midday height, and the dry hard earth was, to tread on, like the floor of a heated kiln; there was no grass, and the leaves of the bushes which had spread out in fresh green in the morning, drooped now in shrivelledness, as if fire had breathed upon them.

We were now going down the long winding slope towards the Kieskama, and had a wide prospect in front, and on each side of us. The smart report of a discharge of musketry here startled us, and immediately the hoarse sound of the cannon, mingled with the rattle of the fire arms. Fort Cox was full in view, and from the smoke rising from that part of the hill where we saw the white tents of the extra soldiers there encamped, my first impression was, that the Cafres had ventured upon an attack there. The report of the successive vollies, however, soon drew our attention in another direction, and we saw the smoke rising as if from the entrance into the bushy ground about the head of the Incwazi. This lay right before us in going to Gwali, and the thought of passing through the midst of men excited and maddened by actual conflict, was not one of the most comfortable. It was not pleasant to think of how this might affect Totane's feelings

even, but come what might, there was no escape for me.

As we descended towards the Kieskama, the high precipitous bank on the opposite side hid the smoke from us, but from the sound of the firing we could very easily perceive that the party engaged were moving in the direction of Fort Hare. This was all we knew.

On the dry rock in the bed of the Kieskama we sat a long time. A narrow channel served for all the water then in the river to pass, and to sit under the shade of the green bushes, that grew in the margin of the stream, and look at the clear cold water, rushing through its clean rocky passage with a gurgling sound, was truly refreshing to eye, ear, and heart. I felt too as if, behemoth like, I could have drank up the river. On leaving Gwali the previous morning, Totane had got a haversack slung over his shoulders, in which to carry a little provision for us by the way. There remained yet of this a little bread, and a hard-boiled egg. The latter I regarded as my unquestionable share of the stock, as a Caffre wont eat an egg, and this, with the crumbs of a few biscuits, which Mrs. Renton had most considerably thrust into my coat pocket, I here ate, and drank of the cool flowing stream.

There lay before us yet, a journey of at least twenty miles, and it ill became us to spend the whole day in the cool refreshing shade, however tempting. To wade through the water over the black slippery rocks, was about as refreshing as it had been to cool the parched throat and tongue in the limpid brook.

The opposite bank of the river, which we had

now to ascend, was very steep, and most difficult to keep footing on as well. The path up which we had to climb, was of dry crumbled shale, and my feet were now in a sad state, scalded and blistered all over. Arrived at the top of this bank, we were ready as ever for a rest, and at a small kraal a very eligible place presented itself, the hut of the Inkosikozi, chiefess, the mother of Macomo. This woman I had not before seen, but a woman of this rank is not an extraordinary sight. Old Nqika left some thirty of them, of whom this is one, when he died. She is an old woman, and has a good deal of influence.

Her hut seemed to have, as fully as herself, served its day and generation, and was, as she seemed herself to be, in a woful state with dirt, but any thing to hide us from that fierce sun! There was hardly any choice of a partially-clean place within, so I squatted, or lay down rather, on the first space that presented, clear of calabashes and milk baskets, dirty skins and broken clay pots.

Totane soon answered all such questions as to who I was—where come from—and where going to; his first business then was to get whatever information he could, regarding what was going on before us. Every one knew that it was an engagement with a party of the troops, but whether they or the Caffres were carrying their point, no one could tell. There was not a man, or a boy, or even young woman, to be seen here, all were away, to either take part in, or be witness of the conflict. What concerned us then most to know, was the exact place where these parties were engaged. All that country is very uneven, broken,

and ridgy, and did we know precisely in which of the hollows to keep, it was possible, by turning a little out of our direct way, to pass without being seen by those engaged in the fight. Totane most anxiously inquired about every path that we might come to, where it led, and what concealment it might afford—all this it became us to well ascertain.

My own fatigue and exhaustion were such, that the interest I felt in even knowing a way that might be comparatively safe, was dull indeed. But for fear that I had of the men when they returned, I would have sought to remain where we were, that afternoon, and perhaps all night, it seemed to me so impossible that I could hold out till we reached Gwali.

From a large pot standing over the fire, a piece of beef was taken, at the old Inkosikozi's bidding, and given to Totane in a large tin wash-basin, which I thought to most likely have been the property of Mr. Keyser, whose station was on the banks of the Kieskama, a little farther down.

Totane offered me a share of his large lump of beef, as much as any six men would be well satisfied with in Scotland. I partook of a very small bit—it was so sweet and juicy, that I felt refreshed by it. A Caffre eats flesh as you would do bread, or potatoes; he never takes any thing along with it, and it is quite astonishing how much he will thus eat.

When Totane had finished his repast we took to the road again; and the pain of getting along, with feet in a state such as mine were, was almost enough to make me scream aloud. The hard, dry, rocky path too, was as if we walked on fire

itself. After we got out, numbers of women passed us, all busy carrying home spoil from Mr. Keyser's place. He got his furniture, clothing, and such things, all away with him, having been wise, and taken timely warning, but every thing else that could be carried away from the station, the pumpkins, and other produce of the garden especially, were being brought up in loads by these females and young children, who were loaded as well as their mothers, with what they could carry.

For a considerable distance we did not pass near any kraals, and when we did come to where several were, these were so utterly deserted that there was not a dog even to bark at us. I had repeatedly wished Totane to lie down and take a rest with me in coming along, but he was deaf to all my importuning, and wisely so, for it was after all better to keep going when we were on our feet, than to bear the fresh torture of starting anew, after we had for only a few minutes sat down.

Another very precipitous ascent we must now climb. The face of the ridge that presented itself to us, may be likened to the bowl of a bottling funnel, cut up one side and drawn partially open. To the bottom of this we had now come, and were closed in on every side, save in the direction from which we had entered, and to retrace our steps would have been a profitless expenditure of our little remaining strength. Forward we must go, however steep and difficult the ascent. Among the many withered bushes which skirted our path, one large spreading tree, with yet green leaves, presented itself. This was too

much for Totane even; he at once turned aside and lay down under its shade. While we lay there, I almost wished that that green tree should be destined to mark my last resting place.

It was but a short interval that we could afford to lie here. To climb the face of that high steep bank we set ourselves, and it was terrible, truly terrible! At every few steps we had to stand both of us, and looking down over the little space we had passed over—upwards, to see what yet lay above us, we durst not look—with staring eyes, and breast throbbing and panting convulsively, gasped for breath! But breath there was none! There was blazing light, and scorching heat only. And so dry! it was as if every fluid of the body were turned into heated sand!

Of the whole day, the early part of the afternoon, down to about three o'clock, is the most oppressively hot. We got at length to the top of the ridge, and there stretched away down before us a gently descending sweep, for several miles. At the top was a ruinous looking kraal, and into the most ruinous looking hut in it, Totane popped most unceremoniously. Indeed it was rather a heap of dry smoked cow dung, which had once plastered the inside of a hut, that we threw ourselves down upon. And over our heads yet stood a few of the bent rods with the thatch grass hanging upon them. Among the rubbish, however, were two or three well filled milk sacks, and several pretty clean tin pails, or pans, as we used to call them, of various sizes. After lying here for a short time, the sweat gushed out from every pore of my body, and gave relief almost as

if I had had a bath. The burning sensation in every muscle, sinew and vein, was quenched.

A goodly number of children gathered about us here, but there was not to be seen one grown up person, male or female. After having rested a short time Totane made free with the milk sacks, which he opened, and emptied out a large quantity, into one of the larger tins for himself, and then he filled up one of the lesser ones, containing from two to three Scotch pints, for me. Nothing could have been more suitable nor so opportune as this provision, which was so unexpectedly furnished.

I am almost ashamed to write it down, it looks so gluttonous to say, that I consumed the whole quantity set before me. After every repeated draught a fresh impulse was given to the gushing sweat, until I thought the heap of dry cow dung must have been soaked where I lay with the perspiration that flowed from me.

But this was not our rest; before that was reached ten or twelve miles must yet be passed over. Refreshed, although you may think I ought rather to say gluttoned, with the milk we had so freely partaken of, we resumed our journey. We had not gone far when some boys and women met us; they all seemed much excited, and the particular questions asked by Totane, I do not remember. All the narrow paths together, especially those on our right, and in front of us, coming down from the top of the neighbouring heights and ridges, began to appear thronged by people hurrying downwards. A man on horseback, with a gun drew up and spoke to Totane, but my eyes were now far more alive to what

was going on around, than my ears were attentive to what passed between this man and Totane. He was evidently excited, his manner was abrupt and broken, and he rode away without offering any violence.

He had scarcely turned away when a small party hurriedly driving four or five oxen came up to us; these men were armed with assegais only, and seemed more intent upon getting their spoil beyond a likelihood of recovery, than anything else. They presented any thing rather than a pleasant countenance to me, but beyond this, threatened me no harm.

Going forward a little, we came to two or three kraals, and scattered about were numerous blocks of rock, many of them half as large as one of the huts. Here a group of seven or eight women were seated, much less excited than any we had yet seen. We sat down beside them, and Totane answered all their inquiries, as to who I was, and told them that I had been away to Igqibira to try to get my wife and child. That my wife was "intombi ka Chemers,"—the daughter of Chalmers—but that I had not found them, and so on.

It was not difficult to see that our tale excited the sympathy of those women. "Intombi ka Chemers," was repeated again and again by several of them, and their sympathetic feelings seem to deepen under this thought. Not more than a mile and a half distant were the remains of old Lovedale station, where some twenty-five years before, Chalmers entered upon his labours among the Caffres, and likely some of the more matronly of those women had known Chalmers and his

family throughout the whole of his devoted course.

Three or four other women who had been on the heights, now joined this group, one of whom was loud and boisterous exceedingly. She must needs know who I was, and the other soon told her, as well as what was my object in being out in the midst of so much danger. With a loud scornful laugh, and a toss of her head, she struck one of the large stones with the stick which she had in her hand, saying "wait till once the men be come down, and he will be as dead as that." I had asked a drink of water, which one of the women brought to me in the bottom of a very dirty basket, and when she saw this, she screamed out "Will you give him to drink? What has he given you? Set it down, worthless jade! make him give you tobacco." There are not many women such as this, and I thought her outrageousness only moved deeper the feelings of pity in the breasts of the others.

In good earnest the men began now to come down. Along a narrow path which came over a rising ground right in front of us, we saw band after band, and group after group, come into sight, and advance towards where we sat. Many of them talked loudly, and exhibited many wild gesticulations in coming down the sloping path. At the sight of all this, I did not feel at all comfortable, although my feelings were not those of fear either. I hoped in God, but do not think that I had that sensible or lively confidence, that the imminence of the danger might seem to require. From fatigue, the distress of mind, and anxiety in which I had so long been continuously

kept, my whole system was so worn out, thoroughly exhausted, I do not know that any feeling or passion with which human nature is constituted, could have been brought into very lively exercise.

There I sat upon that huge block of stone, exposed to every eye; the path traversed by those bands of excited men, passed within less than twenty yards of me; there was not an intervening bush or branch to hide me from them; my whole appearance and colour so very distinguishable from that of any native, and yet group after group passed by without ever a soul turning out of his way to ask who I was! Surely that Jehovah to whom Elisha prayed, "Smite this people, I pray thee, with blindness," was not far from me that day! If ever any creature of his hand was covered with his shield—hid in his pavilion, I was! Think over it, Christian reader, and join with me, and help me to bring a fresh and enlarged tribute of gratitude and praise to his footstool. I hardly know whether to say with the stronger emphasis, He is the Faithful, or He is the Merciful Lord God; he is both! "Praise the name of the Lord our God, that hath dealt wonderfully with me." O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

Totane was seated upon a stone two or three yards from me, and considerably below me, as was also the group of women squatted on the ground. Many a time did they look up into my face, with deeply-expressed anxiety and pity. I maintained as far as I could, and endeavoured to exhibit, an appearance of being perfectly at ease. It seemed somewhat strange to me at the time,

that Totane tarried so long with me in a place so much exposed. More than once I said to him, had we not better be going? his only reply, with a significant gesture of the head was, "banya Amoxosa,"—plenty of Caffres.

Right in front of, and a little distance below us, was a dry rocky channel, which, after rains, served as the course of a stream. It was down the slope on the opposite side of this, that all the men came, and passed us on the right. To the left this channel stretched away in a winding direction, and all down the hollow was a cover of pretty thick bush. Left to myself, I would have preferred taking advantage of what opportunities for concealment this afforded, to sitting where I was. However, the event proved that even there, the lynx-eye of the Caffre would have discovered me, and the very attempt at hiding, would have more drawn his attention to me.

What silenced the tongue of the violent woman, I do not at all know, but when the men were passing, she did not by so much as one loud word seek to draw their attention towards me. After the great body of the men seemed to have passed, we rose, and saying good bye to the women, passed quickly down into the dry channel above mentioned. In scrambling, or leaping down over a face of rock two or three feet in descent, I saw a Caffre busily engaged among the bushes. He had a small crow-bar in his hand, and before him at his feet lay a dead body.

CHAPTER IX.

A new danger—Burying the dead—A disappointment—
The search renewed—The Emissaries attacked by
Caffres—Devotion in distress—Death of a traitor—
The lost found.

YOU will be as impatient of a pause or break in my narrative here, as I was of tarrying as we did at the place, and under the circumstances described at the close of the last chapter. What the Caffre was doing to the body lying before him I do not know; I was myself too anxious to escape his notice, to think of satisfying my curiosity in this matter. His eye lighted on me, however, and he shot away from whatever he was doing, and in an instant was full upon us. Totane told me to keep on his other side, that he might be between the assailant and myself, should he offer violence. The small crowbar that he had in his hand, was what you may have heard the miners call a jumper, used for boring rocks, to be blasted with powder. This he grasped in his hand, so as to strike with the face of it, which I observed to have the appearance of being recently sharpened, it being quite bright.

When he came upon me, he was just in the attitude of striking, having his hand with the weapon stretched out, and raised above his head. As directed, I kept on the safe side of Totane. What he said to the man I do not remember; I know that he asked him to shew him that thing that was in his hand. I turned round and looked him

very full in the face, and put on what I wished to pass for a smile. From my first sight of this man, it was my impression that he had been in my employ at Igqibira, and I meant this to be a look of recognition. This look he met with a knit brow and sullen frown. He came but a short distance with us, however, when he gradually allowed us to outwalk him, and then slunk away backwards.

Less than a mile onwards from where he left us, we had ascended a little out of the hollow, and kept a slanting course across the slope towards our right. A good way up the opposite slope on our left, we saw two or three kraals, from which a man came running towards us. When he came near, Totane signified that I must keep above him, so that, as before, he might be between me and the danger that threatened. This man had in his hand an assagai, which, when he came up to us, he had drawn, so as to throw or strike. He was a tall, gaunt, ill-looking fellow as need be, and quite naked, as was also the one who had just turned back from us.

Totane spoke to this man; he came on with us a short way, keeping rather behind, and still grasping his assagai. I did not like to have my eye much off him, and more than once turned so as to look him broad in the face. This evidently he did not like, and at length slunk away; and as he did so, made me think of a wolf disappointed of its prey.

We proceeded quietly through the bush, after this man left us, till we came to the lower point of the open plain that stretches down from Old Lovedale; a station for many years given up, but

where the foundation of the Scotch missions to the Caffres was laid, and where a Ross, a Bennie, Chalmers, and others, were initiated, men who, for zeal and self-denial in mission work, belong to quite another school than most of those who have, at a later period, either joined them, or entered into their labours.

Just at the outskirts of the bush, we looked well round us to see that all was clear, and, to our surprise observed a considerable party of men occupied in doing something in or about the sandy bank of the Innceha. My impression was that they were hiding, or burying the bodies of some of their dead, which they are most careful to keep out of sight when killed in an engagement. These men were nearly a mile from us, yet we deemed it prudent to lie down under a bush, lest any of them should get their eyes upon us, as we crossed the narrow point of the open plain, to get again under cover of bush on the other side.

At length we started up, and crossed without any one seeing us. The sight of this party, however, obliged us to make a detour; they were in the direct line that we ought to have taken for Gwali, and to avoid them we made the compass of a long sweep of rising ground, approaching very near to Fort Hare, or Alice, before we turned into a direct line for the place of our destination. Over a great part of this space, the bush hardly serves as an effective cover for any one, the mimosas stand in single bushes, and these separated from each other by wide intervals. Totane seemed here too apprehensive and watchful, more than at any other time I had seen him; it was as if he thought every bush hid a Caffre, ready

to spring upon us as we passed—he was all eye together.

We passed on, without seeing any thing to alarm us; and when we got again into the Gwali track, which we had passed along the previous day, my apprehensiveness abated; but, just in proportion as it did so, did fatigue and exhaustion wither up all my energies. Although now within six miles of Gwali, it seemed as if I could never reach it. Every few paces I implored Totane to lie down with me, and allow me to rest only a few minutes, and more than once from utter exhaustion I dropped down.

On passing the day before, a pair of old skin trowsers and a waistcoat lay on the side of the path; these Totane lifted and thrust into the heart of a bush, till we should return. Being now at that spot, he sought them out, and tried to put the trowsers on. It was the first time he had ever attempted to cover his limbs with such an article of clothing, and if a long rest was of any advantage to me I profited by his awkwardness, for I lay on the ground till entirely baffled in his attempts to get into the trowsers, he repeatedly called me to get up and help him, which at last I did, but with no great good will, as I was convinced that these clothes had been worn only a day or two before, by one of the men murdered in the neighbourhood, and were yet stained with his blood.

We made the Tyumie river before we rested again, but the ups and downs before we got there, made me think them multiplied a hundred fold, since we passed over them on the preceding day. At the river I slaked my burning thirst, and

soaked my now tortured feet in the cool stream, and to keep my feet cool, I steeped my stockings also in the water.

The sun began now to dip behind the Chumie mountains, the cool of the evening was about us, and being so agreeably refreshed, we started with renewed vigour. The space that now separated us from Gwali, was reduced to under three miles, and having crossed the river, we were now out of the Caffre's country, and thought ourselves safe. We had gone but a short way, when Totane looked me in the face, and said, "Uyabonana kaloku, ibingu Tixo yedwa numhla?"—do you now see that it was God only this day?—and then he went on to tell me, that twenty *amagets*—English, had been killed by the Caffres, where we had seen the fight. Most heartily do I say—"Yes, it was God only for me that day; may I never forget His wonderful interpositions in my behalf, nor cease to praise Him at the remembrance of them!"

Two females were now seen about a mile before us, slowly making their way for Gwali, also. They seemed as much tired out as we were. In a moment, Stock's words to me in the morning, "that my wife would be before me at Gwali," sounded in my ears afresh, and in confirmation of their truth, here she was now—my eyes beheld her! I knew her form and walk, even at the distance which she was in front of me. Our servant girl, too, who, alone of all the station people, had stood faithful to her mistress, I knew equally well; I could see on her head the *red kist* which Stock's wife had told me she carried

upon her head—this was my desk ; and I could quite well see, too, that Mrs. Brown folded our dear babe in her arms. They, too, recognised me ; for, at every little interval, they stood and looked back, and waited, so as to afford me an opportunity to make up to them. This I exerted all my remaining strength to do, with all the speed that I could. Totane, with no such stimulus, was left a half-mile behind ; and within little more than another half-mile from Mrs. Chalmers's house, I had got so near to the objects in front of me, as to be undeceived. It was two native females, loaded with their sleeping mats, cooking pots, and other things, that my wild fancy had so readily formed into the dear objects of my affection. I had like to have sunk down when I detected the imposition.

Arrived at Gwali at last, most of the people came out as I drew near, but few of them spoke, more than to wish me good night. This was, I believe, out of respect to my feelings. They saw me return without the object for whose sake I had periled my life, and would, very naturally, form the most unfavourable conclusion ; besides, Totane was just behind, and they would hear from him a more satisfactory detail of our journey than I was likely to furnish.

Although I had come back only to report my failure in the object for which I had gone, still, that I had got back at all, was a measure of relief to friends at Gwali. It was at once resolved to endeavour to get two native females to start, without delay, for Fort White, to ascertain whether Mrs. Brown had got there, and if so, to endeavour to bring her with them, if it was

thought that she could undertake the journey of twenty-five miles, or more.

Two women engaged to start that same night, about midnight, and Mr. Renton wrote for me to the officer in command at the Fort, as well as to Mr. Brownlee at Fort Cox, that they might make themselves helpful to Mrs. Brown in her helplessness, and in her present distressing circumstances.

The women left; and Monday was to me a day of renewed anxiety. Every sort of evil that could befall my dear Janet, presented itself to my fears. Even supposing the Caffres to allow her to pass unharmed, was there no likelihood of her sinking from the very fatigue of such a journey? Whatever hazard there was in undertaking the journey, there was no alternative presented itself free from difficulty. A military post, where I did not know whether there were any other female, was a most unsuitable place for Mrs. Brown to stay. It was in every respect, too, the weakest post held by the British, and not likely to be many days until it was attacked by the Caffres; and when so, there could hardly be a doubt of their carrying it, and devoting every unfortunate found there to a cruel death. Our own continuance, too, at Gwali, could not be calculated upon for a single day, and the thought of having to make our escape away far into the colony, and leave my dear wife alone in Caffreland, neither of us knowing what had become of each other, or how, or when we ever were to meet again, was to me a prospect more painful than death itself.

Had there been nothing else, my own bodily exhaustion, my scorched and blistered feet, which I

could set to the ground only with most exquisite pain, were enough to keep up in me a lively sense of what the more tender frame of the objects of my affection and anxiety would have to endure in the journey of that day. Utterly worn out as I was, how gladly would I have undertaken all the fresh and additional sufferings, which, more especially must be endured by my dear Janet, if it could only have relieved her; but it could not be! All I could do, was to commend her to Him, who "giveth power to the faint, and to them who have no might, he increaseth strength." That Monday was one of our most witheringly hot days. How I wished that a thunderstorm would gather, and pour down its watery torrents that that fiery earth might be cooled, and a little refreshing moisture diffused through that atmosphere!

The evening of that day came, and we retired to rest, hardly disappointed that our messengers had not yet returned. Not long after midnight, however, we were knocked up; the two women had got back, but they came alone.

They had started in the morning, and Mrs. Brown with them; at the distance of several miles from the Fort, they sat all down, under the shade of a bush to rest. There a band of furious Caffres fell upon them, and stripped my dear Janet of every article of clothing, save her chemise; our servant girl was not left even this; and my beautiful bible, presented to me by friends in Dr. Robson's church, on the occasion of my leaving Bishop Street School, and which was the last of our earthly all, brought thus far by my dear Janet from Igqibira, was snatched away from her,

and the savages drew their cold assagais across her naked bosom, threatening to stab her, and, in terror and alarm, she fled back to the Fort with our babe. I had two lines from her, first, calling me to help her in blessing the Lord for His deliverance of herself and our infant in the morning, and second, imploring me on no account to attempt to come to her, or place my life again in peril, as she felt safe, and comparatively well.

My distress was great, yet, bless the Lord! I did, and under the feeling that those dearest to me were taken out of my hands, I tried to commit them wholly to His. How it is I do not know, yet I felt then, as I have often felt at other times, greater difficulty in unreservedly committing those dear to me to Him, than I have done in entirely throwing myself upon Him.

The day after that when the women came back from Fort White, was new year's day. In that land, which it will be long before I cease to call home, how many interchanges of the compliments of the season were being passed between friends; but here it was with no little misgiving of heart, that we could wish each other a "happy new year;" the commencement of it was all apprehension, uncertainty, darkness, fear.

That events, if not great in themselves, yet big with importance in relation to us here, were likely to take place, was anticipated by all. A daily record of these things has been made by me from the beginning, as the events occurred, and it will be my study to furnish a transcript of such portions of my chronicle, as may be most interesting.

My first entry, is one which some might think not worthy of being recorded, and many of those

which follow, may be much of the character, possessed of interest to myself only.

From the first outburst of these mad outrages, the position of all the Europeans about Gwali, even although only missionaries and their families, was one of very doubtful security. They were wholly at the mercy of savage men, whose hands were already stained with blood. It had been resolved upon by the several families, to set apart an hour daily for a social devotional exercise, having reference to our special and peculiar circumstances, an invoking Almighty protection—supplicating the direction of Him who “is wonderful in counsel,” and rendering a daily tribute of gratitude for all that had already been experienced of His faithfulness.

It was on new year's day, that I was first able to creep down the length of the Session House, to be present at this exercise. The missionaries, with Mr. Renton, led the devotions in turn. In his approach to the “Throne of grace” that day, there were only two objects dear to any of us, now unavoidably separated from us, and known to be in circumstances of danger, and these he did not pass over nor forget: How special and how urgent his supplications for my dear wife and babe! nor on any subsequent occasion, did Mr. Renton ever cease to bear them in remembrance, and by this, even had there been nothing else, I felt laid under obligation to him, of lasting gratitude and esteem; you hardly know how susceptible I am of taking impressions from things such as this. All the husband—all the parent—all the Christian, shone out in him.

Two days later, we thought to renew the at-

tempt to get Mrs. Brown brought to Gwali, but failed in getting proper persons to go. It was well we did not succeed: on that very day, the Caffres had made a most formidable attack upon Fort White, coming down upon it in a force of not less than four thousand. These were repulsed with very considerable loss, by a mere handful of men under Captain Mansergh, without the loss of a single man, after several hours hard fighting. Had the assailants possessed a particle of that courage for which some people give them credit, they might have gone forward, and trodden the Fort, as it is called, in the dust. The place had no advantage for defence whatever, save that all around was open ground, and the men could see their enemies; there was not a single stone building, but only slender wattle and daub.

After the Caffres had gone away, the soldiers went out to bury the bodies of the dead which they left behind them. Several of them had on shirts having my name upon them, one had my waterproof cloak, and another Mrs. Brown's bed gown which she had on that morning, when they pillaged our house at Igqibira. Poor fellows, they had not long to enjoy the fruits of their evil deeds! Nor is it unlikely, that these very articles made the wearers more marked objects to the soldiers in firing, than had they worn their own clay-coloured blankets, or karos; and thus their ill-gotten gain became means, so far, to their destruction.

On the seventh of January we heard, in the evening, that Hermanus, with a strong party, had made an attack upon Fort Beaufort, a con-

siderable village, as well as a strong military post, about twenty miles on the other side of us from Fort White, and in the colony. The chief himself, with fourteen of his followers, were slain, his party completely routed, and the victors boldly followed up their advantage, advancing to Blinkwater on the Kat river, where this rebel and traitorous party had their locations, and brought back spoil to the amount of two thousand head of cattle, with two waggon loads of goods that had mostly belonged to Europeans.

This Hermanus, or Caffre "Nxukumeshe," was not a chief by birth or blood, but rather by craft and policy. He had not borne arms against the Government on former wars, but rather professed to be upon the British side, and both obtained large favours, and enjoyed the full confidence of the Government. A few days before he had obtained a supply of arms and ammunition, under pretence of again aiding the authorities should any outbreak take place, and these he now turned against the very parties who had furnished them. He met a traitor's doom, and deservedly.

People at home think it inconsistent with the genius and spirit of Christianity, to give God thanks for the destruction or slaughter of a fellow man. It is at small expense they nourish this kind of vapid, or rather unnatural sentimentality. At one time I was not without a share of it myself. But most assuredly I have given as hearty thanks this day, for the death of that man, and the discomfiture of his party, as ever I did for any mercy received at the hand of God. The safety of every good man, and the preservation of all that is yet left us as good, along all this fron-

tier, depends upon the utter destruction of all such base, false-hearted, and wicked men.

We very soon had these people in our own near neighbourhood, for on the following day, the remains of Hermanus's people, with a large body of Hottentots, located themselves on and around the station, encouraged by just another Hermanus here, in the person of Soga, who maintains the closest intimacy with all these base people, and who rode out to welcome them to Gwali, with most of his sons. Events will yet develop what this man and his family are. Humanly speaking we are entirely at the mercy of this class of men; and verily, "their tender mercies are cruel." But He who controls even the passions of wicked men, and holds the devil himself, their God and Lord, bound in chains, is our keeper! We are safe in the "secret of his tabernacle."

On the tenth we found two females willing to go to Fort White to make another effort to have my dear wife brought here, and one of the men belonging to Brownhill station, and who was well known among all the Caffres in the district through which they had to pass, was engaged to accompany them. This was to me another period of intense anxiety.

The twelfth opened upon us at Gwali, one of the quietest and most beautiful sabbath mornings. Coming up from the forenoon service, four or five women were just at hand, and advancing very slowly, the foremost one bowed down, and walking with great difficulty. I doubted my own eyes at first, but it was my Janet, my dearest Janet! Now in the merciful and gracious provi-

dence of God we are again restored to each other. While yet I wrestled with God for this consummation, what resolutions I made of pouring out my heart in gratitude to him ; but now that I have got the object, where is all my promised gratitude and devout thanksgiving? Deceitful and deceiving heart, what a thing thou art !

We had now got some further account of the men who were killed on that day fortnight. One of these I knew well, John Gordon, Adjutant in the 92nd. His parents were members of Dr. Hay's church, Kinross. He was himself a good and much respected man. While stationed with his regiment at Graham's Town, during a short period that I supplied the pulpit of Mr. Thomson, of what is called the Scotch church there, he, with a brother officer—Macpherson—had taken a lively interest in having a weekly service established in the barracks for the benefit of the soldiers. From this service they never absented themselves, nor from the sanctuary of God on the Sabbath. I think that the friends of Gordon may cherish a well-grounded hope that he now sees the unveiled glory of the "Captain of Salvation."

CHAPTER X.

Small measure of Missionary success—Moderation of the Colonial Government—A scheme of emigration proposed—A shrewd Diplomatist—Results of Missionary experience.

I FEEL constrained to compliment those who sympathise so tenderly with the Caffres and Hottentots, as being very obstinate pseudo-philanthropists. It is strange that you have so little, or no feeling at all, for your own kinsmen and fellow subjects. And it is strange that we will rather have our ears tickled and our compassion excited by some ignorant or interested declaimer, than look at the plain and positive facts presented to us! When these "poor blacks" are said to be robbed of their land, and called rebels for attempting to defend themselves and retain possession of it, no doubt indignation towards their spoliators ought to be a virtuous feeling, and that it is well to cherish and express it. Let me say this without offence, that the simple old farmer who asked whether Caffraria or the town of Carluke were larger, is not the only person ignorant of matters relating to this part of the world. His ignorance of the topography of Caffreland, and their defective or erroneous information regarding the character of the natives, and our behaviour towards, or treatment of them, may very well stand together; a knowledge of the character of the natives, could be obtained only by long and inti-

mate intercourse with them ; but the facts of our treatment of them are easily ascertained.

Well what are these facts? The parties who are regarded as robbing the poor blacks, have spent many thousand pounds in vain efforts to lead those natives to appreciate the benefits, and adopt the habits of civilisation, and also to make them partakers of the blessings of Christianity ; "vain efforts," yes. The Caffres may well be written "irreclaimable savages," for any influence these efforts have had on them as a people. Individuals, and even very few of these, have been partially reclaimed, and some, though fewer still, have honestly embraced the truths of the Gospel. But, even of the best of these, the native selfishness and deceit, upon which their whole character and constitution seems to be based, is such, as would astonish, and often excite a doubt, whether they really are under the influence of the principles of Christianity. And remember, too, that mission effort is not a thing of yesterday among the Caffres ; it has been continued during a whole generation.

And what return have the Caffres and Hottentots made for all this benevolent exertion? Their Missionary's property was the first they fell upon to pillage, and all the churches, schools, and mission-houses, they have burnt to the ground! So they treat their friends!

Some very wise, and very kind-hearted people, instead of sending out titled Governors to rule the Caffres, would send Scotch gardeners, such as Moffat, with the Bible in their hands. It might, and it ought to have been known to such, that good John Brownlee is just a Scotch gardener.

For full thirty years he has laboured among these Caffres with the Bible in his hands, and for zeal in his work, and humility, will lose nothing in comparison even with Moffat.

On a former occasion, under cover of the bush and the darkness of night, he had to flee with his wife and helpless family, and leave behind them their earthly all, save what they could carry with them in their hands, tied up in little bundles. On this occasion he has had to bear a still heavier loss at the hands of the Caffres. A party attacked his station and carried off a number of cattle belonging to his people; his son James, an esteemed young man, and but a few months married, with the owners of the stolen cattle, pursued the thieves, thinking to recover their property. He received a wound, and fell into the hands of the savages. The party knew him well, and he begged that they would spare his life, and appealed to acts of friendship, which both himself and his family had shewed towards them. But no; they put him to a cruel death, severed his head from his body, and carried it off as a trophy, and a fit sacrifice to their witch doctor, Umlanjeni. And these are the poor blacks, for whom many have such lively feelings of sympathy!

Nor was the treatment of the natives by Government unjust, or such as to provoke to rebellion. Sir Harry Smith played off many fantastic tricks before them, which did not greatly contribute to his dignity as the representative of the Queen of Britain; he talked great swelling words to them too, and made a mighty noise at times, but despite of all this, he had the welfare of the Caffres at heart. It was no mere rhetorical figure when he

described himself as having been "a father" to Sandilli. That chief made him a return for all his kindness such as well illustrates the ingratitude and perfidy which so characterise the people of which he is the acknowledged head. Sir Harry was of a far too generous and unsuspecting heart, to stand his own against such a people. His subordinates too, in administering the government in Caffraria, no one could charge with entertaining feelings, or being under the influence of prejudice against the natives. Not a few were found to say the very reverse of them. They were also of the utmost sobriety of temper and judgment, men admitted by all who had opportunity of knowing them, admirably fitted to their respective official positions, and who have never been charged with either harshness or hastiness. Under them the Caffres might have made rapid advances in civilization and comfort.

Rob them of their land ! how has such an impression ever been made upon the mind ? We have already more land by far, than we have yet been able to turn to any good account, and had no wish whatever to possess a wider extent of territory. The necessity of doing so has been *forced* upon us by the Caffres themselves. They have themselves reduced us to the choice of one of two alternatives, to either completely subdue and keep them under some wholesome restraint ; or to abandon the whole frontier, with the enterprising, industrious, honest, and peaceable settlers thereon, to the lawless rapacity of the border barbarians. The contest is between one of the lowest forms of barbarism, and the progressive spirit of civilization, the one of which must make

way for the other—it is knowledge against ignorance but one remove above brutal—industry against idleness—freedom against slavery—light against darkness ; you, reader, being judge, which do you think the better to give place ? for which of the above alternatives would you decide ?

All sorts of intermediates have been tried, and all have failed—men of all diversities of views, as to the best policy to be adopted in regard to the natives, have been brought into contact with them in carrying out their respective views, and in practical working all have been nearly alike. To treat a Hottentot or Caffre differently from a man of European descent, merely because he is of a different race, and has a skin of a different shade, would be injustice. But it is no injustice to treat a man who is a barbarian, as a barbarian, nay it is an injury done to himself to treat him as anything else. He must know and feel too that he is a barbarian, before he ever can become a civilised man, just as one must know and feel his ignorance, before he can ever become a wise man. No man is oppressed here because he is black, but the black man calls it oppression when he is required to support himself by industry, as every honest man must do. This he does because he has grown up in habits of idleness, and this is the germ of almost every vice.

For people in such a state, it may be made a question how far it is for their own benefit, that they possess land as they have done here so long. So long as they do so, just so long will those habits of idleness be perpetuated. That we have robbed them of any part of their land, however, is not true. Instead thereof, we protected them

in the possession of it, and give them yearly rewards, to just sit still in peace and quietness, and allow us to follow out our industrious pursuits without molestation. But these conditions, time after time, they have broken through, and have proved themselves a people incapable of keeping faith; how then are we to deal with such! We propose to punish their perfidy, and at the same time adopt it as a measure of self protection, by driving them beyond a boundary line, that is comparatively easy of defence, and out of a mountainous rugged country just fitted for the habitation of such bandits, into an open and fruitful one, where is abundance of space for their occupation.

Individuals there no doubt are, who have thought it a pity that so delightful a land should be occupied by a race of men who prolonged thereon a state of existence of the lowest wretchedness, and the vilest wickedness, while tens of thousands of honest, industrious, God-fearing men, were racking their bodies with sore toil, and not able to provide for themselves and families, more than the barest necessaries of life, who if brought out here, might live in the most easy comfort, and possess abundance of all the good things of this life, and at the same time bless the natives as well. I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I am one of those who have often thought so, and when I read that the ablest bodied young men are not able to obtain more than nine shillings a-week for their labour in Scotland, I wished with all my heart that I could have transported a hundred thousand families of such to this country. These set down on the

eastern frontier and in vacated Caffreland, I make bold to say, would terminate all Caffre wars. It is the very spareness of our population, and in consequence their inability to protect themselves, that almost provokes from time to time the barbarian inroad.

With all their reputed bravery and martial spirit, the Caffres have never attacked the smallest village with success; there are cases in which they have been routed, although bringing thousands against tens. It has been by stealth only, and when springing, tiger like, from under cover of their jungle, that they have ever succeeded in glutting their rapacity.

Instead of robbing them of their land, the British and Colonial Government, have most sedulously protected them against all encroachments. To give the people yet another trial, and to prove the influence of generosity upon them, they restored lands which had been ceded, but this served only to quicken the cupidity of the Caffre, and to swell his pride and self-importance.

There is one case only, that I know of, where a government officer ever used his influence to obtain the land from the natives; while C. L. Stretch was diplomatic agent with the Gaika tribes, he prevailed over some of the chiefs to grant, or in the terms used, "to lend him for ever" an extensive tract of the most valuable land in Caffreland. Government, however, disapproved of the conduct of their agent, stript him of his official appointment, and treated his "loan for ever," of the Caffres' land, as null and void: because of all this, he has made such a noise, as is not often raised for a better cause.

In a colonial newspaper, which came into my hands a few days ago, I see that even one of the missionaries returned to Scotland, as a sort of relief from the duties of his "sacred calling," has taken up his pen, jealous lest the honour of such a man should be "obscured," and called Sir George Napier, formerly Governor here, to account, for what he stated in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, regarding this same Mr. Stretch. The old General, however, treats this officious meddling, with the most characteristic *naïvete* and becoming dignity. Most men, after such a reproof, would not require to be told a second time, not to scald themselves with other people's broth.

After writing in this fashion of the natives, it will readily be supposed that I have done it all under the influence of prejudice against them. That my views of their character, and my feelings towards them, have undergone change since I first came among them, I do not conceal. So long as a man forms his judgment of either men or things here, from the representations made of them by other parties, he will most certainly come to a conclusion as wide of the truth as any conclusion can well be; but when he comes into immediate contact with the people, neither looking at them with the eyes of another, nor holding verbal intercourse with them through a borrowed tongue, if he is a man of benevolent feeling, what he gradually finds out will grieve and pain him.

My views and feelings, in reference to the natives now, have sprung from what I have myself witnessed and experienced of them. I was for a long time loath to entertain such views, and even

now they give me only pain, and that all the more, from my conviction of their being well founded. Pride, ingratitude, and deceit, are very bad features of character, and these are the three features which predominate in the Caffre constitution. I know it is under the influence of divine grace only, that that pride can be subdued, and those other wicked dispositions rooted out; but I believe no people have so obstinately refused to embrace the Gospel, in which that grace is offered, and now, what could not be effected in mercy, may be done in sore judgment. The arm of military power may be the instrument used by God to do what the benevolent voice of the ambassador for Christ has failed in doing. The probabilities, so far as men may presume to calculate them, are, however, that those judgments will have rather a hardening influence against the Gospel, than one preparatory to its more cordial, and sincere, and extensive acceptance. I reluctantly yielded the ground which for a long time I maintained, that these things would turn out rather for the furtherance of the cause of Christ: hope that they will do so, as regards the natives of this land, I can hardly now cherish; the prospect is one of thick darkness, without one ray of light: were there but a likelihood of their being turned to God in their humiliation, with all what may be regarded as my prejudice against the Caffres, I would not be the last to undertake self-denying labour to carry the Gospel among them.

I now pass on to give you, as I proposed in my last chapter, a few pictures, from my journal of the Caffre war. If the thread of my narrative

has been broken, or become entangled by the rather lengthy digression into which I have been provoked or tempted, it may be picked up anew, by referring to the close of my last chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

The Fingoes join the British—Danger from Natives become imminent—Sandilli visits Gwali—An African Prince's opinion of Missionaries: and how they should attain their objects—Hostile Caffres assemble at Gwali; and the station partially deserted—Gwali abandoned—Fort Hare assaulted—Captive Flocks and Herds—A school-house burnt—A battle.

THE death of Hermanus, with the routing and spoiling of his party, had rather a dispiriting effect upon the rebels. It was all the more humbling to them, that the Fingoes quitted themselves so manfully in the affair. It had always been maintained by those who had a partiality for the Caffres, that one Caffre would make ten Fingoes flee. The history of the war proves the reverse, however, to be nearer the truth. The Fingoes were a broken-spirited and enslaved people, till the arm of the humane white man delivered them, and gave them protection against their contemptuous lords and oppressors, the Caffres. Wonder it is that no pseudo-philanthropist denounces this as a wrong done to the black. One thing is certain, the Caffres themselves detest the British, just as much for rescuing the Fingoes from their dominion, as they do for robbing them of their land.

These Fingoes were considered as British subjects, and tracts of land formerly occupied by Caffres, had been rented to them, each male head of a family paying one pound per annum, and for this they had as much land as would pasture several

hundred head of cattle, and as much more besides as they could plough or plant. European superintendants were appointed over them, to aid and encourage them in their efforts to rise in the scale of civilisation; their villages were laid out according to a plan furnished by these superintendants, and they were otherwise made to conform to rules of good order and improvement as well.

At first it was doubtful whether disaffection had not been sown among this class of the coloured population by the Hottentots and Caffres. The Caffres themselves affirmed so positively that the Fingoes would join them, that we were sometimes at a loss what to think, and had they not been so precipitate in attacking the Fingoes, it is difficult to say whether they might not have made common cause with the Caffres, however unnatural the combination. But Soga, in his impetuosity, at the very beginning of the outbreak, and before any of us yet knew that outrage in any form had been committed, had attacked a party of these Fingoes, who were quietly living in the neighbourhood of Gwali, and robbed them of two hundred head of cattle.

Notwithstanding this, several meetings were held on the station, or in the neighbourhood, between Soga on the part of the Caffres, and several of the chiefs or principal men of the Block-drift Fingoes, with the view of effecting an arrangement between them. It came to nothing, however, and all the rancorous feeling of the Caffres towards the Fingoes, which had for the time being been artfully suppressed, burst out afresh with more fell malignity than before.

With the first opportunity that presented, after

the dreadful storm of violence had burst all around us, one of the farmers in Kat River district sent to Mrs. Chalmers, to say that he would send waggons to take her out, if she wished to leave the station for a place of greater safety. This kind offer Mrs. Chalmers declined, on the ground that the missionary on the station had resolved to remain; Mr. Renton too, seemed not to see it to be either his own duty, or the duty of any on the place, yet to abandon the station. It was the mutual understanding between us, also, that when one left all must leave.

Our position was one of great difficulty. However much any of us might have desired to get out of it, there was no way open. Behind us, in all the Kat River district, the danger appeared to be greater than it was with ourselves. Our friend there Mr. Thomson, could give us no encouragement, as he himself with his family, as well as the two Reads, father and son, with their families, had all found it necessary to move to Fort Armstrong for safety. This betokened a fearful state of things, when even the ministers of the district had to betake themselves to a military stronghold. It told us plainly, that they could not trust even their own people!

Had we moved at all, our direct and proper road would have been by Fort Hare or Alice. This was within a distance of ten miles, and Major General Somerset had found means to express his anxiety regarding us, and wished that we would really make an effort to get out, before offensive military operations commenced, and the natives in consequence had become more exasperated.

There are cases in which one is almost glad to

take counsel even of enemies. Such was now our case. More than once we tried to grope our way by calling Soga to our aid. He assured us that if we wished to leave, he would inspan his own oxen to take us out. Wobo, too, the son of the late Tyalie, and chief of the district, said that our path was quite open if we wished to go, as far as the boundary of his territory, but that beyond that, he could not speak for our safety. Both he and Soga, however, gave us to understand that we were just as safe at Gwali, as any place that we could easily get to, and so we continued from day to day, neither comfortable in staying, nor clear as to the duty of moving. Many a time Mr. Renton was wont to say, that he earnestly wished the matter to be determined for us, by some such marked providence, as would leave us no room to doubt as to our course. Both then, and often since, I have earnestly desired the same thing.

Whether Soga would have done as much as he said, is more than doubtful. Whatever he might have done, would have all been to shew his own importance, rather than from any friendly feeling cherished by him towards the missionaries, whatever pretences he might make.

Chumie, a name associated in the minds of so many of the best friends of mission in Scotland, with all that was cheering in the great object, the promotion of which was so dear to them, Chumie might now have been justly described as a hot-bed of sedition and violence. That Soga and his party were in close alliance with all the worst parties by whom we now were compassed about on every side, could no longer be hid. He is indeed a man, as full of all guile and deceit as

any devotee of the devil can well be, and adroit too in the practice of that deceit, as the father of lies himself; but even the missionaries, now at least suspected him. The Tyumie hock, or valley, which has been described in a previous chapter, has on the one side the Kat river district, and on the other lies the Amatole. Set thus just between the two districts, over which the disaffection and violence prevailed, the station was made the common meeting place for both Caffres and Hottentots; and no one better fitted for, or more zealous in working out the arrangements between them than Soga. He was now in his element, plotting and working mischief, and all the while would have had us to believe, that he was out, now in this direction, and now in that—visiting this party by day, and that by night—attended by six or more of his sons and brothers, all armed and well mounted on horseback. All this to procure information for the teachers, and to make arrangements for their safety!

This sort of thing ministered largely to Soga's self-importance and pride, features of character which in him have full development; but an occasion was at hand when more of his real character was to appear.

On the afternoon of Friday, the seventeenth January, Sandilli himself visited Gwali. Koti, the respected native agent at Mitchell's school, was the first to announce the arrival of the chief to us. It was the only opportunity I had ever had of seeing Sandilli. There is an interest excited by his name, which his personal appearance is by no means fitted to maintain. For a Caffre, he looks somewhat soft and effeminate, and about

his countenance there is an air of silliness. He was seated on the ground when I went up to him, and had nothing about him by which a stranger could distinguish him from those who also sat on the ground around him. Of all who were there, he is the last man that I would have taken to be the chief. A blanket, and that none of the best, was all that he had in the shape of clothing; he seemed moody and disinclined to speak, so that beyond the simple salutation of saying "good day," there was hardly an interchange of words between us.

I felt quite disappointed by the appearance of "Inkosi inkulu," the great chief, and passed on, half disposed to laugh at the simpleton we had just seen. What his object in coming to the station was none of us yet knew, and had no great anxiety about our safety, as we had been repeatedly assured that no harm would be done us; and, besides three or four attendants, Sandilli had brought none of the wild Caffres with him. In the evening we had met again, for the dispatch of business; and, without ceremony, or any intimation given, the door of the session house was thrown open, and Sandilli and his party, with Soga, and as many of the station men as could get in, completely filled the room.

The presence of our unwelcome visitors made us at once drop the business on which we had been engaged, and give attention to them. It was not at all a comfortable feeling that one had, to be thus closeted with such companions. When all had got a place, to either sit or stand, as they best could, the Commissioner stated to Sandilli, that one object of his visit to Caffreland, was to

ascertain what room there was for more missionaries, and what the dispositions of the people were in reference to receiving more ; on this point he asked Sandilli to state his own views.

In stating these views, Sandilli rambled over a wide field. Among other things, he said—"Who are these teachers? Are they not men who at home have no people of their own, and they come here to take my people from me?—I will allow no more of them among my people. They only take my people and give them to Government. What brings white men over the sea?—has not God put it between us and them?—why not, then, keep to their own side of the water? I have always spared the teachers ; but now I think I will just kill them too! What do they do?—only teach men that they are not to fight, even although their chief be in danger. No, I will just kill them too."

Attended as he now was, by a band of as iron-visaged, surly-looking fellows, as any man might wish at any time to see, men whose very presence made one feel as if Sandilli's words were already almost reality, it may be imagined whether our composure of mind, or sense of safety, was likely to be confirmed by this sort of talk.

Every effort was made by Mr. Renton to induce Sandilli to leave the station people unmolested, in the way of coercing them to take part in the war.

To this he would not listen, but most peremptorily and repeatedly said, that he would make every man fight for him ; the people were his, and he would make them fight. This was a war such as never before had been engaged in ; the youngest man present might not see the end of it. He

would never make peace ; let the English drive him ever so far, he would continue to fight, and even if killed, his bones would rise up to fight. Neither would he any longer fight from the bush ; he dared the English to meet him in the open country, or on the plain—he was ready for them. ‘The white men ! The white men put the Son of God to death, although he had no sin : I am like the Son of God, without sin, and the white men seek to put me also to death ! God made me the chief ; the white say that I cannot be chief : how do these men think to undo the work of God ?’

From the full opportunity which Sandilli has had of knowing the object for which the Son of God died, he ought to have known that his speech was blasphemous. Poor man ! he is too proud to be convinced of sin, and must be humbled if he ever accept the salvation which the despised Son of God died to procure. He knew well, too, where he was when he made all this vain boasting of his courage and martial spirit. There have been but few opportunities of catching him on the plain yet.

In expressing himself as above, Sandilli had wrought himself into a state of feeling, under which his natural air of silliness seemed for the time dissipated. He afterwards said that he would not object to teachers coming among his people, but they must teach them at their own places, and not gather them about themselves into stations ; this was only to take the people away from their chief. Were the people to remain at their own places, then one man after he had been taught, could teach those who had not ; it would

be only to work in this way, that he would allow teachers any more among his people.

There are those who regard this mode of conducting mission-operations, proposed by Sandilli, as the "more excellent," and whose hearts would be filled with gladness, to see it in full exercise over all the land. What he meant, however, was evidently this, that it was matter of little concern to him how many teachers came among his people, only they must in no way interfere between him and them. They were absolutely his, and no part of his power over them would he forgo. All their native and heathen customs they must be allowed to practise at pleasure; no matter how revolting to humanity, or how sinful before God. That the chief at all wished to see any of his people brought really under the influence, or the constraining power, of the Gospel, no one who knows anything at all of him, will give him credit for.

We were kept to a late hour, with this party, and at last, when rising to leave, after having asked a place to sleep in, Sandilli seemed to yield the point on which he had been most of all importuned, viz. not to compel the professed converts to go out to fight. My own impression at the time was, that it was only to escape being more badgered on the matter, that he did this, and that no importance whatever was to be attached to any expression that he might let drop under such feeling. Whatever some there present might set forth, as to Sandilli's well known character of "changing not, though to his hurt he swear," the station people themselves, knew nothing of Sandilli in this character, and the more sensible of them were not backward to say, that they had

no confidence in his promise to leave them unmolested ; it was a word to please the missionaries, and nothing more.

It was during this interview with Sandilli that Soga threw aside his "cloak of hypocrisy." Hitherto he had been the humble servant of the missionaries ; now, however, with his chief at his side, and in whose eyes he was more ambitious still to appear a big man, than in theirs, he could now afford to lift his head a bit, and speak out as well.

Fancy to yourself a tall wiry form, the man not old, but at an age that usually commands respect ; his beard cut only at long intervals, rough and grey—his cheek sunken—his eye dark and piercing, expressive of intelligence and cunning. On his head a red woollen night cap, and such other European clothing as he wore, wide and large. He rose to his feet when he spoke ; he seemed as one ready to choke with passion. The storm burst. The wildest maniac could not have exhibited contortions of countenance more varied, or more fiend-like, nor surpassed the frenzied gesticulations of his arms and body. Now he gnashed his teeth, set them, and grinned in very rage ; and now compressed his lips, and spat, for want of words to give utterance to his contempt, while his eyes glared and rolled, as if wrought by a mechanism other than human. A too extravagant conception can hardly be formed of what I have only tried to describe ; such an exhibition I have never at any other time seen ; so wildly inhuman.

And what did Soga say ? His rhapsody was much of it unintelligible ; but among other bad things that he said, he told the missionaries to their face that they were villains, impostors, men

who pretended they had the word of God ; which was all lies, and a mere fabrication of their own ! This was more in keeping with the man's whole life, than anything else that he could have said, and was quite fitting in one who only waited till these missionaries were out of sight, till he burned his sacrifice to Umlanjeni. Yet upon whose lips was the name of God so often found, as upon Soga's, when it suited his purpose to assume the character of a man who honoured God !

We retired at a late hour to rest, and early on the following day parties were seen gathering from all directions towards Gwali, some on foot, and some on horseback. Sandilli had appointed a meeting to be held there, and those parties now arriving came to be present. What the object of this meeting was, none of us knew ; some said it was merely to make a muster of the station people, but there was undoubtedly some other object than this. The trader who had a shop on the station previous to the outbreak, had left all his cattle in charge of one of the men ; these Sandilli ordered to be given up to him ; the man made a shew of resistance, but a tap over the shoulders with the sjambok, or switch, that Sandilli had in his hand, soon put matters all right. The man, if ever he should be called to account for giving up the cattle intrusted to him, would plead that the chief beat him, and made him give them up. Such is the way in which the thieves and the chiefs work for each others' accommodation ; they have ways of managing things for their mutual benefit, that no honest man could ever dream of.

Sandilli had sent to beg a blanket from Mr. Renton, for, no matter whether he be a chief or a

serf, a Caffre cannot see a white man without asking something of him, and the way he thanks you, when you give him what he asks, is by telling you, that you must not be soon tired of giving, for he has yet many things to ask for.

Just as he left the mission house, to go to where the Caffres were assembling, we had our last opportunity of seeing Sandilli. I had only seen him before, either sitting or in the midst of a crowd; now I had a more satisfactory view of him. His clay-smear'd blanket hung about him, was all that he yet had in the shape of clothing. His uncovered head was now ornamented, however, with a tuft, or brush of hair, being the tip of the wolf or fox's tail, which is fastened by a thread midway between the brow and crown of the head, and is not so contemptible a sham, to serve in place of a "waving plume." In stature Sandilli is tall, but walks with a very considerable halt, from having a withered leg.

And is it a fact, that that creature, so void of every commanding attribute of mind, so incapable of any exercise of bodily prowess, with only a dirty blanket to clothe him, and in his hand a sjambok, or riding-whip, of sea-cow hide, is able to hold at bay the representative of Britain's Queen? How could one feel otherwise than mortified in thinking of this! In personal vanity and self importance they are a well-matched pair, but in deceit and artifice the British General is no match for the Caffre, and has been completely outwitted by him. The too-unsuspecting generosity of the one, has been met by the ingratitude and perfidy of the other.

In the afternoon of that same day the mission-

aries met to consult what was now better to be done. Sandilli had left unexpectedly, without any of them again seeing him. Every one now seemed to cherish a desire to get away from the station, to some place where a greater sense of security could be enjoyed. No way, however, seemed open ; and would not the very preparing to leave shew the Caffres in whose power we were, that we had no longer confidence in them ; and what would then restrain them from breaking loose upon us ! If any resolution at all was come to, it was to wait till Providence gave some more positive determination to our course, and shed a streak of light through the darkness.

The following day was sabbath, and there was no likelihood of the usual services of the sabbath being interrupted. In the introductory part of these services, however, it was announced from the pulpit by Mr. Cumming, that the assegai was now suspended over his head, and that he had determined to leave as soon as the sabbath was over.

All of us were startled on hearing this, and could scarcely wait till the conclusion of the services, to learn what new danger had come to light, to justify such determination.

That danger had become more imminent, was not made to appear to any of the others, and whether there really were to be an immediate breaking up of the station, we did not know. During the night, Festiri called up Mrs. Chalmers, and asked if she wanted a waggon. Mr. Renton occupied the only bedroom in Mrs. Chalmers's house ; all the rest of us had beds made on the garret floor. I too was waked up, but could give

no advice, further than, that if all the others left, I did not see how we could stay alone. Mrs. Chalmers knew nothing either, as to what Mr. Renton would do; he had not yet been able to decide that it was duty to abandon the station; and Mrs. Chalmers was most unwilling to determine upon any course that would commit him.

The day began to dawn, and all was bustle, loading waggons, and preparing for departure, at the mission house. Once and again Mr. Cumming came up and took Mr. Renton aside, and had long private conversations with him. The native Aden too was sent to advise, and at last we saw that he too had been prevailed upon to leave, by his hastily packing up his things in Mrs. Chalmers's, and one of the mission waggons was at once sent to take them away.

I cannot describe the feeling of dismay which possessed me when I saw this. I said—"Can it be possible that Mrs. Chalmers and her helpless family are to be thus cast off?" The very sight of the waggons inspanned was already attracting bands of lawless and strange Caffres, both men and women, to the station. What was to be expected, but that, on the departure of the waggons, they would throw aside all restraint, and set to pillage all that was left behind; and how was it likely to fare with ourselves, in such a case?

In taking leave of us, Mr. Renton said, that he "went out, not knowing whither he went;" that the step was one of great darkness to him, and almost hoped that our resolution to remain would yet prove the wiser: and he has since designated that as a "dismal day," on which he left Gwali.

We parted, and shortly after the crack of the drivers' whips told us that we were now being left alone. There were in all four waggons left the station. I stood at the corner of Mrs. Chalmers's house, and looked after them, as they drove away in the direction of Kat river: and, oh, the feeling of loneliness! It made the bright sunshine appear as darkness itself! At the same time, a something more than hope, a kind of confidence, that the God of the widow and fatherless would not forsake us, calmed and soothed my troubled heart. I felt as if his own gracious Word gave us a kind of claim upon him, however undeserving we were in ourselves. And having experienced his faithfulness, this I now record, in my own name, and on behalf of the family of which I formed a part—He is the faithful Lord God, true to all his promises. Let the most unworthy of his people trust him—he will not disappoint them.

Our position was not one that we had ourselves chosen; we soon began to feel as if Providence had appointed it us. It is questionable whether Mrs. Chalmers would have determined otherwise, had she been consulted, or even been made aware of what was resolved upon, before the decisive step was taken by the others. Even had one or more waggons been at command to attempt to go out by way of Kat river, seemed to have a sort of infatuation about it enough to deter most people. That the district of Kat river itself was in a worse state than the Tyumie about us, we could well know, from the fact that Mr. Thomson himself, the minister thereof, one of the most inoffensive of men, with the Messrs. Reads,



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had found it necessary to take refuge in an old military post. It would take two days' travel to get out of that district itself, and how far beyond the danger extended no one could tell. On the other hand, to have gone out in the direction of Alice or Fort Hare, there was the protection of British military force, within three hours drive, or from eight to nine miles distant, and parties could have waited there till an escort with a waggon train went to Graham's Town. If danger really existed, it certainly was a strange way to think of getting out of it, by moving from Gwali, in the direction of Kat river.

In addition to all this, Mrs. Chalmers had strong attachments to Gwali. The ashes of her dead lie there. A few of the people too were still there, who had been brought to the knowledge of the truth under the ministry of her late husband and her own teaching; these she felt most unwilling to abandon, knowing well the temptations to which they are exposed during the period of war; and now these, with all the other professed converts, were to be left as sheep without a shepherd, which made her all the more desirous of standing by them.

The parties that had been attracted to the mission house by the loading up and departure of the waggons, after they had left, came up in little groups, some of which seated themselves in the verandah in front of the house, others kept lounging about, prying into everything with a most suspicious aspect. We hardly dared check, in even the mildest manner, their offensive impudence, and too great familiarity. One group of females went into the hut which was used as a

kitchen, and took a new blanket which I had just given to our servant girl. Beyond this, however, nothing approaching to violence was attempted. A kind of surprise at our being left alone thus, seemed to be the prevailing feeling; and the greater part appeared to regard us as proper objects of their protection, and spoke to us rather encouragingly. The anxieties of the day passed over, and on retiring to rest that night, I think we all of us had a just sense of being covered under the protection of the Almighty, "hid in his pavilion."

The following day, Tuesday, twenty-first January, was a day of fresh anxiety to us. It had been whispered to some of Mrs. Chalmers's family the evening before, though I did not know of it, that the Caffres had determined to attack Alice and Fort Hare that day. All night there had been a great deal of noise, dogs barking, men running and riding to and fro, but now in the morning, all was stillness itself on and about the station. I felt more uneasy under the strange stillness, than I had done under all the noise and alarm of the previous night. When I first went out in the morning there seemed to be not a living being upon the station, save our own family and two old women. This was a change indeed from what we had been accustomed to for some time back. What with the number of red Caffres in the bush, and all the people connected with the station being gathered together between Mrs. Chalmers's house and the church, a space of not more than three hundred yards, we could not look out at any time, without both seeing and

hearing far more people than we had any desire to have so near us. This morning it was not so.

All the men, both Caffres and station people, had left at a very early hour, so as to be near Alice by shortly after sunrise. What had become of the women I did not then know; shortly after they made their appearance, and I would certainly have rather not seen them. They left in two bands, those more immediately from the station headed by Tousie, daughter of Soga and sister to Festivi and Tiyo.

These all marched in single file or in Indian fashion, one behind the other, with their arms bare, and in one hand grasped a knobkievie, which they held up by the side of their head, or backward over their shoulder. It was altogether a most revolting sight; I did not think the naked clay-smearred Caffre, with his bundle of assagais half so savage-like, as these females with their knobkieves. My heart really grew sick as I looked upon them. And these too were not heathen Caffre females, but those who had professedly embraced the gospel!

This I learned for the first time was a heathen custom of the Caffres; when the men go out to fight, the women follow after at a distance in this fashion, each one carrying her husband's, or brother's, or other relative's kievie. It is a most revolting practice.

In a state of great uneasiness, I might almost say wretchedness, I retired to a favourite spot, down in the hollow by the side of the little stream; there the first report of the cannon at Fort Hare, told that the assault had been made: the firing continued heavy for some time, and I

prayed most fervently that Almighty God would turn back the assailants in confusion; yet these hordes, baulked in their object, and either pursued, or falling back defeated, how was it likely to fare with ourselves? When I returned to the house, it was easy to read deep anxiety upon every countenance, and when one attempted to speak a word of relief, it had only the effect of making the others' anxiety the more intense, so easily was it seen, that where the lips sought to minister comfort, the heart of the speaker did not itself possess it. The forenoon was passed in painfulness; the unusual stillness on, and all around the station, only afforded us the better opportunity to hear, with the greater distinctness, each successive discharge of the "big gun."

How we wished that some Ahimaaz, or even more slow of foot, Cushie, could have been descried running with tidings; but no, not an individual was to be seen, and the only sound that broke in upon our stillness was the hoarse voice of the cannon: thus the forenoon passed.

We had sat down to dinner, when I looked out at the door that stood open, in the direction of Fort Hare. A drove of cattle was just in sight on the ridge, not a mile distant, which were being rapidly driven towards the station: my knife and fork dropt from my hands; we all rose from table, and drove after drove of cattle, and sheep, and goats, were driven into every hollow place and bush where they could be concealed. This told us that our hopes had been disappointed; we had demonstration that the Fingoes were spoiled, and whether the village of Alice, with the seminary and station of Lovedale, had escaped the

fate of the military villages, we did not know ; for our friends and brethren's sake there, we felt the most painful anxiety.

All in the direction of Alice, there was to be seen nothing but cattle running, with the naked Caffres after them, shouting in the wildest manner ; they seemed to be all under the impression that they were not yet out of reach of their pursuers. Many hundred head of cattle, sheep, and goats, were brought into the station, and as many hundreds more taken away towards Amatole.

If we had stillness in the forenoon, in the afternoon and evening we had din almost enough to drive one mad. When all the men had got back, both station people, red Caffres, and Hottentots, the station itself seemed converted into one vast shambles. Cattle and sheep were slaughtered, without counting their number, or caring to whom to they belonged, till I am convinced the very dogs were surfeited with flesh. The little children even were to be seen waddling along with the leg of a sheep, or some other piece of meat, as large as they could carry. The people seemed so much more like wolves than men, that a sort of instinctive desire to shun them filled me. Apart altogether from the outpouring of the wrath of Almighty God, what a place must hell be, to be for ever shut up in the midst of even such wretches, as were this afternoon all around us—horrid ! yet this was depravity in one only of its many forms. I almost felt a desire that “*Kibroth hattaavah*” might be written over the station, as a mark of the displeasure of the Most High.

Some of the people had said to us, more than once, that the missionaries had not got farther

than Kat River. We at first doubted these reports; but on the evening of the 27th, a note from Mr. Renton confirmed them as true. Messrs. Niven and Cumming had once attempted, and were still seeking an opportunity to continue their flight; but go where they might, he had resolved to accompany them no farther, until Providence shewed the way more open. That was a dismal day on which he left Chumie, and he had determined not to leave Philipston, until the way was more safe. From this note, we learned that things were in a deplorable state on the Kat River, and we saw no reason to regret that we had been left behind at Gwali.

A day or two before I left Glasgow, when getting my outfit made up, it was proposed that I should take a gun. To this I demurred, as I thought it one of the most unlikely instruments for a missionary to take with him, and, moreover, I could make no use of it—I had not been taught the use of such a thing. I was told, however, that the other missionaries had taken one, and the excellent treasurer of the Glasgow Society, before it was taken over by our Synod, remarked, that it was possible I might yet be indebted for my life to my gun, and I went then with one of the committee, and purchased a very nice double-barreled fowling-piece.

This I had never used, having only once taken it out of the case in which it was packed, and that merely to see whether it had got rust from the sea damp: I was rather ashamed at having such a thing in my possession, and careful that none of the natives should know of it. Tiyo, however, knew that I had it, and his brother

Festivi came to Mrs. Chalmers, with all the adroit cunning of which the Caffre is so thorough a master, to ascertain where I had my gun, and whether I would not let him have it, as if it went to the ears of the Caffres that I had such a thing, it would expose me to danger. The gun had for a long time been stowed away under the thatch of Mrs. Chalmers's house. When I knew what had been going on, I at once took it down, took off the lock, and otherwise rendered it unfit for use, resolved that no person, neither of one class nor another, should ever use it for the destruction of human life: the lock, with the other appurtenances, some shot, purcussion caps, and three canisters of powder, I packed up, and Mrs. Brown went with them to an old kraal in the garden, where she buried them: I expected thus to have rid myself of all trouble on account of these things.

Soga, however, who had shewn his true colours far more steadily since the departure of Mr. Renton and the missionaries, and who since the affair at Alice had been exasperated, by his brother being one of those killed in that attack, came to me in the evening after dark, and with a great deal of fair speech at first, told me that Sandilli had heard of my having a gun; that I was a teacher and could have no use for such a thing, therefore, he requested me to give it up to him. Soga said that Sandilli had sent one of his counsellors to him with this message, which he had now communicated to me, and that the messenger waited my answer.

I said to Soga, yes, it is true, a teacher has no use for a gun. I have never made any use what-

ever of mine, and to prevent it ever being used by any party, either white or black, as an instrument with which to shed men's blood, I had broken it. He then asked me to shew it to him, that he might be satisfied that it really had been made unfit for use. I told him to call back tomorrow in daylight, as I did not wish to go with a candle to where it lay. This he said he would do, and in going out said so as to be overheard by all of us, and in a threatening tone, "Yes, he must give up his gun, and everything that belongs to it."

Soga seemed to have some more important business on hand, as it was two days before he came again, and when he returned it was after dark as it had been on the first occasion. Sandilli's counsellor was still waiting, he said, and now he must have the gun. I brought it and laid it before him without the lock, and remarked that it would be of little service to any one. He took it up and examined it minutely, and then looked at me and said, "Do you say this is all?" I reminded him that at the first I had told him that I had broken the gun, purposely to render it useless, and that I now laid it before him, that he might satisfy himself as to what I had said. He said no more, but took it up and walked away with it. In a little he came back again, and in a very different mood.

He now called me a villain, a liar, and a great many other such complimentary names, and said that I had made the gun useless just because he had asked it from me—that I must put it right again, or if I did not, he just would tell me that it would be the worse for me—and not for myself

alone, but for my wife also, and Mrs. Chalmers and her family. After he had expended all the violence and abuse, that he could easily find utterance for, I calmly said to him, "Soga, when you asked the gun for Sandilli, you readily enough could understand how it was inconsistent that a teacher should use a gun in shedding blood ; now, do you not see, that it would be just as inconsistent, that he give that gun to another person to shed blood ? No, no, Soga, I understand your threat, but it does not frighten me. I can trust my life in God's hands, but I will not furnish you with any instrument to be used in taking men's lives. I did render the gun useless, and with this express object, but not since you asked it for Sandilli."

Soga insisted that I either at once make the gun fit for use, or give him the things that I had taken off it, but I stood firm to my first word. His renewed, and more violent threats alarmed both Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Chalmers, who having been ailing, had gone to bed, but on hearing Soga, she rose and called me aside, entreating me if I could, to put the gun right, as she knew Soga much better than I did, and that we had all reason to fear those threats. I felt indeed much for Mrs. Chalmers, and had nearly given way, but recovered my former resolution before I went back to Soga. I told him nothing would move me to change my resolution, and furnish him with an instrument of death ; my own life which he threatened, was in the hands of God, and I would not make myself helpful in the most remote way to taking the life of any other man. He took up the gun, minus the lock, and went out, still mut-

tering his threats, which, considering the character of the man and his party, and our own circumstances, being so entirely in his power, were such as might well excite our apprehensions. The following day Soga got one of Mrs. Chalmers's boys enticed away by himself, and the crafty old fellow tried to find out from the child, when I had broken the gun, and what the wanting parts were. But the boy knew nothing at all about it, and none of us ever heard more of the gun.

January 31.—This was the second anniversary of my first setting foot on the shore of Africa, and O! what a two years these have been to me! Nor are the dark clouds yet breaking! All is dark! All is dark! How precious that which is, "the evidence of things not seen! an assured confidence that the Lord reigneth. And yet it is hardly by faith, after all, that we here live at present; we have little short of a sensible presence of Jehovah about us; and his promises are, and have been, daily and hourly realized by us, beyond what even faith and hope could lead us to look for. He is the faithful Lord God!

February 2.—By a note last night from Mr. Thomson, we learnt of the lamentable state of things on Kat river, and at Shiloh as well; from the latter station the missionaries have been obliged to flee! The Hottentots, on even the Moravian stations, are false-hearted and traitors, having joined the rebels!

This afternoon Macomo and Wobo came to the station, no doubt to concert some measure with Soga; they had a good many followers, yet our Sabbath quiet was hardly at all interrupted by them. An opportunity offered, and I said a

few words to both the chiefs, calculated to lead them to serious reflection. Taking the men in small parties of twos or threes, I found many of them not at all backward to listen to what I have to say ; and two or three instances have come to my knowledge, in which these words have not been without a certain effect. Two young men one day standing at the door, were describing how the "amageri,"—the English, died ; they mimicked their writhing agony, and how they screamed for water, while lying pierced through with assagais, until my blood ran cold. I stopped them in their horrid recital, and said—"Listen to me. You saw these men fall, and the sore pain they endured in dying ; that was but their body you saw ; do you know what became of their soul after the suffering of the body was done ? In going out to fight too, you yourselves run an equal risk of being killed as those you go to kill ; now when you fall do you know what will become of your own souls ? They do not die when your body dies—do you know of any place of safety to which they can go ?

With a contemptuous laugh, he said, "We never think of such things ; we never think of death on going to fight."

I replied, "You would do well to think of that before you go any more ; you see at every fight some of your people are killed ; the very next time you may be one of those that fall—you are under the condemnation of the great God, and it is an awful thing to die without being reconciled to him, and having a safe place for your soul to go to when that body falls down dead upon the ground. Before you go any more out to fight,

ask yourself, 'but where will my soul go if I am killed? Have I a safe place for my soul?'

These lads did not go away for some time; they repeatedly went a short distance from the house, and always came back again. Late in the afternoon they lay on the grass near the house, and seemed very thoughtful. Mrs. Brown observing this, asked what made them so dull, and whether any of their friends had been killed?

The elder of the two said "No—it is those words which the teacher spoke to us in the morning, that have made us feel very strange. We do not know how it is. And," he continued, "I certainly should have been one of those killed by the Fingoes in the fight at Alice, if some of the Cape Corps men had not thrown their cartridges to me!"

Base treachery! I saw these young men no more, but have often since thought of them.

February 5.—For now six weeks those sore calamities have swept over us. No man has greater cause to remember the loving kindness of the Lord, so abundantly shewn during this period, than I have. His protecting, delivering hand, has been stretched out more than once in behalf both of myself and of those dearest to me. In remembrance of all this, I resolved to set apart this day for special exercises of thanksgiving for goodness already experienced—of humiliation for sin and unworthiness—and of renewed committing of myself and all dear to me, to Him who only under present circumstances can afford help or send relief.

February 8.—This the last day of a remarkably peaceful week. The more violent and wild

war party have been all away to Shiloh. I do not well understand against what party they have set themselves there, but after what has taken place during the last few weeks, one can hardly feel surprise at anything that may take place. Well, "the Lord is in his holy temple—the Lord's throne is in heaven—His eyes behold." Other ground of confidence have we none, but this is enough. Let His glory fill the earth.

February 12.—The spoilers have returned from Shiloh, having made attack on the sabbath; and two elders of the Chumie church, Festivi and Nyosi, were there! I see they have brought back with them spoil of horses and clothes; if they got cattle these have not been brought to the station.

Not knowing when I might have an opportunity, or whether I might ever have one, of sending home letters, and knowing well at the same time, that many would be very anxious to hear something of the war, I had began to write upon a large sheet, a sort of chronicle of the events which daily were taking place about us.

Three women from Lovedale, very unexpectedly made their appearance at Gwali this morning; I was glad to have this opportunity of sending away what I had written, as these women promised to take down any thing for me; I tore up my large sheet though only half written, put it into an envelope, and had it all in readiness for the women. They slipt away without calling, however, and thinking that they had forgot that I had anything to send, on running after them with the letters, they now refused to take them,

and said that their friends had told them not to carry any letters for us.

This was one of Soga's sisters, and her daughter, accompanied by another woman. They had been all the time they were on the station with Soga and his party, save the few minutes they were in Mrs. Chalmers's house. They pretended to have got liberty from the missionaries at Lovedale, and from the military authorities at Fort Hare to come out after two boys that had run away from the station the previous day to bring them back, as their friends did not wish them to join the Caffres. We immediately had grounds to suspect however, that it was all a well-concerted plot, to get some important intelligence communicated to their friends.

He would have been a very simpleton, who failed from this time to discern a spirit of uneasy apprehensiveness, among the people. An obscure whispering was kept up among them too, and an evident desire to keep us in ignorance of whatever was going on. Shortly after dinner on looking out, I thought there was a thin smoke rising from a new school that had been built in connection with the station on the other side of the Tyumie, and about three miles distant. Not wishing to excite unnecessary alarm, I said nothing for some time, but went repeatedly at short intervals to the door, to make sure that my fears were well founded. At last on seeing the flames burst fairly through the roof, I called attention to it. I was shocked at the indifference, yea, satisfaction even, with which the people seemed to regard the burning of the school. Toby's wife said—"Oh, it is not unlikely that

the station will be burned to-night too ; the commando may soon be here."

So long as this school was allowed to stand, I was disposed to regard that as a token of good will to the station. I felt truly distressed and disconcerted, when I saw it fall under the devouring flame ; and all the more so, that the wife even of the teacher thereof seemed to regard it as a thing not at all to be lamented.

February 14.—Two years this night I first saw Chumie. Ah, what changes since then ! When will the furnace door be opened ? These fifteen months now, how fierce has the fire been ! Yet I have never been left alone, and it was no ordinary fire that was required to purge my dross. If I may only shine, from this day forward, with a brighter, steadier lustre, to illustrate the power of the grace of God—His long-suffering goodness—His hatred of sin in the hearts of his children—and His more-than-fatherly care to have them purged of it—I will never complain of the mode of purification.

That the women here from Lovedale, two days ago, brought some communication to the people, is now more and more evident. They have never been at rest since, and the cattle have been all moved farther up the Tyumie, to a greater distance from Fort Hare, and kept more in the kloofs, and near the bush. Nothing has been said to any of us, in a positive way, but it has been repeatedly asked, what we would do if the commando came—would we go out with it ? This has been manifestly with the design of sounding us. I have been careful not to commit myself to any course. Indeed, I feel it most dif-

difficult to determine before hand what I may do. If those military men and burghers be as unprincipled, reckless, roughsome fellows, as they have all along been represented to me, I have certainly no great notion of coming into very close contact with them. Still I wonder what pretext they would have for shooting me; surely they will first ask me how I came to be thus left here; and when they know that, I hope they will not be too severe upon us.

A great many such strange thoughts had been passing through my mind for a day or two, and as the excitement among the people did not at all abate, so neither did my own anxieties, as to what might be the result of a commando visiting us. At night we lay down in any thing but a quiet state, nor was our rest during the night undisturbed. It had now got plainly out, that the troops would be up in the morning—how did the people come to know this? The women with the children went all up to sleep in the bush, and the men were on the watch, and at every short interval sending out parties in the direction of Fort Hare, to ascertain and give warning when the troops began to move. These parties galloping and running to and fro all night, made sleep a stranger to most eyes on the station.

We rose at an early hour, and soon had evidence enough that offensive operations were now commenced. All along, towards Fort Hare, on the Caffreland side of the Tyumie, clouds of thick smoke were seen bursting up into the calm morning sky. This was from the forsaken huts of the Caffres, all of which were burned by the troops as they came along. We had just sate

down to breakfast, when Soga came in ; he blustered and raged at a great rate—said the “ impi,” (enemy) were now at hand, and in great strength, but they were quite ready for them ; the Caffres were gathered a little beyond the station, as numerous as the bushes, and if the English only came as far forward, they would have cause to regret coming out that day.

I believed Soga, and what he said made me feel most unhappy. The prospect of the deadly conflict taking place before our very eyes, was any thing but pleasant. And if the Caffres be collected in such numbers, who can tell what may be the result. Notwithstanding all Soga’s loud boasting, there was an air of disturbedness about him ; and he hastily left us, as if afraid the English might get their hands upon him, if he were too long upon the station ; although no part of the commando was yet within sight.

None of us were much within doors that morning. Every eye was eagerly turned in the direction from which the troops were expected ; and when I first saw the sheen of their arms, as the fresh morning sun fell upon them, away about four miles in the distance, it made my heart dance for gladness. What a relieving feeling this sight produced ! It cannot be expressed ! Let men of a certain class indulge, as they may, their mawkish sentimentality, their pseudo philanthropy, and perverted feelings of sympathy, and represent the barbarian as an example worthy the imitation of the civilized man ; palliating, or framing excuses for the most savage excesses of the Caffré, and seizing, with a kind of malignant satisfaction, the veriest accident that falls out in the

hands of their own countrymen ; men laying down their lives, and shedding their blood for the maintenance of good government, permanent peace, and progressive civilization, as an example of " cold-blooded murder." This sort of pretended humanity costs such men little. And there are those who, not otherwise able, readily get unto themselves a name, fall upon this tack, and catch for a little the breeze of public applause, and lest they again lose it, drift a good way out of their proper course at times.

Much as the British soldier may want improvement—and who does not?—the ultimate object of all his efforts is for good ; he has a generosity of disposition which the barbarian knows nothing of : in a body of disciplined civilized men, there is always something that one can look for, which the barbarian rabble have not. This I record as my own experience, as well as the experience of all who were with me here, that we never saw the approach of a body of our own countrymen, without a consciousness, a lively sense of security, and a consequent feeling of gladness ; and, on the other hand, no party of Caffres, or Hottentots, ever advanced towards the station, without exciting uneasiness, painful apprehensions, and fear. That these barbarian hordes were kept from at any time doing us harm, was by the hand of Almighty God, and to Him we pay our tribute of gratitude.

CHAPTER XII.

Position of the African troops—Advance of the British and retreat of the Caffres—Colonel Mackinnon and the troops—Kat-river Hottentots threaten an attack on the station—Objects of the native outbreak—Government correspondence betrayed—A short history of Macomo.

THE point to which my narrative brought down the course of events at the close of my last Chapter, was to us one of the intensest anxiety. Almost right in front of us, and not more than two miles distant were the troops, advancing in quick march towards the station. At the hut where Soga had mostly lived, since the first outburst of violence, when all the people came in from their own places to be more concentrated on the station—there, within fifty yards of our own door, stood Soga's party, being such of the station people as had resolved to join their heathen countrymen, and hazard a fight with the English. Soga himself had disappeared, but Nyosi, a man who within two years had been made an elder of the church, and was supported by a salary from the mission funds; and who had made himself most obnoxious among his countrymen, by secreting some of their cattle, among those that were allowed a place upon the Colonial side of the Tyumie, and then to secure for himself a share of these cattle as the reward of his deceit, he gave information of where they were to the British magistrate, when they were forfeited by the rightful owners, who on the very first or second day after the breaking out of

this war, demanded restitution of what had been acquired by Nyosi in this transaction. Speak of the white man's treachery and injustice towards the natives! the worst instance of it that can be pointed out, is not to be compared with what they would practice against each other, when they think they can do so with impunity.

Nyosi seemed to be now at the head of Soga's party; they stood holding their horses, and every eye seemed rivetted upon the advancing column of soldiers. Dukwane, with the few men who wished to avoid coming in contact with the English, retired to a short distance behind Mrs. Chalmers's house, where, upon the near approach of danger, they could take cover under the bush on the mountain side. With this party I had previously used all my influence, in order to dissuade them from this foolish step, and urged them to remain with me on the station, assuring them that if they did so they had nothing to fear; that I would go down alone and meet the officer in command, and secure their safety. That, if as they said, they were well affected towards Government, they must beware of exciting suspicions against themselves by running away and hiding. They were deaf to all my reasoning and entreaties, and would have their own way.

For several weeks the bush all up the rugged sides of the mountain, had been the abode of mostly all the Red Caffres, who before the outbreak had lived in the comparatively open country all along the left bank of the Tyumie. These were now to be seen on every little knoll and ridge, but none of them venturing very far from the edge of the bush. One very considerable

party of these had come as far down as the earthen wall, which on that side is the fence of Mrs. Chalmers's garden ; these were not above thirty yards from us.

The Incotoyi ridge runs down from the mountain, and forms the boundary of the station lands on the left, and is about a mile from the mission-buildings. On the point of this ridge, the Caffres were rapidly gathering. It was a desirable position, affording them equal opportunities of retreating back into the higher fastnesses of the mountain, or of rushing down upon the party advancing towards them. What occasioned the movement, I do not know, but in an instant the party at Soga's mounted and disappeared, and a few minutes after they were seen clambering with all the agility and speed possible, up the steep side of the ridge, in order to join those on the top of it.

Now for a short space there was a stillness and silence all around, that was absolutely distressing. It was like the sulphurous, suffocating, breathless, stillness, just before the bursting of the first clap in a thunder storm. Every eye was fixed and straining, and no one ventured even a whisper. Klaas Soga came at full gallop with communications of some kind to the party just behind our house, and broke this death-like silence. Mrs. Chalmers and myself simultaneously rushed outside the fence, to ask him, we hardly knew what ! He only replied, " Do not you be frightened ; you will hear plenty of fighting just now ; only wait till they be forward there," and he pointed with his gun towards the place. Mrs. Chalmers wrung her hands and exclaimed, " O poor men ! will they

just be cut down?" I tried to persuade myself, and her also, that our troops would be able to stand their ground, yet all the time I was not inwardly over confident of this; and the feeling that just before our eyes this work of death was to begin, made one shudder.

The advancing party was somewhat covered by the uneven bushy ground between us and the river, so that we hardly saw them at times, and were not yet sure whether they were making their way directly for the station. For in the distance too, on the other side of the Tyumie, another object was attracting attention. That was another column of men, diverging in the direction of the Amatole. At first, when the long dark line was pointed out to me, I thought it rather some shadow passing along the side of the slope, but the clouds of smoke bursting out at every kraal, all in their track, soon put the matter beyond doubt. At this sight our painful apprehensiveness gave way to much more confident feelings.

Just as we stood looking at those in the distance, a third division of the commando, came most unexpectedly into sight, not more than half-a-mile from where we stood. The slope of the low green ridge that stretches down from the mountain, on the right of Fort Hare side of the station, comes quite into the foot of Mrs. Chalmers's garden. All at once this party started into our view, on the height of this ridge. A party of them had got almost to the lower corner of the garden, and the Caffres behind the house, moved not, some of them were slowly raising their guns, and seemingly just about to fire.

Mrs. Brown called me very quickly—"Come in! see, they are just going to shoot!"

The advancing party was just then called back, and the whole turned off in the direction of Soga's place, which in a few minutes thereafter was in flames, with the exception of Festivi's house and school, which were left unharmed.

The Caffres now quickly disappeared. Some of them said, in passing the front of the house, "Oh, you will hear fighting enough yet." They took all to the edge of the bush, however, and those on the point of the Incotoyi ridge, instead of rushing down upon the commando made a very hasty retreat back into the mountain.

Thus speedily were we relieved of all our fears. In less than one short hour from the first appearance of the first party, we had hurried through all that excitement and fear, and now there was quietness only all over the station; not a Caffre was to be seen. Shortly after Dukwane came down from the cave, and the women and children came out from the bush; both parties of the troops on this side of the Tyumie, had passed the station without coming quite into it.

Throughout the day we heard firing at intervals, and during the afternoon could easily perceive that the parties, the reports of whose fire-arms we heard, were drawing nearer to us as the night approached. Just as the sun was going down behind the mountain, the edge of the commando made its appearance on the lower and flatter part of the Incotoyi ridge, where they bivouaced all night. This was not a mile distant, and straggling Fingoes came repeatedly down to near the station, calling out for Soga; and shout-

ing that they had now come to get payment for the sheep, goats and cattle which had been taken from them, and upon which the people of Gwali had made themselves so fat. These fellows kept firing off their guns, as if they had got them for no other purpose than that for which children get toys. Soga, however, we were told, lay hid away in the bush, as far up the mountain as he could possibly get, and in a mood very different from what in the morning we had seen him in. Then he spat with very contempt as he named the Fingoes; now he lay trembling at the distant sound of their voice.

The Red Caffres, too, came back in hundreds; we could see them quite distinctly, skirting along under cover of the edge of the bush, in true Indian fashion, one close upon the heels of the other. I suppose they had been just skulking thus all day looking from out the bush at what the troops were doing; which, beyond marching up the river, and down again in a very hot day, was not much. And suppose they had gone into the bush, they would have had a wild goose chase of it; the Caffres would have disappeared among the rocks and trees, like as many baboons.

The station buildings and gardens are on the lower and flat part of one of the lesser ridges, that start out from the mountain, and which as it descends gradually contracts to a narrow space. It was far up on this that the Caffres made their rendezvous. The ridge is open and green, but when they were all squatted upon it, it was red as if it had been ploughed. The Caffres made much less noise, however, than the Fingoes, at the other bivouac, they seemed to sit and look only.

Such was our position when the sun of that day went down, midway between the parties whom we expected shortly to come into violent collision with each other, and what movement either of them might make during the night we did not know ; our position was not one of comfort, or such as promised a very sound night's rest.

The moon rose in all her calm cool brilliance, and shortly thereafter, the women with the children, all loaded with their mats and baskets, pots and calabashes, came down from the bush, and set themselves down all around Mrs. Chalmers's house. The chattering and squalling was almost enough to put one out of their right senses. The women said they had been sent down by their husbands, but were afraid to go to their own huts, and would just lie around our house all night. The fear and anxiety depicted in every countenance was painful to witness, and in the kindest manner, I endeavoured to prevail upon them to go to their own places, but for a long time not one would go. At last, observing that a great many of the red Caffre women were sheltering themselves among those belonging to the station, and fearing that their presence, or what would be called our harbouring them, would bring mischief upon the whole place, I had to use more peremptory terms to send the whole away. The station people I assured of all safety, if they would only keep out of the bush. That as soon as the commando was seen to move, I would go and meet the commanding officer, and although I did not know who that was, yet I was certain he would not wantonly injure any one sitting in peace on the station.

It was now near eleven o'clock, and Saturday night, when some of the last groups of women that came down from the bush assured us, that the Caffres whom we had seen at sunset, on the ridge just above us, had every man of them fled in dismay to the Amatole. This was joyful news; and I said to myself—"If this be the way of it, the war will be soon over."

All was now quiet, and we thought of lying down and taking a little rest, when Festivi's house and school in flames, startled and alarmed us afresh. Whether this was the work of the Caffres, resolved to do all the mischief they could before taking to the Amatole, or whether it were some straggling Fingoes from the bivouac, we did not know. We had our apprehensions that this was but the beginning, and that the station buildings would go all the same way. After waiting two more hours, and no fresh danger seeming to threaten, we lay down, for a little much-needed rest.

If we had no real dangers, we at least dreamt of them, in our broken and disturbed sleep. After two hours I rose to look out from the window of the garret, on the floor of which we had our bed, that I might see if there was any thing like motion in the direction of the bivouac. In the dim twilight I could perceive the whole to be already in marching order, and the advance party to be quite over the rising ground; and the women were now all coming, running from their places, with their children on their backs, or in their arms, screaming and in great alarm.

With haste I began to put on my clothes; but, before it was possible for me to have dressed, seve-

ral parties were calling up to me—" Oh, make haste ! they are turned, and coming straight up to the station !"

I hurried down, and just in front of the church met Colonel Mackinnon, who commanded the party.

After the usual salutation, he inquired for the other missionaries ; when I told him they had left a month ago, but had got no further than the Kat river.

He then asked whether Soga was in the neighbourhood, saying—" He was the murderer of the military villagers." And when I told him what I knew of Soga, and that the station men had all fled to the bush, saying they were afraid ; he expressed his surprise, and said—" Why should the men take to themselves guilt ?—they had nothing at all to fear from him ; if they have done no wrong, why should they hide ? I did expect to see them all on the station here." The Colonel then, with the utmost gentlemanly feeling, said—" Then what can I do for you ?"

I had never before met any military officer under such circumstances, and felt flurried, and hardly knew how to answer.

Seeing me at a loss, the Colonel half suggested the answer, by asking—if we did not wish to leave ? our position now could neither be safe nor agreeable, living in the midst of rebels, who would be exasperated beyond what they had ever before been, from the burning of their places.

I said, from what I had seen of the Caffres yesterday, and their all scampering away in the dark, I thought we had little more to apprehend from them.

The Colonel said he would come up and hear

what Mrs. Chalmers thought of going out; he offered to have waggons sent for us; but the kind offer was declined by Mrs. Chalmers. I felt that I could not leave her alone, and I really thought we had all got over the worst, and that there was little occasion now to move. Before the Colonel was well out of sight, however, I almost wished that I had decided otherwise.

When he saw that we had resolved upon remaining, he asked me to point out such of the huts as were required for the accommodation of the station people, as he would burn all the others. And in a few minutes after, the blaze of three or four kraals burst up into the calm morning sky; to us not the most agreeable introduction to the day of sacred rest.

Colonel Mackinnon said, that no building used for mission purposes would be injured; and that the burning of Festivi's house and school the night before, was not by any of his party, as no man could pass the senteries at that hour.

We learned afterwards that it was by some of Festiri's own family, and with his own connivance, that his school was burned. I said at the time, if any evil came upon us, we then had only ourselves to blame. Colonel Mackinnon evinced the greatest concern for our safety, and that he did not positively order us out, was evidently out of respect to our feelings. His behaviour towards us, was all that could be expected of an enlightened British officer.

During the forenoon, when all was quiet on the station, Dukwane and Toby, both elders, and native agents, perhaps the most trustworthy men on the place, and the most influential of the

Christian party, came down to hear what had been said to us. I told them how much Colonel Mackinnon was surprised to find that they had run to the bush; that he had kindly offered to have us taken down to Fort Hare; that I had declined this, simply from what I had seen of the Caffres, as I felt convinced that before other four weeks, the rebellion would be all over. They said, yes, the strength of the Caffres was quite broken; they could never fight with such commandoes. Toby said, notwithstanding this, they wished we had gone out, and taken them and their families with us.

General Somerset had advanced farther over hill towards Kat river with his party, and from that direction we heard a good deal of firing during the early part of the day; such of the huts too as had been plastered inside with cowdung, continued to smoulder all day, but otherwise all was peaceful about us. We were quite rid of the stranger Caffres, who had previously swarmed in the bush, and ever kept prowling about us; the still worse Hottentots too, and all Soga's party, had decamped, whose absence we reckoned good company.

This, however, we were not long to enjoy. Shortly after breakfast on the following morning, a rabble was seen making towards the station from Kat River direction; these turned out to be Hottentots, evidently under strong excitement; they were armed every man, and a good many of them mounted, and a more wild, wicked-looking class of fellows it would be difficult to find. Mrs. Chalmers, and all of us, got much alarmed. She said to me, that she would throw

her shawl about her, and go and see who they were, and what they wanted. It had already been hinted, that it would be well that I got out of sight as quick as possible. Apprehensive of the consequences, some of the station-people had denied, when asked, that I was on the place. Mrs. Chalmers soon came in again, exhibiting symptoms of great uneasiness; she could only say, that the party were Hottentots, who gave no satisfactory answer, as to their object in coming here.

They had off saddled at the mission-house, and at Soga's hut; but in a few minutes they came up in bands, all with their guns. One party asked Mrs. Chalmers's boys, where was their sister's husband? and another was overheard saying, they would have out this Englishman here to-day. These parties began to set themselves about the windows, at which they looked in, and others kept pacing round the house. Both Mrs. Brown and her mother came to me, and entreated me to go upstairs to the garret, where I could not be seen. My own wish was rather to go out, and frankly speak to these men, and shew them that I had no fear of them: I had to yield, however, and went up, and laid me down on the garret floor, where my dear Janet sat down by my side, with our darling boy in her lap. Fear of what might be my own fate, did not trouble me greatly; but feelings of keen anguish filled my heart, when I looked at my wife and child—what would be her distress and desolateness, and, poor boy! who would act a father's part towards him?

No immediate violence was offered, and at length I ventured down to dinner, or what had

to serve instead of it. Soga now made his appearance, shorn a good deal of that bigness and blustering, which he was so fond to parade, when we last saw him. It was said that Macomo too was expected in the evening; we had a kind of confidence in him, and were rather glad than otherwise to hear of his coming. The notorious Uithaalder was at the head of these Hottentots: he came in to Mrs. Chalmers while I lay up in the garret, and talked bigly. He said, they had risen in arms against the English who oppressed them; they sawed plank, and got too little for it, and would make no peace with the English, but would drive them out of the land. We learned too that the missionaries, all at Philipton, were becoming eyesores to these men: they were using their influence to prevent others from joining their ranks, and thus fighting against them, as these men said; and they said, in very plain and significant terms, that they would not long bear with this. In the afternoon, I saw and spoke to two or three of these men, and had confidence, in some measure, restored, and tried to cherish a hope that they might not offer any violence.

After dark we were afraid to light candles; and on retiring to bed, were not in the best state to enjoy sound sleep. I never had half the fear of the wildest of the Caffres that I have of these Hottentots; the Caffre can put himself under restraint—the Hottentot cannot; he is entirely a creature of impulse; the Caffre has manliness in his countenance—the Hottentot has, of the whole family, the smallest share of this.

Numbers of these people had been about the station and in the bush all night, and the Caffres

were returning again from the Amatole in great numbers. This was now Tuesday, and during the forenoon at least, I had grounds for the most serious apprehensions. We were now again surrounded by the very worst party, Soga, Nyoli, Festivi, Uithaalder—with these his Hottentots, and Macomo, although we by no means regarded him with the same feelings of fear and distrust, but without other ground of confidence than the best of these natives. Alas! they are deceit, and only deceit; but the Almighty has hitherto restrained them—He has frustrated their devices, and I pray that He may continue to do so. Surely we have good cause to praise Him—He has been to us a shield and hiding-place.

For whatever object these parties had come together, it was whispered to us, that there was little likelihood of their coming to a unanimous resolution: between the Caffres and Hottentots, seeds of discord were being dropt; I was almost ready to say, the devil water them, and give them rapid growth. It was said, that the Hottentots were urgent that another attack be made upon Alice, that they might get all the coffee, sugar, and clothes in the shops there, as well as all the things of the white people. Macomo at once vetoed this. The Hottentots had been called to the aid of the Caffres, but they wisely kept out of the way, till two days after their help was wanted; and he is not a man so destitute of penetration, as not to be able to estimate, at its true value, all this now-loquacious valour.

In a sort of pet, many of the Hottentots left that night, and the remainder took their departure on the following morning. From the ridicu-

lous stories which we overheard the Caffres rehearsing to each other, we could easily see they felt the want of something to keep their courage up. Before leaving, Macomo called, but hardly did more than ask if we were well. Mrs. Chalmers told him how much the coming of these Hottentots to the station put us all about; I am not sure that he took any notice of her complaint, but in riding away, he drew up his horse in front of Soga's hut, made some remarks on the conduct of the Hottentots, and added, "Let that house—Mrs. Chalmers's—be respected, and all about it; this is my great word; it is for Dukwane to hear it, and Soga too." This meant that he looked to them to take care that there be no infringement, of this his great word.

The chief while thus expressing himself, was seated on what in reports of military operations is called a "white charger," but what will be better understood in Scotland by a white sheltie; the only article of clothing he wore, a pair of trousers once seemingly of white drill, but now of a very different hue, and in his hand a double-barrelled rifle, such as the Cape Corps use, and which in all likelihood had been procured from some of the deserters.

On one other occasion did Macomo appear to advantage. We all were seated at dinner on a Sabbath, and had the door shut, although we knew of nothing on the station to cause us the least uneasiness. A loud and most extraordinary knock at the door, with the noise of many feet, startled us. I rose to see what it was, and Mrs. Chalmers asked who is there? and was hastily answered, "the chief; open!" When I opened

the door, Soga rushed in, followed by Macomo, Wobo, and as many Hottentots and Caffres as could possibly crowd into the room; outside at both the windows, the Hottentots were crowded, and so jostling each other, as to threaten to burst in the windows, every one eager to see inside. All were excited in the highest degree. By an intrusion so unlooked for, and so unpromising, we were thrown into consternation, and could only sit and look at each other.

Every one seemed for a time breathless, and unable to speak. At length we learned that letters had been intercepted. At first I thought these to have been some communications for ourselves, and did not know what might be the consequences of these fellows becoming acquainted with the contents of any letters designed for us. To send a letter to, or receive one from any military party, or any of the lawfully-constituted authorities, was a thing against which we were warned at the very beginning of these troubles, and more than one party found out to be carrying letters, had been cruelly put to death. And I thought with myself—Well, what if these lawless barbarians be come to reckon with us on some such score?

I asked where the letters were, and Macomo took one out of his bag, which I at once saw from the fold, and the H. M. S. marked on the envelope, to be an official document. With the handing out of the letter, the order to read it was given. This for a moment embarrassed us all not a little. It was but for a moment. Whatever might be the consequences of refusal, I mustered resolution to give it in most positive terms. I said to Ma-

como that to open such a letter not addressed to me, was one of the greatest offences that I could commit, and I would not be guilty of it. The letter was addressed to the Rev. Messrs. Thomson and Read, at Fort Armstrong, or Philipton, Kat river. I advised that it be taken on to the parties for whom it was intended, as they were teachers and not military men, so they could not expect to find anything in a teacher's letter to know which would be of any use to them; teachers were not the men to whom Government made known what military operations were contemplated.

A Hottentot standing at the back of my chair, became furious at this; he pressed himself forward over my shoulder, and with most threatening gesticulations and emphasis, declared they would have the letter read; "if there was nothing in it of the plans of the enemy, which it would be of use for them to know, why then would I not read the letter." And besides the fact that it was for the missionaries at Philipton, made them all the more suspicious; they knew these missionaries to be now corresponding with Somerset, which they had no business to do, and they wanted to know what this correspondence was about. The woman, too, who brought this letter, had great charges about taking it safely, and had it tied in a black silk handkerchief, round her body, under all her clothes, and she got it from some person at Fort Hare; if there was not something of very great importance in it, why all this care, and fear of it falling into their hands?" This man spoke English well. I only replied, that I had never in my life opened a sealed letter not addressed to

me ; that among white people this was reckoned one of the basest things a man could do, and I would not do it.

Soga also burst into a fit of wild violence, little short of what he displayed at the meeting with Sandilli. He called the missionaries by every bad name. "They must not think that the chiefs would allow any such writing of letters, as they had found out the teachers at Philipton doing. We had refused to read a letter although asked to do so by the chief, even when it was by his word we were spared here ; well, it appeared now on whose side we were ! No matter, they would have the letter read ; Tiyo would read it for them."

Macomo himself said little, and hardly appeared displeased. He only asked me to learn him how to know a Government letter from a private one by looking at it. I said to him that he must first be taught to both read and write, in order to do this. All Government and official letters are, however, known by the natives from the largeness of the fold. As illustrative of native deceit and perfidy, the two Hottentot women in whom confidence was placed, and who undertook, and received a large reward, to take this letter to the parties to whom it was addressed, and without difficulty could have done so, came straight to the rebel party, and delivered it to them. This baseness and deceit was almost universal, especially among the Hottentots. It was only after much dear-bought experience, that the authorities would believe it, and were put on their guard against placing confidence in such parties ; male and female alike are unworthy of trust. When they

found that we would not yield to read this letter for them, our intruders left us in almost as great haste, as they had unexpectedly come upon us ; they were all excitement and earnestness, to know the contents of that folded sheet.

Macomo and Wobo, the two chiefs, remained a few minutes after the others had gone, expecting, in all probability, to be offered a share of what we had on the table before us. Potatoes and other vegetables, cooked in all the variety of ways we could hit upon, with plenty of fruit, were almost the only articles of food we could command ; meat we only had at long intervals, and in small quantities. Without meat, neither Caffre or Hottentot reckons himself to have a meal at all, so that any thing that we had to offer, would be reckoned but a shabby treat by any of our visitants.

I have often proposed to myself the task of sketching a character of Macomo. From almost the first connection between the Caffres and the British, he has been a well-known character, and the part he has had, or is supposed to have had, in concocting and directing most of the subsequent barbarian inroads, by which, the accumulations of well-skilled industry, the fruits of unremitting care and toil, and the blessings and comforts of civilized life, have been all swept away and destroyed, and the tide of human improvement turned back, has made his notoriety a thing which but few will envy : many widows and fatherless children, have shed bitter tears over those of whom they have been bereft by his lawless barbarians.

Yet to say that Macomo is destitute of every good feature of character, would not be the truth.

He has intellect, yet (even after years of sottish drunkenness,) which commands respect; had that mind been brought under the influence of the Gospel, and those faculties been exercised for the true welfare of those native tribes, which all look up to him with so much fear, Macomo's might have been a name to be honoured by unborn generations. He has ever expressed a regard towards Christian missions, and has even broken through Government restrictions and military regulations, to attend Kat River missionary meetings, professedly to have an opportunity of giving utterance to his conviction, that it was only by the teaching of the word of God, that his people could ever receive any true benefit; and yet some of the most horrid cruelties of heathenism have been perpetrated under his sanction, and even female members of his own family, wishing to abandon the rites of heathenism for the rules of the Gospel, have been subjected to the most inhuman treatment. In this respect, he has exhibited a strange medley of contradictions.

He has been a sort of Absalom in his day too. He established authority for himself, independent of, if not in opposition to, that of his father, and drew away a great many of his father's people after him; with these he located himself in what is now the Kat River district, and along that line of country, which he has now for so long a time held, in defiance of all the skill and military prowess that Britain has yet brought to bear against him.

Nqika, his father, was not a little mortified at the loss of so many of his people, as were attaching themselves to his insubordinate son; and

having himself used all his endeavours to bring back Macomo to his duty, without success, he applied to the English, under whose protection he had long before placed himself, and a party was led out by Somerset, now Major-General, and a very successful attack was made upon Macomo and his party, while they were engaged in some of their festivities. As their wont, they had their cattle all together at one place, and these were swept away by Somerset, and a few lives also were lost. This stroke, however, had the desired effect; Nqika had the satisfaction of seeing his people return to him sufficiently chastised and humbled, and the rivalry of his crafty son was, for the time, destroyed. The old chief was not, however, freed of all trouble on this head; Macomo fled to his kinsman, Slambie, a chief at the head of tribes little, if at all, less powerful than those who acknowledged Nqika as their chief. Nqika was not slow to perceive the inconvenience that might arise, from the mortified and yet ambitious Macomo, attaching himself to a powerful chief, with whom, though his brother's son, he was not himself on the most friendly terms, and he went and fetched Macomo home, and was reconciled to him.

At the death of Nqika, Macomo did not succeed to the chieftainship, from his mother not being a Tembukazi. Tembu, wife of Nqika, Sandilli's mother, is a Tembukazi; hence he, though a mere boy at his father's death, was preferred before all the other almost innumerable sons of Nqika, who had more than thirty wives. In whatever position Macomo might now nominally stand, it is well known that he was the govern-

ing mind in all the Caffre councils ; he still continues so. Sandilli's name is used as being of higher authority, but Sandilli will venture on little without Macomo's advice.

After the war of 1846, Macomo was understood to have, of his own accord, relieved himself of the cares and the responsibilities of rule, and his sons exercised his functions in his own tribe. His principal concern now seemed to be, to have always a bottle of brandy at his command, and he had sunk to a state of degraded sottishness.

To say that Macomo is an honest man, would scarcely obtain credit ; but he seems to have a sense of honour, which has kept him from such exhibitions of detestable meanness, as many of the other chiefs have not been ashamed to practise ; flattery, he has good sense enough to despise, and treats any party using it with contempt : he is not moved to resent the truth being told him faithfully, even in the matter of his own faults, but will rather respect the party the more for it ; he has a quick discernment of the consistent in character, hence the feeling with which he regards Mr. Calderwood, who formerly was the *missionary* among his tribe, but who left that work, and obtained the appointment of *magistrate*, in the lately-settled district of Victoria, and as such, has had to subject to ignominious punishment some of the members of Macomo's own family. Perhaps no step ever taken, or no fault even ever committed by any missionary, has so greatly shaken the confidence of the Caffres in missionary character, as this unhappy change. That the desire and hope of being of more extensive benefit to the native tribes operated as the

motive for this change, no one, who knows Mr. Calderwood, will, for a moment, doubt; still it has been most unfortunate—it is a most unhal-
lowed combination of offices, the minister of the Gospel and the magistrate.

Macomo and Sir Harry Smith have, curiously enough, changed positions. Since the latter entered upon the governorship of this colony, in one of his unaccountable freaks, the representative of Britain's Queen, after arriving at Algoa Bay, at an interview with the Caffre chiefs, tossed Macomo to the ground, and set his foot upon his neck. A "bootless boast," however, this has turned out to be, like John Gilpin's. Sir Harry has left our shores a mortified, if not a humbled man, and Macomo stands this day higher in power, and better known to fame, than ever he before did; if he has not successfully resisted, he has at least completely baffled the hero of Aliwal.

Hasty, rough, and eccentric as the old soldier was, he undoubtedly cherished the best feelings towards the native races of South Africa, and was their true friend. It was the very success of his measures for the improvement of the Caffre people, their being raised to a state of freedom, intelligence, and civilization, that occasioned the present war. The chiefs felt their power melting away, and that an immediate struggle was indispensable, to give them a chance of regaining their influence and arbitrary authority. If generosity of heart may be regarded as a failing, it is one of those things that has contributed to Sir Harry's failure in managing the Caffres. Even facts would hardly convince him of the perfidy and de-

ceitfulness of those chiefs, and the professions they made to him; this, with personal vanity, or a too high estimate of the influence of his own name, and perhaps his lenity towards the basest of traitors, has placed him in that humiliating position, under which he took his last departure from South Africa.

What, on the other hand, is Macomo's position! He never before, either possessed, or put forth more power for doing evil. He is at the head of a numerous horde, composed of the most recklessly-wicked men, of the various native races, and, with them, occupies an almost inaccessible, mountainous, broken, bushy, and rocky country, from which they issue, like the wolves and tigers which they have displaced, under cover of night, and steal away, far into the defenceless colony, many happy homes of which they have already reduced to ashes, murdering the peaceful and industrious inmates, and carrying off their flocks and herds, clothes, cooking utensils, and such other things as they knew how to use; and with these they make for their fastnesses, which they far too often succeed in reaching without being intercepted. These are the men whom a few call patriots, and the efforts of humane British officers and soldiers to drive these men from their strongholds, or of the colonists, if they attempt to defend themselves, or recover that of which they have been spoiled, some call oppression—injustice, cold-blooded murder.

I feel provoked to this style of remark, by reports which come out here of missionary addresses and peace meetings, in which there is exhibited a very censurable amount of ignorance regarding

matters here, and, in not a few cases, the most positive falsehood is stated, and the sympathies of benevolent hearts wholly misdirected, by some piece of the most vague, general, and fallacious declamation. Let me now fall back upon my daily journal.

CHAPTER XIII.

Surrounded by Fingoes—The army reaches Kat River—
False reports—General Somerset—Dangers increase—
The Commissioner and Missionaries return from Kat
River—Proposed attack on Blockdrift—Value of mis-
sionary reports.

FEBRUARY 21.—This morning was a season of extreme excitement. Mrs. Brown waked me up suddenly before sunrise, saying, that the commando was approaching. I rose and dressed hastily, and all on the station nothing but women screaming, and running themselves quite out of breath, to get all their moveables hidden away in ditches and holes, under heaps of old grass, or the rubbish of a neighbouring kraal. This done, they all collected, with their children, about our house. I lost no time in getting down ; but before I could do so, parties had already detached themselves into every kloof, along the foot of the mountain. These being all Fingoes, the women were much alarmed, and I had myself some doubts that they might not be over respectful, and hastened down to meet a strong party on horseback, coming up through Mrs. Chalmers's ground. I looked to see some white person at the head, and having command of them, and certainly felt a little apprehensive at first, when I saw no one in that capacity. The hearty response, however, which one and all of them gave to my "good morning," told me at once that we had nothing to fear.

What with riding and running, a great many had already got up to the house, where they stood and made a great noise. When I got back, I found Mrs. Chalmers, with all her family, and Mrs. Brown, outside in the front verandah, and all the doors of the house shut. The Fingoes were bawling and clamouring so, that no one could hear himself speak. They wanted to get in to search the house; they knew Soga, who had stolen their cattle, must be hid there, and they would have him. One of their officers, a colonist, was exerting himself to the utmost to restrain their violence. Both Mrs. Chalmers and myself proposed that he take two of the men, and go into the house, to satisfy the others that neither Soga, nor any other person, was concealed there. A sort of rush was then made, every one seeming to think that he was to be of the party to go in. Upon this the officer sprang forward to the step before the door, just into the midst of the noisy rabble; with difficulty he could make himself be heard, but he stamped his foot, half drew his sword, and exclaimed—"No! the gentleman is a missionary—shall I not believe his word!" Those pressing forward he pushed back, and ordered the crowd in front of the house to pass on.

A great body of the women and children had, in the bustle, crowded into Pella's house, close at the outside of Mrs. Chalmers's fence. When the Fingoes went to them, they screamed and shrieked as if they were all being murdered. To get to their relief quickly, instead of waiting to get out by the gate, which was crowded with the Fingoes, I ran to leap over the fence. A Fingo seeing me so run, thought me to be some of the station men,

attempting to escape ; he was at my back, so that I did not see him, and had his assagai raised to strike into me, which Mrs. Brown observing, in quick alarm called to him to hold, and I suffered no harm.

The women I found making much ado about nothing. The Fingoes were only making them come out of the house, and sit down on the ground, to see that they had none of the men hid among them. Some, who were unwilling to come out, might get a push, or pull, without much ceremony ; and one was struck over the shoulders with a whip, which the station people made a talk about, for months after, but more than this, there was nothing approaching to violence.

The Fingoes were promptly ordered off from the women and children, when I made my appearance among them ; and now that we had less noise more immediately about our own ears, we could give attention to what was going on all along the edge of the bush. The sound arising from the brisk fire kept up there, and its long reverberation among the rocks, almost kindled up my martial spirit. One could enjoy the grand fight the more, knowing that there was no blood being shed—if any thing at all, it was only large stones and the stumps of trees, that the Fingoes were blazing away at. A thick mist yet hung upon the mountain, and the few Caffres were not likely to put themselves within the range of the Fingoes' guns.

Our truest friends had been concerned about how it might fare with us, when the Fingoes got loose. This was the first visit we had of them—they had boisterous unruly tongues, but as re-

gards their hands, they behaved well. Those having charge of them too, spared no exertion to restrain any little exuberance of feeling that might have annoyed any on the station; and their behaviour towards ourselves was respectful and considerate in the highest degree. The party who seemed to have the principal charge over the Fingoes, said that General Somerset sent his compliments, and being uncertain whether he would be up at the station himself, had given him orders to see, that neither any person was molested, nor property injured. These orders were well executed. Several of the Fort Beaufort levy expressed the liveliest concern for our safety, and said, if they only had the means of taking us out with them, they would make a welcome home for us in Fort Beaufort.

The whole party was, however, on their way to Kat river, and we had the example of friends who had gone before, to warn us that that was not the direction in which to attempt to go out. On the afternoon of the following day, we learned that General Somerset had made an attack upon the one side, and the burghers on the other, upon the rebels in possession of Fort Armstrong and encamped about Balfour. Dukwane, in telling us that they were being overcome, could ill conceal his feelings of disappointment. Well, they had mingled a cup for others—the Lord has put it into their own hands, and is making them drink it.

The next day was sabbath, and we had no expectation of any thing to disturb our quiet. Early in the forenoon, however, the cry—"A commando!" was raised, and in breathless haste the people fled to the bush. I went out to look

in the direction from which the commando was to come, and found the object of terror to be nothing more than the dark shade of a cloud, falling along the Golukugawe ridge. Cannot account for this conduct of the people. They have been not only assured of safety by remaining with us on the station, but they have already seen two parties, and even the Fingoes, pass through the station, without harming either person or property. If found in the bush, they will not be treated with such respect. Their thus always running to the bush, justly excites suspicion against them.

On Monday, the most extraordinary reports of what was doing at Kat Kiver were brought to us, and I felt most unhappy, not knowing what to believe. Towards evening, had more confidence in those who brought the latest accounts, and what is belying all the Caffre blustering, they are again decamping from the Gwali bush, with their few remaining goats, for the fastnesses of the Amatole.

February 28.—This day ends another month ; and here we all are, yet preserved in safety, and have a table spread for us in the very presence of our enemies ! How great, Lord, is the multitude of Thy mercies ! Oh, that that sound of war was for ever hushed !

A dark, thick, close, misty wet made yesterday unfavourable to military operations, and we sat in quiet, only the gloom of the day cast its shade on our spirits also. Heard to-day, tidings of two deaths on the mountain behind us, both of persons known on the station. The booming of the cannon was distinctly heard all yesterday after-

noon ; more lives must have been sacrificed than we yet know of. Foolish Caffres, too, have provoked all this violence—retributive justice will yet overtake you—the blood of many helpless victims, cruelly massacred in the perfidious wildness of your first outbreak, is on your hands—the insatiable thirst of so many of you for wanton plunder and violence, seems as if it could be quenched only in blood ; and, above all, that vile deceit, so inwoven with the fibres of your very being, that even grace itself seems to fail when brought to bear against it ! Still, my heart is touched by feelings of compassion for the Amxosa. Oh, that they would take warning !

But these wild, outrageous, lawless Hottentots, an awful scourge awaits them, and who can shew sympathy for them ! After all that has been done for them, especially in that very district, where the wildest insubordination now revels, who can stand up now for the native tribes ? I only wish that the impression were removed from my mind, that zealous, well-intentioned, indefatigable missionaries had nothing to do in planting the seeds, from which, all this bitter vintage is being gathered.

One pleasing thing, we have observed, that Umlanjeni is losing ground these last two days. We now overhear the Caffres frequently give expression to their feelings of doubt. In spite of their Umlanjeni sticks, they are being destroyed, they say. No Caffre was to be seen without one of these sticks ; in his bundle of assagais, one was invariably bound up, a sort of dirty, sooty rod, about four feet long, and the thickness of a man's finger. At our old residence, Igqibira, to

which Stock had brought Umlanjeni, whole piles of these rods were distributed by him. Besides being preservatives against personal danger, other important service was to be performed by these sticks. Should the English at any time succeed so far, as to get away any of the cattle belonging to the Caffres, all that was necessary to be done, was, that the man take out his stick, and hold it out in the direction of his captured herd, when the whole would wheel about, and in spite of the English, come running back to their owner. Too undevil a looking thing this; wonder the silly lad did not see he would be found out! Several men assured us, that their sticks, when they tried them, were found to be without any virtue whatever; they thought, if anything, the cattle ran rather the quicker away, when the stick was held out; neither had they the least effect in turning the balls of the soldiers into water, when fired at the Caffres.

March 1.—A day of great excitement. Festivi in company with a son of Hermanus, came to the bush with an alarming report, that General Somerset was in great wrath, and, that to make the men submit to him, he had determined to come down upon the station, and carry off as prisoners all the women and children. Notwithstanding all that I could do to prevent it, the women fled in consternation to the bush, some even to the Amatole, thinking the station not sufficiently safe. Festivi is acting a most base and deceitful part. The most wicked of all the rebels are his associates, and he fully identifies himself with them, save when danger threatens; then he skulks, and takes refuge under the wing of the

missionaries. He brings the assurance, too, that General Somerset has brought the missionaries all away from Philipton, Kat River, and that they are in the camp at Lushington, behind the mountain.

The sweep made of Kat River, seems to have vexed and disappointed the Caffres sadly. They still boast, however, of a muster of all their force, to make an attack upon the commando from the bush, on the ridge at the head of the Igcato. It is a well chosen spot for an attack. The wag-gons at that point might be attacked, rolled down the hill, or burned by a body of resolute men, and the troops be hardly able to defend themselves. Since I heard of it, I have not ceased to beseech "the Lord mighty in battle," to defeat this, the purpose of the heathen.

What effect would such an advantage, gained at this stage of the operations, have upon all the rebels and traitors, who are—where are they not? riding even at the General's side? That so many servants of God were now under the protection of those troops, was, to me, an additional ground to plead that it might go well with the whole for their sakes. These two or three days, whenever a report of musketry reached us from that direction, I have trembled lest the troops had moved, and the assault at that dreaded place been made. Often have I all but determined to attempt making my way during the darkness of night, up through the bush, and over the brow of the mountain to the camp, to apprise them of their danger; so confidently have I heard the Caffres boast of their readiness for this attack.

About dusk some of Soga's party came down from where the body of Caffres are said to be lying in ambush. They say that they have been waiting there long, and are hungry—that the continued thick wet has made the roads so slippery that Somerset will not be able to move his camp, before they have got back to their rendezvous, to which they are all to repair, as soon as they have got a little food. It is whispered about upon the station too, that General Somerset will come this way, to take out my own and Mrs. Chalmers's families. That we might have all in readiness the few articles of clothing that I had besides what was on my back were bundled up in a handkerchief, by my dear partner in tribulation. Mrs. Chalmers would fain cling to Chumie. Her dead lie there, and there are those to whom her dear husband, in the days of his flesh, had looked to be his crown of joy and rejoicing, now abandoned as sheep having no shepherd; and some, in their helplessness and exposedness, have already fallen; she feels much for them. In consequence of what Festivi reports too, the Caffres are said to have resolved to carry off all the wives and children of white men, that may fall into their hands away into the Amagealeka country. All things considered, we may well wish General Somerset were here.

Sabbath, March 2, had just dawned, when we were startled out of sleep by the report of firing which seemed quite at hand. Only yet half-awake, I ran to look out at the window, and was surprised to see a large party with cattle coming along the station side of the Incotoyi ridge. My first thought was that these must be Caffres who

had succeeded in carrying off the cattle from the camp during the night, for I had regarded it next to impossible that so many cattle could have been brought past, where still a large body of Caffres were said to be lying. Their leisure movement as if in no fear of being retaken, and their keeping on the ridge not afraid of being seen, were so unlike the Caffres who drive at once into the bush in the kloofs for concealment, that my mistake was soon corrected. After hastily dressing, I went down and was astonished to find that immense droves of cattle, goats, and sheep, all come down from the direction of the camp; the whole face of the country seemed covered with them. I could only stand and look; what all this meant I could not tell; that the camp had really broken up, I never entertained the thought. Some of the Fingoes who had charge of the cattle, passed through the land in which Dukwane had his mealies; I went down to forbid them doing injury to the crop, and the station people who were up on the mountain side at the edge of the bush, and had a view of everything that was done below, when they came down maintained that they saw the Fingoes fire at me, and that I was not to expose myself so again. That any of the Fingoes ever attempted to shoot me I do not believe.

The fellows certainly made plenty of noise with their guns, seemingly using them very much as children at home do pea-guns, and mightily pleased to hear themselves shoot. Had they themselves been required to pay for every charge they thus fired into the air, I am sure the British treasury would have been spared the ex-

pense of many a load of ammunition expended in this war.

After breakfast and morning worship, Pella hurriedly called, having come forward with one of the cattle parties, and he assured us that the whole troops, waggons, etc. were in motion. Soon afterwards the troops came in sight a little above Woburn, and after them the waggons; all passed at a distance of less than two miles from the station. I stood as one that dreamt, and as I gazed could hardly believe my own eyes. That the whole party had advanced so far, and passed the principal point of danger, without the slightest interruption, no not so much as a shot fired by the Caffres, was to me after all the apprehensions that had been excited by their boasting, like a fairy vision. My joy at this was second only to what the entire suppression of this wicked rebellion would cause. It gave me more real joy and satisfaction than my own personal security, for I had been more anxious, intensely anxious, about that commando than I had ever been regarding my own safety. The moral effect of this morning's work upon the Caffres must be very decided, and the means, I hope, of preventing much bloodshed.

Is it presumption to take all this as an answer to prayer! The hand of God is most surely to be seen in it. From the wet of Saturday, the Caffres had concluded that the roads would be unfit for travelling, and feeling the pinchings of hunger had in a great measure dispersed themselves, with the intention of being again at their rendezvous before any movement could be made. Koti, perhaps the best of all the native agents,

and who had charge of the out-station, known as "Mitchell's School," sat that morning on a ridge far up the mountain, and was overheard expressing himself thus—"He is blind who does not see that to be Jehovah's army; the very cattle are going along there by themselves in herds, no one to take care of them—where are the hearts of our people, that they do not take them? No, no, it is plain Jehovah is with that army!"

One small party were attacked on the station lands by a few of the worst of the station people. About a dozen of oxen were driven by two men on horseback; they were rather behind, and separated from the others by a considerable space. They passed slowly and very near the station, seemingly under the impression that no danger was to be apprehended there. The station men referred to eyed them attentively from the mountain side, and hastily stole down to a point where they could waylay their unsuspecting victims. We heard the report of their guns, ten or twelve in all, and immediately after saw the cattle which had just gone out of our sight, turned back out of the hollow, and run quickly up to the bush. The two men who had charge of them were said to have been shot down. This gave us all great distress; it is the only blood that has polluted the station, and that of two men passing inoffensively and unsuspectingly along, set upon by some dozen or more of, I am almost provoked to say, blood thirsty wretches. We afterwards sent out Dukwane with some other of the men to look for the bodies, but they came back and said they could not see them.

We all stood in expectation of every moment

seeing a party with one or more waggons detached from the main body, come to take us out. This had been a matter of no little concern to us. Although I had no official connection with the people of the station, I felt that a few of the men with a great many women and children had claims upon my humanity which I felt it hard to disregard, and towards these Mrs. Chalmers had still stronger feelings of attachment. In my difficulty I had earnestly besought God to decide the matter for us, and to leave us no choice. That if an opportunity of going out were presented, such an official order might accompany it, as we would not be at liberty to decline compliance. The matter was decided for us; no opportunity was presented of going out; neither waggon was detached, nor did any individual even turn aside from the main body to call upon us.

The station people had all along expected that their missionary would visit them, and felt disappointed when he passed on, and expressed their feelings by saying that he had thrown them away. Indeed none of the party who had left the station six weeks before had much to congratulate themselves upon. They had spent that interval at Kat river, and to say the least of it, might have enjoyed a not less measure of both safety and comfort, had they never moved from Chumie. A very considerable expence too would have been saved, and what was of much greater importance, the business for which the commissioner had been sent out, instead of being broken off scarcely half finished, might have been prosecuted to the end. And here, after all, the whole party are now being brought out by that very

way which at first any man would have expected them to take, but for some very singular infatuation, had there been at all necessity for flight.

We, however, I am sure, all rejoiced in their safety with all our heart, while none of us now regretted that we had not gone with them, when they first left. I had not before seen such a train of waggons. I reckoned them to take at least an hour and a quarter to pass any given point. A party of the men among whom was Festivi, beheld them all pass on in quietness, with ill-concealed feelings of chagrin.

My anxiety had kept me from sleep the previous night, and I remembered upon my bed the rescue of that commando. Now that our eyes had indeed beheld the deliverance, I felt that an expression of gratitude was due to Him, who while I was yet speaking, had answered the voice of my supplications; and in this spirit I entered with delight upon the social duties of the Sabbath. We read two most appropriate discourses, in Charnock, "On mercy received," and Davies "Dedication to God, argued from Redeeming mercy." Our modern pulpit has nothing to be set beside the discourses of these old divines.

From this morning I had a kind of contentment and satisfaction in staying at Chumie. Not that I was not often vexed by the wickedness I had to witness there, but in hours of danger, of darkness, and distress, I thought I could plead, and did often plead, "Lord, thy hand hath placed me here."

March 12.—The long interval between this date and that of my last entry arises from my having been unfitted for writing, and almost everything, by a severe attack of sore eyes, which I may call

a periodical or annual affliction, common to this country. It is in a very glimmering way that I even now get on. A few evenings ago we had a sad riot on the station. A number of the Caffre women from the Amatole had come to help themselves to a load of mealies each, from the peoples' fields here. It was near bedtime, and a clear moonlight night. How the station women had notice of what was going on I know not, but they set upon the thieves, and a hearty thrashing they gave some of them. I was unable to go out, and Mrs. Chalmers went down and succeeded in checking the ungovernable violence of some of the women, who were using their keviees with but little mercy upon some of the pilfering sisterhood.

On the morning of Saturday last, we had one of the most startling alarms that we have yet experienced. As we sat at breakfast, the cry "A commando," was raised. The morning was wet, with a close drizzling mist, so that the party was quite upon us before they were observed. The direction from which they were said to come, at once excited my suspicions; and when it was said that they had taken in among the mealies, there was no room left to doubt, that they were parties whose presence might be anything but welcomed by us.

We had scarcely time to rise from table, when about sixty wild, hungry, rascally Hottentots were drawn up in the front of the house, and occupying the verandah. One of the station women whispered through a broken pane to us, "quick, make fast? they are trying to break up the door."

Mrs. Chalmers, and Mrs. Brown with our child, had gone into the loft, to secure about their per-

sons such little things as they most wished to save. I stepped into the other room, and casting myself down, in a short prayer of one sentence called upon "Our Refuge," not to fail us now. A loud noise interrupted me; I rose and looked out at the back window in the direction from which it came, and there saw a number of the women screaming at the pitch of their voices, and gesticulating violently. I knew not what this meant, and before I had time to ask of any one, the men made their appearance through the mist, running down the hill. Those who had guns pulled off the covers as they ran, and threw them from them, and those having assagais had them ready balanced in their hand, as if for immediate use. I hastily left the window to get to the door under a sort of impulse, to stay the shedding of blood. Ere I had crossed the room, not a Hottentot was to be seen under the verandah in front of the house; they had made a hasty retreat, and were now outside the garden fence, looking as sheepish as can well be imagined.

A loud knock at the door opening towards the kitchen, led me to open it, and there was Dukwane with only breath enough to exclaim, "These Hottentots! these blackguard Hottentots! What have they to do at this house? And gun in hand he rushed round to the front of the house with the men who were passing him. Happily they had their run for nothing.

No incident since the breaking out of those troubles affected me so much as this. From what we had already seen of the people, we certainly had no reason to expect that they would turn out to protect us from the violence of any party. But

station people and Red Caffres were alike forward in their zeal. Surely the finger of God was in this! He hath the hearts of all men in his hands, and this is not the only occasion, that help has been brought from where it was least expected.

March 17.—On Friday night just as we were going to bed, two shots were fired and some sort of watchword passed from the station to the bush. Very shortly thereafter, considerable numbers of armed men from the bush passed our door. To any question that we asked regarding the object of their meeting, we got no satisfactory answer. We learned, however, that either Soga himself or one of his sons had come to call out the men, for a united muster of Caffres and Hottentots, to attack Blockdrift.

Saturday.—The mustered forces scattered, said to be by a thunder storm, of which we scarcely saw even the appearance here! To hide their jarring counsels, weakness, or fear, these fellows never want something to say.

Sabbath.—Enjoyed much of the delight of the sacred day. Had our seasons of social worship undisturbed. These we prize, but O! were it but one Sabbath in that land, where the multitudes do keep God's solemn holy day, in fondly-remembered Scotland, favoured of God above all lands, methinks I would speak to the people there of their privileges, so that they would never again either forget, or fail to improve them.

Read what I would call one of Howe's special sermons—1 Peter, v. 10.—“Sufferings, with their spiritual advantage and improvement, more desirable than freedom from the sufferings themselves.” An extract from an original letter of Dr. Milne,

struck me too, as almost requiring to be set at the beginning of every paragraph, in most of the mission periodicals in these our days—"Little circumstances often mentioned in the letters and journals of missionaries, should not be too much magnified, or laid too great stress upon at home. They are only intended by wise missionaries, to afford a collateral sort of pleasure to their friends and supporters."

Instead of this, however, the editors, or compilers of these periodicals in our times, seem to study it as an art, how they may minister the largest amount of stimulus to the missionary sentiment, or feeling of the Christian communities which they respectively serve. Separate all the excitement on this subject, which is studiously kept up by the lip and by the pen, from the platform and from the press, then we will be better able to determine the measure of real principle, which prompts and constrains, to what are called offerings and sacrifices to the cause of missions. Deny it who may, the impression formed and fondly cherished by many of the most pious and benevolent hearts at home, of the state of matters in the foreign mission fields, approach nearer to romance, than honest, sober truth.

The missionary writes his reports or his letters, and almost invariably does so, in one of his happiest frames or moods; he dwells most fully on those things which give himself the greatest pleasure, and tend to shew that the work of the Lord is prospering in his hands; those into whose hands these reports come, are careful to cull the fairest and most delicate-scented flowers, and to so exhibit them that neither any of their fragrance, or

their beauty shall be lost, and that it may fully appear how many tokens of his favour the Lord is being pleased to crown the exertions of their agents with, and then with a kind of craving which will be satisfied with nothing else, these accounts are read. And in all this feeling there is a kind of holiness—who can find fault in it? Most assuredly I would not, were truth only promoted by it, but it is not.

CHAPTER XIV.

Over-sanguine expectations of missionary success—Another system of missionary labour proposed—Caffre letter-carriers ; their deceit and perfidy—Murder of Mr. Brownlee—Inaction of the Colonial Government—The movements of the troops paralyzed.

THE last chapter closed with a sort of critique upon the manner in which mission feeling at home is sought to be constantly kept under the influence of a stimulus. It seems to me, the fruit of this is being now gathered. Successes have been reported, in the shape of conversions and baptisms, till you have been led to suppose, that there must now exist, in the midst of these heathen tribes, such Christian communities as might easily support, amongst themselves, the ordinances of religion, and at very little trouble disseminate its truths among their yet-unconverted countrymen. You expect a depth of Christian principle too, and a decision of Christian character, from the sacrifices many of these converts are represented to have made, and the sufferings they have had to endure, beyond what you look for in those who avow their attachment to Christianity, where all make at least profession of it. Some of the more noted of those converted heathen have been brought home, and are carried about, from town to town, where they are shewn off like caged lions. All this, and much more, in the shape of cooking reports and culling extracts from the

letters and journals of missionaries, all to keep alive the excitement which is found to be needful to keep the contributions from falling off.

But all will not do. Most of our mission societies, those even of longest standing and largest experience, find all their efforts to raise more money to be utterly vain. Now, since coming here to the mission field, and seeing with my own eyes how things are carried on at many stations, I hardly regret that the difficulty of replenishing the money chest at home, of the various societies, is felt. That will constrain to economy in the administration of the funds, and lead to useful investigations. How the natives of other countries may be affected by it, I do not know, but as to the natives here, of all classes, the money spent upon a station, exercises a very marked influence in drawing them to it, and keeping them about it.

Whenever I hear of a mission station spoken of for being in a flourishing condition, one of my first inquiries is, what amount of mission funds is annually expended upon it? The result of my observation is, that the so-called prosperity of the station may be safely set down as in proportion to the sum which its maintenance costs. On the other hand, there are fathers and brethren, who, for diligence in their work, devotedness and adaption to it, are second to none in the field, who yet have neither obtained notoriety for the success of their labours, nor the prosperity of their stations, just because they have a more just appreciation of native character, and a more conscientious regard to the expenditure of mission funds. They know something of labour, and

have firmness enough to give only a just remuneration for it ; and are not ashamed to be found with a spade or an axe in their own hand. Why are our mission treasurers so careful to publish monthly their list of contributions, down to the sum of a solitary shilling. The expenditure of public funds is always as jealously looked into as the collection of them, and it would be a decided improvement, were there an account published of the expenditure of our mission funds, as minute as that which regularly appears of their collection.

Nor is the abuse of funds, so benevolently contributed, the only evil connected with this system. The stations where so much money is expended are points of attraction to the most worthless class of the natives—"Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." There, those too lazy to earn an honest subsistence in farm service, take refuge, and sit down in ignominious indolence. They attach themselves to some friend's family, and occasionally do a day's work, for which they receive money more than threefold equivalent to the value of what they do. They know it will gratify the missionary, and ensure them a still larger remuneration for what they do, when they join the church, and so they make application to be baptized. When the day to prove their principle comes, such as that which has now been prolonged for so many months, they are found in the very forefront of those who excel in every wickedness. Not as you are made to suppose, fighting for independence, or the recovery of their country, but rioting in the wildest brigandism, burning down

the homes, and carrying off the property, yes, and shedding the blood of honest, industrious, peaceable, and God-fearing men, not even sparing their missionaries in any thing but their lives. Adding to this the grossest and most unprincipled licentiousness of life, to which the heathen are addicted. All this I have witnessed with distress, and have no hesitation in stating my conviction, that if operations are to be continued, for the enlightenment and evangelization of the native races of South Africa, these operations must be directed and managed by the Christian community here and not by those some six thousand or more miles removed from the field of those operations, and to whom it is not possible to communicate such a knowledge of the circumstances of this country, and the character of the natives, as that they can understand either.

If the churches here be not sufficiently awake to this duty, then let those of Britain, more especially those of Scotland, between which and the Dutch Reformed Church here, there is so close a similarity, use all means, in Christian affection and faithfulness, to stir them up; this is by no means to be looked at as a hopeless undertaking; let it be set about in earnestness and affection, and I have confidence that the issue will gladden many a heart, now grieved and downcast under an inward sense of failure of the means that have hitherto been adopted, for the evangelization and civilizing of those tribes, not yet one move above barbarism, after well nigh half a century of mission labour among them.

What a disquisition I have insensibly been

drawn into! I must break off, and keep to my daily jottings.

March 23—Sabbath.—Had undisturbed enjoyment of the sacred exercises of the day. Read Howe's Discourse on the occasion of Thanksgiving for the taking of Namur. At one time I had a good deal of feeling in common with those who attempted to hold up such things to a sort of ridicule. "To thank God—God who delighteth in mercy—who is love—that we have been successful in hacking to pieces, shooting down, or famishing so many of those who are children of the same Universal Parent." But really this is not the way to put it. We thank God that he has either blessed our own efforts for self-defence, or otherwise preserved, or delivered us, from being hacked to pieces, shot, or famished, or enslaved. And is this nothing for which to cherish and express gratitude? Those who never were in the slightest danger, or exposed to the most remote likelihood of being either the one or the other, may say nothing. A time, without fail, will be, when wars will "cease unto the end of the earth;" but the number of wicked men must be greatly reduced ere that can be. While the world is what it is, the soldier with his rifle, is just as needful as the police man, or constable with his baton. Let God, the all-wise disposer of events, be acknowledged in war, as well as in every thing else, and thanked for the prosperous issue thereof. It is the complaint of the most devout and God-fearing men on this frontier, that no acknowledgment of God whatever has been made by our public men here during this eventful crisis. And for all this self-exaltation, it may be,

that the issue so loudly boasted of, and so greatly desired, is being denied, to humble the proud.

March 25.—Yesterday we had an anxious day. With the greatest difficulty we had got two of the station women to go down to Lovedale. We were afraid that we might be suspected of having communication with the authorities at Alice or Fort Hare. Having seen so much of native deceit and treachery, we had confidence in no one, and hesitated to entrust letters to friends at home, acquainting them with our circumstances, to those women, and were not less concerned as to their bringing safe up letters, which we confidently expected to be lying for us, from dear friends in a far land. The letters, which some six weeks before I had sealed up, to send with the Lovedale women who came to Soga's, I now ventured to send; this was our first opportunity for the by-gone ten weeks, of either sending to, or getting any thing from Lovedale or Alice.

About midnight the women returned, with a large packet of home letters and newspapers for us, and we were assured that what we had entrusted to them, had been safely delivered to friends at Lovedale to be forwarded. We all waked up, and had the candles lighted to read the letters we had received, and we slept but little again that night. My own heart was agitated under quite a tumult of feeling, which at intervals sought vent in tears. Oh, the remembrances waked up by some of those letters! all that friendly interest with which we are still regarded—it breaks me down altogether!

March 28.—Considerable numbers of Caffres and Hottentots had passed out from the Amatole;

with what object, we did not properly know yesterday. Last night, the dogs on the station kept barking without intermission, much to our annoyance and alarm, and all the more so, that we knew nothing of what they kept barking at. This morning, however, on looking out at grey dawn, a party of nearly a hundred Caffres was observed passing back towards the Amatole—parties of Hottentots and Caffres continued to pass so, till the forenoon was well advanced; in all, there must have been several hundreds; they came right over the brow of the mountain, and down the forest, from the direction of Mancazana, on the other side of the mountain, where General Somerset was encamped, on his way, as we learned, to Eland's Post, with 1300 men, to attack the rebels, who had assembled in that neighbourhood.

The object of those who were now passing through the station, had been to fall upon the General at some advantageous point, under cover of the bush. Their approach, however, had been observed, and a skirmishing-party sent out upon them, who had little difficulty in driving them away, with the loss of several men killed and wounded. Singular, these armed and disappointed hordes, all passed within twelve yards of our door, without one of them ever once stopping, or turning aside, to give us even a look of violence. Of a truth, we have a "sure defence!" An occasion like this speaks to more than our weak faith—it works in us a sense of being "hid in His pavilion; in the secret of His tabernacle hath He hid us, covered us with His feathers, therefore will we offer in His tabernacle sacrifices

of joy: we will sing, yea, we will sing praises unto the Lord."

April 2.—Last night while sitting at our evening meal, we were startled by the report of smart firing in the near neighbourhood, which continued till the parties must have had good eyes to see each other. Such a thing as this at nightfall excites uneasiness, as we do not know who is about us. Afterwards learned that the men in the bush had gone to help themselves to a drove of the Fingoes' oxen, and were chased back to their retreat.

April 8.—These station people, they come to tell us things just to trouble and vex us. They profess all the time to be on the side of Government, and yet with all their adroitness in the practice of deceit, they cannot conceal their joy at any reverse sustained by the troops. They complain sadly of the Cape corps having deceived and betrayed them. They had engaged when brought to the assault of Fort Armstrong, when occupied by the rebel Hottentots, to turn round and fight with the Hottentots, against the English, and that when guarding the ammunition waggon, they were so to manage as that it should fall into the hands of the Caffres. Neither of these engagements have been kept, they say; only some nineteen of the Cape corps, found opportunity to desert and go over to the Caffres.

They tell us now, however, that hundreds of them have deserted, walking quietly out of the barracks at King William's Town, and with all their arms, baggage, wives and children, have joined Sandilli. This is horrid! Felt quite wretched this morning, after hearing a long narration of

such things. From the beginning of this wild and wicked outbreak, I have felt an interest, the intensity of which is altogether indescribable, in the speedy and entire subjugation of the rebels—for the success of every movement of the lawfully constituted authorities, my prayers have been unceasing.

Restrained by the hand of the Almighty, the Caffres have been kept from offering us any violence, and for many of those poor deluded men, as individuals, I have the most lively feelings of pity ; but in this present outbreak, there is so much mad foolishness, deceit, perfidy, and direct devil-work, that I cannot think any good man could wish any thing else than their thorough and entire humiliation. There is not only the sacrifice of life, and that all in the basest and most cowardly manner, by the hands of the Caffres themselves, but all to which they have provoked, may be justly charged against them.

In the evening, women that we had again got to go to Lovedale, brought a note from Mr. Thomson, confirming a native report, which we had tried to disbelieve, that Mr. James Brownlee had been cut off by the weapon of the ungrateful Caffre ! What a stroke this must be to his honoured parents, his amiable wife, to whom he had been espoused only a few months, and his whole family, who seem knit to each other by ties of more than brotherly and sisterly affection. The best energies of his venerable father's life, have been all spent in one unceasing endeavour to communicate the blessings of the Christian faith, and the benefits of civilization, to those very men by

whom he has been so cruelly bereft of a beloved son.

Mr. Brownlee is the oldest missionary in Caffreland. He is one of those who has never courted notoriety, and whose name and whose labours have been comparatively little known or heard of in missionary circles at home. Notwithstanding, of all the mission staff of the different societies having agents in Caffreland, none possess greater fitness for the work, or have exhibited greater zeal, perseverance, and self-denial; and he has been honoured too of God with a measure of success beyond many of those of whom more has been heard. He was originally a "Scotch gardener," from the associate congregation of Davie's Dykes or Cambusnethan; hence the well-established character of his Christian principle, the deep tone and manliness of his piety, while the character of his early avocation, gave him a decided adaptation to the peculiarities of this field above most others. He may be regarded as the first missionary that established himself among the Caffres. Williams was before him, but the sun soon went down, yea, even before noon, on his well-spent day, and his ashes have mouldered for the whole term of a generation, in one of those hallowed spots, here and there to be seen, where in solitariness sleep the Christian dead in this land of heathenism, till the resurrection of the blessed. Mr. Brownlee was the founder of Chumie station, which he transferred to the superintendence of Messrs. Thomson and Chalmers, and he moved forward some fifty miles, to establish a new station on the Buffalo river, which is now a flourishing town—King William's Town—with a population

of European race, the station people mostly occupying the outskirts. Were there nothing else than the selection of these two places for the establishment of mission stations, Mr. Brownlee's claims of peculiar fitness for this field would be established. None of those stations have ever been abandoned for unsuitableness, after the expenditure of hundreds, for aught I know, thousands, of pounds of mission funds upon them.

The Caffres made an attack upon Mr. Brownlee's station at night, and succeeded in carrying off the people's cattle. His son got mounted to head a party, the owners and others, to go in pursuit in the hope of recovering the cattle. When several miles from the station, or any place that help might be expected to reach them from, a party of the Caffres at an advantageous point waylaid them. Mr. Brownlee received a severe assagai wound about the back. Some of his party got on to horseback beside him to keep him from falling as they attempted to retrace their path homeward. They were not however to be thus let go. Their assailants pressed them hard, and everyone found it needful to provide as he best could for his own safety, and their wounded leader was abandoned.

He begged the Caffres to spare his life, and referred them to the well-known friendly feeling which both himself and all his family had ever cherished towards them, and their whole conduct had been illustrative of this feeling. But in glutting their savage barbarism, they were not to be stayed; nor were they satisfied with merely inflicting death—they must mutilate the remains of their victim; they severed his head from his

body, and carried it to Sandilli, that he might offer it as a sacrifice to Umlanjeni! His brother with a large party went out the following morning and brought home his body. The young man will long be remembered, and his untimely end, by all who knew him. The barbarous treatment of his remains aggravates and adds intensity to the shock sustained by his honoured parents, his wife, and fondly attached brothers and sisters; but his soul safe in the bosom of his Saviour, what matters it all!

March 19.—Some of those vile, lying, Hottentot women are come from Fort Hare or Alice. They say a commando is to be up to Chumie soon, and as if it were already in sight there is nothing but excitement on the station. The women are all packing their corn in ox-hide sacks, or one might call them barrels, they are so stiff and hard. These they sew up with a thong, and are running with them to stow away in some secret place or to bury them. Their goods of every kind, and their pumpkins also, all that they cannot carry to the bush with them, they hide. Well, they will believe the tales of these lying creatures, rather than regard my assurances, and I cannot help it if they give themselves an afternoon's hard work for nothing.

To hear of anything at all, to break the monotony of our existence here is a relief to us. There is either a sad lack of information respecting the spirit and position of the rebels, an unworthy fear of them, a distrust of the levies raised, or a wish to prolong this miserable state of things. To call these offensive military operations! They are if not a puzzle for their do nothingness to the

Caffre, a diversion to him rather than an offence. To the Colonists and those having to pay for them, they may well be regarded as offensive from their imbecility and tardiness. Men seem to belie their character so, one does not know what to think. Where now is he, who was known as the impetuous Col. Smith, or still later the dashing leader at Aliwal.

March 21.—Could hardly resist being in some degree affected by the excitement on the station, and half expected the appearance of General Somerset early yesterday morning: however, we enjoyed the sabbath in quiet. About dusk a small party of Caffres, as if from the Amatole, made towards the station. From their keeping in concealment among the trees, had my fears excited that they might have come to burn the buildings, and could not go within doors till I saw what was likely to be their object.

After it was pretty dark, four of them came up and passed me twice, as I paced backward and forward in front of the house. The latter time they spoke to me, and I thought the tone friendly, only they called me *umbingse*—white man—which in these times is not at all a complimentary mode of address. I said a few words to them, and my apprehensions were dissipated. So far as I could guess their object, they were on their way into the Colony to steal cattle, rather than to do us on the station any injury. Again has God been better to us than our fears.

March 22.—When first we saw the party that alarmed us last night, I had gone down with Mrs Brown to visit a lad who had been lying in one of the old huts, for the last four weeks. Where

he had been going I do not know ; it is said, that he was out looking for lost horses ; quite likely, however, that he would have taken the first horse that there was an opportunity of getting safely off with, without much regard to the real owner. If so, he will never again go out on such an errand. Some of the Fingoes attached to General Somerset's division, had seen and fired at him in the bush. The ball entered almost in the centre of his chest, and had passed backward and upward, and seemed to have been hindered passing quite out, by striking the high corner of the shoulder-blade behind.

On receiving this wound he fell, and an assagai, which he had in his hand, was wrenched from his grasp, and he had been stabbed with it through the hand, and several times in the belly. No doubt he was left for dead. After lying at least one day in this state, he got up and made his way right down the face of the mountain, and reached the station in a state of great suffering. It was several days before I knew of his being there. His cries during the night, it was said, might be heard over all the place. When I first saw him, he lay outside the hut. He seemed to be in great distress. The ball had fallen down inwardly from where some of the men had felt it, just within the skin behind the shoulder ; and he was breathing by the wound in front, when it was not stopped with matter.

I hardly contemplated being of any service, in either relieving his pain or healing his wound.

My attention was at once directed to his more important interest, and the state of his undying soul. I found him able to converse, and ascer-

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tained him to be not only utterly ignorant of even the name of God and Christ, but most stupid, I would say, in forming any conception of what I said to him of his Creator and Saviour. He seemed never to have thought of himself otherwise than as a thing, just as a tree that grows out of the ground, and, as he said—"Would soon be done."

I tried to make him know what he was, but had only the satisfaction of hearing him say he heard me. In a native's mouth, this expression means, that he hears you, just as he would do the report of a gun, or the lowing of an ox. A longer period was afforded for a few rays of light to be admitted into the dark mind of this youth, than I had at first ventured to anticipate. Scarcely one of the natives, even station people, would go near him; when we sent any of them with a little food for him, they set it down outside the hut, and made him crawl out for it. To condescend to minister to the wants of such an one, was beneath them!

My visits to him were almost daily, and each time I repeated, and tried to explain to him, the three or four truths of the Gospel, which are essential to salvation. Sometimes I thought improvement perceptible; at other times it seemed as no improvement whatever had been made. The last week was, however, more satisfactory. He slept none, and the things that I spoke to him often came into his head during the night; and, last night, in answer to my question, whether he now ever tried to pray by himself, and what his prayer was, he answered—"Udikangele, Tixo! udikangele, Yezu Christu, Uyana ka Tixo!"

Poor lad! with all my privileges, learning, attainments, &c., what else can I do, than just take my place beside you, and say with you—"Look on me, God! look on me, Jesus Christ, the Son of God!" These were the last words that I heard him utter. On going down early this morning, he was cold in death, and lay with his eyes open, just as if looking after us, when we left the hut. Who shall forbid me to cherish the hope, that I may meet that youth at the right hand of the Son of God, in heaven?

April 24.—The bygone night and day have been a season of keen anguish: the natives report that Colonel Mackinnon, Superintendent Davies, with several others, have been cut off. How it is, I know not, but I have ever felt more, far more, for the general issue of these movements, for the subjugation of the rebels, than I have ever done for my own personal safety. But, above all, what is to be the issue, in regard to the mission of the Gospel among these native tribes? Are they really to be cast away? They have run readily after an agent of Satan, while they have despised and disregarded the servants of the Most High God, and the message of salvation through Jesus Christ! This is certainly the work of the wicked one: and just as certainly will he be crushed. The Lord, in judgment and mercy, hasten it!

Meanwhile, the conflict between darkness, barbarism, and devil-servitude, on one side—and advancing light, civilization, and the inestimable freedom of the Gospel, on the other, seems to be in the most ticklish position. The veriest accident, according to human calculations, might

turn the whole against us : and the beam once turned, and the going-down scale toward us, with the treachery already developed, and the disaffection known to exist among those eating our bread and receiving our pay—God himself then arise for the succour of the European inhabitants of this land ! The very thought of what might otherwise be, makes one's heart flutter.

CHAPTER XV.

The Fingoes successful in an attack—Mr. Renton reaches Graham's Town, and finds injurious reports current—The Caffres attacked in the Amatole—The war languishes—Caffre converts disgrace their profession—A distressing misapprehension—The inhabitants of Gwali suspected by the British.

MAY 7.—We have now winter in all its rigour. Sabbath night set in a severe storm, with excessive cold—this continued all Monday. Snow covered the top and sides of Chumie mountain, the storm wrapped all the other mountains so in its thick dark mantle, that they were hid from us. Yesterday they were partially seen, as the dark covering under which they had been shrouded was being rolled off. To-day it is laid quite by, and the bright sun shines forth upon the snow-clad mountains. In an African landscape, this looks both strange and unpleasant. Snow and sunshine so bright, sort ill together. The cold too, though the water be not freezing, has a more overcoming influence upon the animal system, than the severest frost that I ever experienced in our own northern-home latitude : it wants all the bracing qualities of a good snell frost at home.

May 10.—Towards sunset, just as we were sitting at our evening meal, which according to use and wont we still call tea, although a plate of beat turnips, mixed with boiled peas or horse beans, with a little pepper and salt—which is more like our pumpkins and meelies, than any-

thing else I know—this, with a cup of flavourless tea, without milk, and with scanty sugar, would hardly pass current as tea, with most social tea-drinking parties; yet we are thankful for it, and thrive not so bad upon it. While sitting thus at tea, two or three shots were heard, which now on all occasions causes us to look out. Some seven individuals were coming down one of the ridges from the bush, straggling one behind another, and endeavouring to get along with them three horses, too knocked up to carry any one; the whole party the very personification of exhaustion—they looked like Hottentots.

After tea I went out to ascertain what had been going on. Just approaching the door was my old and trusty friend Totane, or rather the bones of him, pulling along a horse quite as clean of flesh as himself, over which was hung a large blue cloak. Gladness beamed in the poor man's eyes when he saw me, and he in grasping my hand, gave me one of the most complimentary salutations. He then dropped the bridle from his hand, set himself upon the threshold of the door, and said "Come to me." His appearance was expressive of alarm and exhaustion beyond anything that I had ever pictured to myself.

Another Caffre on horseback, who had been wounded in the foot by a ball, accompanied him, and he stated that of seventy Hottentots and eighteen Caffres, who had gone out to attack the Fingoes, and spoil them of their cattle, they alone had escaped. No commando or patrol even had come upon them, only the herdsmen, and of these there were not more than ten! The Fingoes did not fight much when their cattle were taken, but

made an unexpected attack at an advantageous point upon their spoilers, as they drove away the cattle, and recovered them. The Hottentots fled, every man as he best could, and the Fingoes pursued them seven or eight miles, and it was the report of their fire-arms we had heard.

Totane's fear, however, had much swelled the number of the slain. Straggling Hottentots came dropping one by one into the station all night, many of them wounded, but it seemed half the seventy or more, would yet cast up alive. Scarcely one passed without asking a drink of water, some impudently demanding coffee and food that we had not for ourselves. We certainly were not grieved at this defeat of these men; nor do I think that either Christian principle or Christian feeling was violated in our not doing so; they seem "irreclaimable."

May 12.—Seasons of darkness, darkness whose shade is thick blackness itself, I sometimes have, and this morning was one of these. It was as if there were no deliverance for us. After breakfast and I got something to do, I became more submissive; I said to myself, God most certainly has some purpose to serve by my continuance here—I will patiently wait. Find active employment often a corrective of sinful temper.

May 14.—Reckoning this to be the evening of the missionary meeting of Synod, I devoted the season to special prayer, and a calm hallowed season it was. In the still clear moonlight, I knelt by the side of the dark forest, at the foot of the mountain, and was one in heart, with friends, fathers, and brethren presenting their united supplications to the Lord of Missions, in the Synod

Hall, Edinburgh. There are times when it behoves the friends of missions to be instant in prayer. How dark, how very dark are our prospects here! And yet I feel confident that these things will turn out rather to the furtherance of the gospel.

May 16.—Had an opportunity to send for posting a packet of letters for home, and the messengers in return brought me a packet from dear friends in Scotland, with nine Colonial newspapers. Learn from these with grief and surprise, of the wicked treatment which Mr. Renton had experienced at Graham's Town. It seems to me a most unaccountable matter. What Mr. Renton's views now are, or what expression he has published of them, I do not know; but they must have undergone an entire change since he left Chumie, if they be not as decidedly condemnatory of both Caffres and Hottentots in their lawless outbreak, as those of any of his assailants. The infection of some lawless mania seems to be afloat in our atmosphere, by which white and black are alike liable to be smitten. When did ever a community of European extraction, appear so much like Hottentots!

May 17.—Soga favoured us with his unwelcome presence this afternoon; fear and anxiety sit upon his countenance; it is so now with almost every Caffre, and still more so with the Hottentots. Their bushy mountain fastnesses are not proof against cold, and their cattle are dying upon the exposed heights in hundreds. They can ill-conceal, with all their adroitness in the practice of deception, the consciousness of guilt that disturbs them. They feel that they have provoked severe retribu-

tive justice, and that they are not likely much longer to be able to either resist, or avoid the just reward of their deeds, making their position anything else than enviable. Soga said very little, and none of us sought to prolong his visit.

May 19.—This afternoon and evening has been one of my cloudy seasons. What is to be the issue of this state of things, in reference to the cause of Christ, among the heathen in this land? A class of the Colonists who have never been without their prejudices against missions, have now all these prejudices deepened; and what is most to be lamented, there are now too good grounds afforded by those settled, at most, if not all of our frontier mission stations, both Hottentot and Caffre, for the confirmation of that prejudice against them. Then there is the disaffection and hostility of the whole coloured race towards the white man: is theirs a state of mind or heart in which they are likely to receive the blessings of salvation through his agency? All is so dark, so dismally dark; God himself must appear; we cannot go on.

From a mission record just come to hand, learn with feelings of lively sorrow, that Jamaica has been visited by cholera; deeply sympathise with mission brethren and churches there. It is not only in this field that we are called to endure a great fight of afflictions.

Well, what else have we to look for? Our course is a warfare, our calling soldiers. We are in the enemy's country, using every endeavour to subvert his power, overthrow his empire, and redeem his captives. Is it to be expected that he will stand quietly by, and see all this? Our

struggle here is a hand to hand, face to face conflict with the devil; every feature of his horrid visage is full in our sight; we cannot be mistaken. His kingdom is "full of darkness," his captives are "delivered into chains of darkness;" no need that he assume the character of an angel of light here.

Jamaica brethren seem to have this advantage over us—it would almost appear that the Lord has risen up to their help. Looking at those upon whom the plague has fallen with the most unsparing severity, He seems to be sweeping off with the besom of his justice, those who are most offensive to his pure eyes, and by whom the land is polluted. He will arise to our help also: we will not despair. His long suffering and forbearance have had large exercise towards the natives of these lands, and by none was he ever more openly insulted, or his grace more contemptuously despised.

May 24.—Two women ventured to go to Block-drift for Mrs. Chalmers, last night, in company with some of the station people from Lovedale, who always manage somehow to get to their friends here in the bush, when they have anything to communicate. The women returned during the night, and brought me a large packet of Colonial and home newspapers. Learn in a sort of indirect way that injurious reports regarding our remaining at Gwali are in circulation. This is what I feared from the first, that suspicions would very naturally be excited in certain minds, by our continuance at the station. I am most ready, however, to submit my whole conduct to the most rigid scrutiny.

May 26.—It looks as if some work were doing

to-day in the Amatole direction. The Caffres that have been lounging about for some time, slipt quietly away last night as it was getting dark, and from their manner we could easily perceive, that there was something in the wind. We had just undressed and gone to bed last night, when the smart report of several guns, quite at hand, made us jump to our feet, and run all undressed as we were, some to doors, some to windows, to learn if we could who was there, or what these reports meant. The women, boys, and children, were already running past the front of the house and all so frightened, that not one of them would stand to answer any of our questions. They got to the back door, nor did they stand to knock that it might be opened, nor even speak, but with a silent resistless pressure made their way in, and ere one of them spoke a word, the room seemed as tightly packed as one could well cord a parcel of quills. All were so much out of breath, that they could not yet answer any of our enquiries, nor could they even tell us more than we knew ourselves ; they had heard the shooting, that was all, but had neither waited nor turned to look who it was. To-night we learn that the firing was a signal which the men in the bush understood, and left to join in the attack upon the troops in the Amatole.

It was not till after breakfast to-day, that we knew anything of the troops having gone to the Amatole. Then at the lower point of the ridge that runs down between the Izincuka—wolf river—and the Amatole, the smoke intensely thick and dark rose, which told us some party was at work. Early in the forenoon a party was observed to

come down the Tyumie side of the mountain that separates the Amatole basin from the Tyumiehoek, bringing cattle with them. The Caffres then are being spoiled in their chosen stronghold!

Towards the afternoon the march of the troops along the ridge towards the head of the Amatole was distinctly seen, and in favourable positions firing was heard. After dark the men came back here, evidently under the impression that the case of the Caffres was hopeless even in the Amatole. That stronghold, instead of being attacked at one point only, had been assailed on every side, where assault was practicable. On seeing the approach of the first party, the Caffres had thought of attempting to resist, but on becoming aware of the amount of the force that was being brought to bear against them at all the different points, they were filled with consternation.

May 28.—Two days more have contributed some additional items to our knowledge of what has been going on. "What are we to do?" is the question on every Caffre's lips. But the one thing to do, to throw down the arms of their rebellion, seems to be a step for which they are not yet sufficiently humbled.

After dark last night, the dogs set up such a barking, as at first to excite the fear that we were being attacked. It turned out to be only two Caffres, messengers it seems from Macomo, who, with his party occupying some bushy kloofs beyond Balfour, to those occupying the Amatole. The craft of the chief seems to be unequally matched with the cannon of Somerset. What these men's errand to the Amatole was, we did not learn. To their dismay it had been told them,

by some one fleeing from the Amatole, that that place—that every place, was filled with “impi,”—the enemy. The Caffres rarely fail in the look-out department, but it does appear that on this occasion an additional argus might have been of advantage to them.

In the Izincuka, Sandilli's fears were excited, and he had sent to call Tyalie's people from the Amatole to his help. From their own side an equal danger threatened them, and Wobo had sent to Sandilli for help. All the spruits of the Kieskama too, are being scoured by the “Amagesi”—English. Macomo will not ask Sir H. Smith now, whether he has got ships that will sail into the Amatole.

Macomo himself keeps in some of the fastnesses of Kat-river bush; and his followers supply themselves with ammunition at General Somerset's expense. A number of them stand ready with a quantity of earth, where his shells are expected to fall; with this they smother the shot before it explodes; they sit down, rip up the packing, and with the contents shoot the English, tauntingly calling to them “fire away with your cannon—these are just the things we are in want of” This is from the Caffres. Some will have it that they have French officers among them. This would almost lead one to conclude that some of Buonaparte's veterans now figure at this, the other extremity of Africa, who half a century ago, skipped after the English balls on the sands of Acre.

“The commando is coming,” set us all astir this morning. A division had been patrolling up the Tyunie, and now moved down the river. From the mountain side the men early saw this, and gave

notice to the women on the station. They were soon all in motion, stowing away their corn and pumpkins, and then collected themselves near our house. I can now ill stand a little flurry. Got into a state exactly similar to what I was in, when first ushered into the presence of Macomo, and his people on the 28th December. A profuse perspiration broke all over me, and I had all but fainted. The commando did not, however, cross the river, and consequently were not within four or five miles of us. Saw the party in the forenoon skirting away along the foot of the mountain, in the direction of Fort Cox.

May 31.—Yesterday six very fat oxen were brought along behind our house by a party of the station men. When those parties see that I observe them, they slip away from the cattle, and wait till they have gone down into some of the hollows, where I cannot see them, then they go and drive them to the rendezvous of the party that has stolen them, and keep them grazing near the edge of the bush far up the mountain. If no immediate danger is apprehended, they let them go here a few days, and then two or three of the lads start with them, away far back into the country, one or two being generally killed for food or a feast. The party of which Festivi is the acknowledged head, has brought more of such cattle into the bush here, than all the others together. His brothers have approved themselves as most expert thieves. The few men that keep by Dukwane and Toby profess to be grieved by Festivi's conduct, and shun intercourse with him.

The move into the Amatole, seems to have

been comparatively unsuccessful. The Caffres have got a fright, and lost four hirsles of cattle, but that seems to be about the sum total of the results. These operations want that thoroughness, so much needed to bring matters to a successful issue. There is too much hurry, smoke, and noise. A game, in fun, at hide and seek, would call forth far more earnestness.

Operations gone into with hearty earnestness, with a definite object, and persevered in for a few weeks, instead of a bivouac for one night, would bring this wretched state of things to a close. The Caffres, instead of opposing the troops, got out of the way by flight or hiding; now if at all possessed of spirit or resolution, well supplied with amunition, and with the number of guns they have, with at least five hundred men taught to use them effectively, they might have done much deadly work among the troops, before they could have crossed the mountain from the Amatole to the Izincuka. The path is so steep, and impeded with immense blocks of stone, with grass in many places so thick and rank, that a man on foot is never seen among it; the Caffres who can creep along anywhere that a wild beast can go, might have long disputed the passage of the higher part of the mountain from either side.

Nzizo, milkman or butler, if you like it better, to Tebe, the great widow of Tyalie, a head of a large portion of his tribe, comes often to visit his brother Toby here, and we learn a good deal of the state of matters among the Caffres from him. We all regard him as one of the most candid of that crafty, equivocating people. He fled from the Amatole with the loss of his horse and blan-

ket, and had come to see whether any of his friends here could help him with any sort of covering. He let out, unwittingly I dare say, that Sandilli had not found the Izincuka, an over comfortable hiding-place with so many of the impi—enemy—in it, and had judged it prudent to decamp. Wobo, the young chief, son of Tyalie, had lost all his cattle! Nzizo professed not to know whether any of the Caffres were killed, but said two bastards, and an Englishman had fallen. The Caffres were quite tired of fighting, and just let stand altogether, and he thought peace would be, before next moon was dead. May it be so.

June 2.—Yesterday sabbath; Soga paid us a visit! it was neither long nor much desired. He seems subdued in his look and manner, but he is ill to know; pride, covetousness and deceit, are the constituent elements of his character. He made some allusions to planting his ground. The Caffres seem all to have a painful conviction that they have brought evil upon themselves, but have little notion of the extent of it. Few of them I suppose will plant their old land.

Shortly before our season of social worship, we heard a few shots fired in the direction of Johannesburg, and while engaged in worship, six oxen were driven past close behind the fence of the garden, and taken onwards up the river. A shot or two was fired up where Festivi's party are, and on enquiring found that Festivi was killing an ox, notwithstanding its being the Sabbath. I feel annoyed and vexed beyond measure by these things. The sin of rebellion is bad, still there are circumstances when even a good man may be be-

trayed into an unlawful step ; but there is the law of God expressed in terms that cannot be misunderstood, and which must sound in so lively a tone, in the conscience of every truly God-fearing man, that he cannot, dare not, disregard it. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." "Thou shalt not steal," are plain and positive injunctions. And when I see men who exercised the office of elder in the Christian church, who for many years have been paid a handsome salary to teach the laws of God, and the doctrines of Christianity to their unenlightened countrymen habitually set these laws at nought, and living just as the heathen do, I know not what to think. By far the greater part of the admitted converts here just now, respect the sabbath no more than do the heathen ; and those whom we have endeavoured to remonstrate with, tell us that they are with the Caffres, and not with teachers now. It is vexing, truly it is. Many a time do I wish that I had not stopped here, to see what I do see daily. By that thieving and sabbath profanation, my heart is grieved more than all.

June 7.—Another week of those times of trial and trouble, during which I have had to witness a good many of these vexing matters. On Tuesday saw Festivi for the first time since the second of March. On Wednesday seven head of young cattle and a horse, brought here by station people, among whom was Ubishi, one of the young converts lately admitted to the Church ; he returned to the station from service in the colony, and now turns his knowledge of the country, and of the farmers' cattle kraals, to good account in his

wicked work. He has succeeded above most in bringing small lots of cattle here.

On Wednesday, Daniel, who at the beginning of the war had been decoyed by his father from Burn's Hill station, returned unsuccessful with his party, who had gone to take cattle : they set out again in a different direction. The effect of these things is to make me wretched. When professed converts go heart and soul into such work, what are we to think or say ? On Thursday a party of eighteen Caffres passed from Amatole direction, on the same errand. And to day a large party of Hottentots passed ; several of them came to the door, which had been shut on observing their approach : they wanted to get coffee and tobacco, they said, and attempted to open the door ; Toby was at hand, and made himself serviceable in getting them away without any violence.

June 9.—Yesterday, sabbath, Daniel and his party returned, again unsuccessful. Most of the women have been away to the Fingoes' fields, and come back groaning under their loads of pumpkins and corn. Sabbath is now to them as any other day.

June 14.—This has been one of our coldest weeks, and we have had little of an exciting nature. On Wednesday, smoke being observed to rise from several places across the Tyumie, we had a morning of all the usual bustle, under the apprehension that it was a commando. It turned out to have been only a patrol, passing from Fort Cox to Fort Hare, which on their way had fired some huts.

To-day Gadu and his brother-in-law called : we learn from him, that a body of fresh troops have

come to Fort Hare; also that the Caffres and Hottentots, with Macomo, have burned Mr. Thomson's house, at Balfour, with the church; Mr. Read's, at Philipton, also, and all the other buildings in the neighbourhood. A party of fourteen of the wildest-looking Caffres from the Amatole, all armed, have just passed away, to take cattle, and, in all likelihood, shed blood; none of them, however, came within our fence. Surely the Almighty himself controls and restrains all the passions and feelings of these men when near us! I pray God their wicked works may speedily be brought to an end. When, oh, when will the cup of their iniquity be full, and these men overthrown!

June 16.—Yesterday three large oxen brought, and left immediately behind our house; they disappeared without my being able to discover who took them away. The day before, Dukwane slaughtered an ox—stolen, but he did not steal it, but received it from those whom he well knew did steal it. Thus a native justifies himself in such a case. Verily these are not the agents by whom the Gospel will be advanced among their countrymen. Observe, with renewed feelings of pain, that Festivi has yesterday added five large oxen to those he previously had—how long must I yet have to witness these things?

June 19.—The first sight I saw, on looking out this morning, was a party of Hottentots, driving about a dozen head of cattle in the direction of Amatole. A woman, from a bush beyond Balfour, gives a deplorable account of the state of matters there. Macomo and his party have no ammunition, and when the soldiers go into the

bush, the Caffres hide themselves under stones and in holes, till they again leave, as they cannot fight. More likely indeed than catching ammunition, as stated in last chapter.

June 23.—During the night was waked out of sleep, and not a little alarmed, by the barking of dogs, and the noise of horses galloping. After getting up this morning, learned that one of the men had come express from the Amatole, to warn those here, that a party of troops was to be here very early this morning to scour the bush. Hottentot women had brought this intelligence from Alice to Amatole. There was none of the usual passing to and fro between the station and the bush, and a kind of deserted solitariness was about the place, which excited our attention; this arose from the men having all fled as soon as the alarm was given. They reckoned themselves safer in some place up the river. Like most other Hottentot reports and alarms, this was report, and nothing more. It is another illustration, however, of the faithlessness of those natives who are harboured about our villages, military posts, and mission stations. Though it may be they are fed upon our bounty, and living in our families, they are not less our enemies, than their friends in the mountains, and are more dangerous and perfidious than they. It is this state of things that has given a peculiar character to this rebellion and war. A man dare hardly go out of sight of his own house, to take part in any united operations against the common enemy, not knowing what may befall those whom he leaves behind, whose lives are dear to him as his own. Confidence in native character is utterly destroyed.

Just as I was making the above entry, my attention was called to a band of Caffres, coming down the long, green ridge, with fourteen or more oxen, there being, at least, an equal number of men, mostly clothed in clean European clothing, and some having bundles besides. Our fears were at once excited; we knew no way in which they were likely to have obtained this, save by spoiling the home of some defenceless colonist, and not unlikely blood was shed, and life sacrificed. The party passed very quickly on towards Amatole. Some of the men ran down to see who these were, and learn where they had been so fortunate as to get so great spoil. They had attacked and plundered waggons about the Koonap.

June 24.—Some of the men came down from the mountain this morning, with embarrassment and uneasiness expressed in their every feature. The tents at Fort Hare had all disappeared during the night; this was all they could tell us, as they had not seen in what direction the troops had moved; movement, however, in any direction, filled them with apprehensions. Early in the forenoon, we saw for ourselves the direction in which the troops moved, and knew at once that the object must be an assault upon the Amatole.

The day was one of bright, mild sunshine, and at certain points, the eye could stretch along a train of waggons, with their white sails, extending over a space of several miles, moving slowly along over a succession of open grassy ridges, away behind the Mimosa bush, that skirts the left bank of the Tyumie, backwards for three miles. When the eye could take in, in an un-

broken view, the whole train of waggons, with the accompanying troops, it was an imposing spectacle. Whether any martial or patriotic spirit, I know not, or rather what serves for both, got kindled, I felt as if I could almost have "sodger'd it." It was near sunset before the last of the train got to the place of encampment. This is something to break the monotony of our existence. I feel quite excited.

June 25.—This day six months, we beheld the beginning of these troubles; and this morning has been to me one of scarcely less distress, than that on which they burst so unexpectedly around us. "When the first red streaks of dawn appeared in the east," I was up, to see whether any movement were observable about the camp—all was quiet. After a beautiful sunrise, the waggons drawn up in order, with the tents which had now been pitched, all shone full in our sight, so white, calm, and peaceful, that the idea of nachtmaal—the communion at some of the Dutch churches in the interior of the colony, far more readily presented itself, than that "wars and fightings" had any thing to do with such a scene.

It has been my wont, especially since the breaking out of those troubles, to seek a daily season of retirement, shortly after our morning family worship. Under such circumstances as we are here, it produces a confidence, and imparts a comfort quite inexpressible, to bow in conscious helplessness before, and hold communion with Him, whose name is a "Strong Tower." Returning from the solitary spot consecrated by this exercise, I turned my eyes towards the camp, and observed a thin smoke

rising: I thought nothing of this; but in less than half an hour after, Mrs. Brown called in a tone of voice that startled me—"Did you see that thick smoke—what can it be?" The thick smoke I had not seen; but while we yet looked, it burst out anew.

For the first few minutes it gave me hardly any uneasiness, as I thought it to be nothing more than the grass that had caught fire; soon, however, the smoke became so dense, as to convince me that no grass in the neighbourhood of the camp could produce it: I knew the ground as well as I did the garden before me. Not a waggon or tent was now to be seen, and the line of smoke and flame which had now broken out, seemed to be the very line formed by the side of the camp next to us. To aid my vision, I turned our little glass towards the burning object, and had all my fears confirmed; a wall of flame stretched along the whole line of waggons and tents, and at every little interval, a burning mass was glaring and glowing with a fiercer and thicker flame.

Those who saw me, say that I became pale as death: I know, but cannot describe what I felt; my eyes grew dim—my limbs became faint and trembling; had I stood still, I should have sank to the ground; with a kind of staggering quick pace, I passed backward and forward from end to end of the verandah. I had the glass still in my hand, but dared not turn to the fire, under the dread of being made more certain of the truth. The black clouds of smoke rolled up faster and thicker, and the flame spread wider and wider: all was now lost! Whether by the stealthy incendiarism, or

the open assault of the Caffre, or by accident, I know not—the conflagration passed along with fearful rapidity.

In little more than an hour, the smoke cleared away, and the flame died down; then we saw, again, the white canvass of the waggons and tents, shining fair and peaceful as when the morning sun first fell upon them. A number of Caffre huts, on a gentle rising ground about a mile and a half on this side of the camp, had been set fire to, and the flame had caught the dry grass all about them, and so completely did these cover the camp, and seem so exactly in the very position occupied by it, that the illusion was as perfect, as our alarm was great.

June 28.—Our attention, for the last two or three days, has been mostly directed towards the Amatole. The clouds of smoke that we see from time to time rising, tell us that something is being done. The women from the station are allowed to visit the camp; they are treated with great kindness, and they bring notice to us that we may have supplies there. Towards the men of this place, great forbearance is exercised. Sandilli is said to have repeatedly summoned Umlanjeni to his presence, now that a fresh reinforcement of British troops are harrassing him. Why has he not, as he said he would do, broken all the ships on the sea, and sunk the men to the bottom? Sandilli, the truth has, for a long time, been offered to, and pressed upon your acceptance. You have, in your pride, despised and rejected it, and have not only been given up to believe a lie, but have, yourself, made choice of the lie. The reward of your deeds awaits you.

June 30.—Yesterday, sabbath, and a day of much enjoyment. It is exactly six months since the two never to be forgotten days, that I went forth to, and returned from Igqibira. What signal protection was afforded me by the Lord's hand on those days! May I never forget them, nor cease to be grateful at the remembrance of what I then experienced.

Read Payson's sermon, from the words, "Have I been a wilderness to Israel? a land of darkness?—Jer. ii., 31. What a gush of overcoming feeling these words produce! There is a pathos in them, enough to kindle affection in a heart the most destitute of it. There is an overcomingness in the Most High God, the Almighty, Jehovah, condescending thus to expostulate with fallen, rebellious, ungrateful man, all pollution and vile-ness!

Could my voice be heard from one end of the earth to the other, I would lift it up, and cry—No, Lord, no! Thou never hast been to me "A wilderness, a land of darkness!" "The Glorious Lord" hath been—is—aye, and will be, to me, "a place of broad rivers and streams!" To all who may ever hear my voice, or read my words, this do I testify—"O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness"—"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name!"

July 2.—Put a good deal out of sorts to-day, by a note which Mr. Thomson found opportunity to send. He urges me, if I can at all do so, without compromising the position of neutrality which we ostensibly occupy, to write at once to General Somerset, as reports have been taken to

the camp by some of the women from this, which had produced a most unpleasant impression upon the General's mind. These reports had been carried to the camp by Tousie, sister to Tiyo. We knew that she, with some of her sisters, had been to the camp, and she admitted that she had told them what she knew to be contrary to truth, and made a very lame attempt to reconcile this with her profession as an admitted convert. The exact nature of her report we did not learn. O, the deep deceit upon which the character of that whole family, without one exception, is based ! At once perfidious as Judas himself, and covetous too.

July 3.—Wrote a note to General Somerset last night, and was devising means to have it sent, without any of the people here knowing ; surprised, however, to observe the camp breaking up. This is bairn's play altogether ! Soon after breakfast, Lieutenant Green, with a strong escort, came to the station. He stated that he had been sent by the General, to know what we were doing. That Hottentots, who had given themselves up, and still more, some of our own women, had, within the last few days, given such reports of the station, as had excited both the Governor and General Somerset, so that it was all but resolved to surprise and destroy it ; but before proceeding to such extremities, it was thought better to learn the truth from me. I stated fully the truth, and how we felt our circumstances and position to be most unpleasant ; and if there was to be a longer continuance of the present state of things, was earnestly desirous of an opportunity to leave. Dukwane and Toby were called too,

to make any statement they might, regarding the party with them in the bush. Tousie's report was then read to me ; she describes herself to be " the daughter of Tsikana, sister of Dukwane, and wife of Tukane ;" and states, that every one of the Gwali school men are in the Amatole with the Caffres, fighting ; that only Mr. Brown is at the station ; he has the care of the women and children, and keeps kirk for them. This is every word false.

CHAPTER XVI.

Protection of the army requested—The conflagration—
Large assembly of natives—Female Warriors—Caffres
retreat—Tactics of the Caffres—More descents from
the Amatole—Caffre trading by barter.

It was often difficult for me to see a reason for the way in which Festivi and his party acted. It seemed to me that their object was, to provoke by any means to the destruction of the station, by the British troops; this would have made a choice case for some of the mission speeches in Scotland. At times too, it seemed to me, from the alarming reports that they brought, and the way in which they had them communicated to us, that they would have liked to see us run away with only the clothes we had on our backs, that they might possess themselves of all that we left behind. For a long time too, there was a party of the people, who did not run with them to the same excess of riot; at this they more than once evinced deep chagrin, and would have been glad to have seen evil come upon them. At one time Tousie said she had been sent by her brother. Again she said that she went of her own accord, without his knowing, but what object she had at all in visiting the camp, feigning herself to be another woman, and telling a story there, every word of which was false, she could not make any one understand. She was not alone, but accompanied

by other three of Soga's daughters. All, the officer remarked, most evidently decked out for a rough handling; and had the Fingoes discovered that they were Soga's daughters, it would not have been an easy matter to have protected them.

Lieutenant Green was evidently not a little distrustful on his first approach, but showed us every civility; and spoke out his mind frankly, after he had taken from my own lips a statement to be submitted to the Governor, of how matters stood in regard to both ourselves and those on the station. It was my earnest wish, to be afforded an opportunity of leaving the station, unless there were a prospect of an immediate termination of the war, for I could not conceive of a body of troops, such as we had seen brought to operate upon the Amatole, and not produce some very decided result. I placed myself at General Somerset's disposal, if he found it convenient to send an escort to take us out. I wished to leave, as even Dukwane and the party with him were now, by their own admission, living upon plunder, but that at the same time I had little apprehension of personal danger, and that my desire to leave was rather to get out of a position having so much that was painful in it, and that very naturally excited suspicions in certain minds regarding us.

That same evening, a feature of native character which I hardly know how to describe, was well brought out. Selfishness is one of its component parts, but there is something more. Our kitchen, which was made in Caffre-hut fashion, constructed of only dry grass and rods, with a brick fire-place and chimney, caught fire, and a magnificent blaze it made, only the danger the house was in, left us

little disposition to admire its grandeur. The whole of the women on the station were quickly about us, but there they stood, looking at, and making their remarks upon the fire. To move hand or foot to help us in any way, seemed to be a thing they had as little notion of doing, as the blocks of stone that lay around. Two women who had their corn stowed away in an empty space, did exert themselves to save it, but as for the others, their presence only tantalised us. What a contrast to how people at home under such circumstances put forth every exertion, as if by some irresistible impulse! I said to myself, well, if matters ever come to a sore push with us here, we cannot look for too little from these people!

July 5.—Soon after breakfast we saw General Somerset's division again in motion; Fort Hare seems to be the destination; really it looks like playing at war, this going-about work.

July 12.—All this side of the Amatole being again left open, by the withdrawal of General Somerset, the Caffres and Hottentots have not been slow to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them, of entering the Colony in small parties of tens and twelves, to plunder and do whatever other mischief it may profit or gratify them to perpetrate. Parties have passed this almost daily outward, and most of them seem greatly exhausted. Now, however, that they are thus much again at liberty to riot upon the fruits of honest industry, and diligent application and perseverance, they will soon regain their wasted strength, and raise their sunken spirits, yes, and add to their already provoking insolence, from the fact that the operations intended for their subjugation

tion have been desisted from, at the very point, when to have pressed them with resolution and energy, was all that was wanting to make them successful.

A Hottentot named Frederick —, called ; he had a grant of land on the Kat river, which he got after his full term of approved service, and was reckoned a respectable man ; he had been serjeant in the Cape Corps. Now he was a rebel. "It was hard," he said, "for him to live as he was doing, with his family in the bush ; their clothes were getting done, and they had a very irregular supply of coffee, sugar, tobacco, and things of this sort, to which they had been accustomed. He had given himself up," he said, "and Colonel Sutton, who knew him well, had dismissed him, to go to the other Hottentots and get them to surrender, and to live upon his own place."

This man seemed intelligent above most of his class, and was a deacon in Mr. Read's church. I thought him a likely person from which to learn what the feeling prevalent among the Hottentots was, and what reason they assigned for the part they had taken. He said the Hottentots were on the side of Government last war, and that they had lost a great many of their cattle, which the Caffres took, and for which Government had refused to make them any compensation, and therefore they would never again fight for Government ; that when they sold anything they did not get enough for it, and were despised and oppressed by the white man. They had written a letter detailing all their grievances, and that they had to pay a tax upon the wood they sold ; this was taken, and told him, by

Mr. Renton and the missionaries who had gone home, to the Queen, against whom they seemed to have never so much as dreamt that they were in rebellion.

Frederic told us also, that the Theopolis Hottentots, with their wives and children, were all in the Amatole. Wretched creatures! they rose upon and butchered or connived at the butchery of the Fingoes and others upon the station with themselves, while they were asleep, and in no apprehension of danger, and this for no other known reason, than that it was understood that the Fingoes would not join with them in the rebellion!

Hear contradictory reports as to where General Somerset has gone. On Friday night last, fires were kept blazing on the highest point of Izincuka ridge, and on this side of the Amatole. The Caffres understand what they mean; all we know is, that they bode no good. Have been all the week living in a sort of anxious uncertainty, half expecting to be one morning surprised and taken out by some party from Fort Hare.

June 14.—Early this morning two women started to go to Alice for us. In the evening got a little alarmed by Dukwane coming in to say that he was concerned to know that we had sent women there to-day, as the Caffres had mustered in great strength, and were now on their way to make an attack in the morning upon that place, and that if the women now happened to be on the road coming up, they could hardly miss falling into their hands, as the whole intervening country was by this time full of Caffres, and were it nothing more than our having sent on that day, the Caffres, if they came to know it,

might suspect that we had sent just to give warning of the intended assault. I had seen in the afternoon fourteen head of cattle brought in to about Festivi's place, and one slaughtered on the station, with a considerable number of goats; vexation at this had brought on such a nervous depression and headache as to unfit me for everything. I was little in condition to hear such intelligence, and laid me down that night in a state not to be envied. Our whole household indeed were in trouble and fear, nor after laying us down were we allowed long to rest.

Early in the night Toby knocked us up to tell us that Sandilli had sent to call out every man on the station to join in the attack to be made in the morning. All were preparing to go, only old Irving, Dukwane and himself, had resolved not to go; they did not know what to do, they were afraid. We afterwards heard the call given for all the men in the bush to come out; Mrs. Brown knew the voice to be Soga's, and he seemed to be standing near the mission buildings. Some time afterwards I heard Dukwane called by name; it was a female voice, I thought that of his wife, who seemed to be crying. This both much distressed me and alarmed me. It looked as if we were to have another Theopolis scene acted at Gwali. What with men bawling, dogs barking, people running to and fro, it was an awful night! It was good to know of Him, whose name is a "strong tower."

By sunrise all was quiet enough. There seemed to be scarcely a human being in the place save ourselves and a few children. The greater part of the women had been away since satur-

day, plundering the Fingoes' corn-fields. Soon after breakfast we saw those still on the place leave, all rigged out in wild heathen fashion, with their kevies over their shoulders, and away they went after their husbands, brothers, and other friends. Tousie was as on a previous occasion at the head of the young women. The women going out thus, was to me a more revolting spectacle, than the men ever presented. Most, if not all those who for two years before had been received into the Church, and the reports of whose baptism at various times, had gladdened many a pious heart in Scotland, had now made a formal renunciation of that faith which they had professed to embrace, and returned to all their heathen Caffre habits, their smearing with red clay, when they could get it, and the wearing of all the ornaments, distinctive of their heathen state. So great a change did this produce upon their appearance, that for a long time there was not one of them that I was able to recognize in their new habiliments. A female that one has been accustomed to see clothed in a frock of European make, even though it be none of the tidiest, looks different indeed, with only the fragments of an old blanket about her, and her person all smeared over with clay, and hung about with beads, and chains, and brass rings.

After seeing all that took place on that occasion, I felt at a loss to account for Toby having called us up during the night, to tell us that he, with Dukwane and Irving, had resolved not to go to the attack upon Alice. They, notwithstanding, went, and their wives followed them too with the others, while two or three of the

men remained on the station, and did not go. I had reason to fear that Toby called only that he might blindfold us. I had told Dukwane and him that I took notes of whatever occurred under my observation ; that these were transmitted, so that the mission board might know all that took place on the station ; and also that I had reported most favourably of the party with them to the Governor. The place that they occupied, on the side of the mountain, was an open ridge, where, if cattle were brought in, we must see them, and I stated my wish that they would not leave that place, if they would not be persuaded to live upon the station. This was some ten days before, and on that same day they left that place, and went more into the bush, where I could not see them. This greatly shook my confidence in them.

The women to have returned last night, had not yet come ; and a distressing morning it was to all of us. I must have sunk, but for support ministered by His arm, upon whom there was a necessity felt and seen, of us casting ourselves wholly. Early in the forenoon, the women, about whom we had become so anxious, returned. They had seen one of the advance parties of the Caffres, and were allowed to pass, from the feeling that it would be unlucky to plunder, or otherwise maltreat women, when just entering upon so great an enterprise.

During the day I went at intervals to such places where was the greatest likelihood of hearing the firing ; but all was still, and continued so till late in the afternoon, when far in the distance the women made their appearance ; and even at that far distance, it was not difficult for us to see,

that they were in sorry mood to sing the song of Deborah. The object for which the women go out thus after the men to battle, all armed with knob kevies, is to finish any of the unhappy victims who may have been so wounded as to be unable to get out of the way. When they fall in with any such, they plunder them of whatever they have, and then set-to, smashing them with their kevies, till even the human form can scarcely be recognized. One, who was herself an eyewitness of, if not an actor in, one of those horrid and barbarous scenes, informs me so.

Very soon after the women, the men began to make their appearance. They came, in irregular straggling bands, over the green ridge south-west of the station, and a more disheartened, exhausted, utterly-knocked-up multitude of people, I never saw. Much to our comfort, few of them came near the house. If they could have made haste, it was evident they would have hastened onward to Amatole: a feeling of fear and insecurity seemed to harrass them.

Those who came up our way, admitted that they had suffered what they even themselves regarded as a shameful defeat. Indeed the feeling prevalent among them seemed to be, that some "black art" was being brought into operation against them. They had mustered in great strength, and did succeed in taking a good many of the Fingoes' cattle; but the herds pursued and retook most of them—only the herds!

Where so many deeply-mortified and disappointed men were passing, I did not think it prudent to be forward in shewing myself. A party of the very worst looking of those who came up

to the house, asked for me, and said to Mrs. Brown, that they did not like to see me keep out of the way, as if I distrusted them. It was known to every Caffre that I was here, and I had nothing to fear; no one would harm me. Soga too, with his party, passed—and though beat, tried to bluster as much as ever. Faku, with all his people, were coming to help Sandilli.

The evening was one of clearest moonlight, and the stream of men flowed on: latterly they were casting themselves down on the station, or wherever they could find shelter, utterly unable, from hunger and fatigue, to hold out longer.

July 16.—Late last night, Nzizo came in, hardly able to speak; from him we had a few additional particulars. The Caffres have never made a larger muster: Sandilli, Anta, Wobo, and several other petty chiefs, were out, with the whole of the men of their tribes, numbering in all six thousand men. Some twenty Fingoe herdsmen routed and put this host to flight. Nzizo, utterly puzzled, scratched his head, and, in deep thoughtfulness, said—“These Fingoes must have something in them.” When the firing was heard at Alice and Fort Hare, parties got mounted, and came to the help of the Fingoes; but before that, the Caffres, panic-stricken, had begun to fly. Sandilli, with the other chiefs, and all those on horseback, had, in fear and confusion, taken a way in the Mancazana direction, in the hope of getting into the Amatole, after compassing the whole Chumie mountain.

By early dawn, we heard the men, who had slept about the station, called up, and they immediately left: others, too worn out to get this

length last night, continued to come on from behind; these had additional intelligence. We had heard of only one death last night; these state a great many have been killed. One man was brought to me, that I might give him medicine for his wound; a ball had entered from behind, and ploughed its way downward and forward through the whole length of the thigh, and come out inside the knee. I could do nothing for the man, but told those with him to look at him and take warning. This, though not a member, was a station man. His father had fallen—one brother had his hand shattered by a shot, and another was missing. At an early period of the rebellion, I well remember an occasion when I remonstrated with the man, and in haughty indifference, if not scorn, he told me, that he never thought at all of his soul in going out to fight, and did not care what became of it. Ah me!—what of this now?

Saw Toby during the day; he confirms the statement as to the number of the Caffres—more than six thousand were out; they all feel quite ashamed. He offers no explanation as to the part he himself acted, and were I to ask for any, it would only make matters worse, by giving him occasion to seek still more to deceive me. Most of those passing to-day are in woful plight; they have thrown guns, assagais, blankets, every thing behind them, to be able to run the faster: in all, there must have been upwards of twelve hundred pass within sight of the station, all on foot; the few on horseback are said to have been wounded men. This great muster had been made in the fullest confidence of "eating up Alice," which was thought to be defenceless and weak,

when General Somerset, with the body of the troops, had moved to a distance.

July 19. Between the first two and the last two days of this week, what a contrast! What fresh cause of thankfulness to God, for what we have this week seen of His hand. I have tried to express this; but, as on most other occasions, find that when the mercy is enjoyed, the Author of the mercy is, in a great measure, forgotten. On Tuesday, it seemed as if there were but slight probability of my being in the land of living men, to write this on Saturday.

August 9.—The great "Mkosi"—commando—of the Caffres has been followed by a lull. They seem mortified and affronted by the issue thereof. They rarely effect much by those great gatherings; it is in little marauding parties, stealthily making their way into the colony, and falling by surprise upon the first defenceless party to whose place they come, that they are most formidable. To these tactics they now again betake themselves; upwards of fifty Caffres have passed, in three bands, within the last two days, away into the colony, to seek for, and wait for, opportunities for this foul work. They scatter themselves every where, and are to be seen nowhere; but let a herd of cattle be sent out by a farmer to graze, without an armed guard; or a train of waggons, or party of travellers, venture along any of the roads without a sufficiently-strong escort, then the wily foe springs from his lurking-place, and his unwary victim becomes his prey. I often feel disposed to liken the Caffre to an ugly and hateful vulture, common here. Where they make their abode I know not—they are nowhere to be

seen ; but let the dead carcase of a sheep, ox, or a human body, be left for but one hour in the open field, and you will see those creatures wheeling through the air, from every direction, towards it, as if they kept watch upon every jutting mountain rock for thirty miles all around ; I have seen them gathered in scores, tearing up a carcase thus exposed, and the company of devourers is as ugly, as the meal they so much relish is disgusting.

August 16.—Had opportunity to send home letters to Alice for the post, but disappointed to have none per messenger in return. The post-rider with his party has been attacked, the horse and mail bags lost. Learn from Colonial newspapers that the Caffres are working extensive mischief in the Colony. There seems to be a forbearance and partiality exercised towards those perfidious and treacherous "Cape Corps," not easy to be accounted for. When, O when, will these things have an end ! Were my wife and darling boy only in Scotland, that land blessed of God, and where the fellowship of those that fear God is so fully to be enjoyed, my mind would be comparatively easy. But the very thought of their being left alone in this land—I can look at death itself with less painful feelings.

August 23.—This afternoon brings something new ; the cry "a commando," with all the usual consequent bustle. The people ran in every direction to hide their goods, and the men to get their horses and goats taken up into the bush. A party did come, but not farther up to the station than Soga's place, where they outspanned, and slept for the night. It set in a cold wet night, and a most uncomfortable bivouac the poor fellows

must have had. Almost wondered that they did not turn the additional half-mile or so out of their way, to get the shelter of the church and mission-buildings, where they could have passed the night in comfort. Have no notion what may be the object of this visit to our neighbourhood.

During the week we have seen two parties from the bush where Macomo is; both showed a sort of sullen disappointed feeling. Mpakane—the man who kept so closely by my side during that scene of danger on my way to Igqibira—came this way, with the remains of a party that had gone out to the Colony on a plundering expedition. He had now only two companions, and the whole exhibited a most wo-begone appearance. He said they had come from the land of the dead. Their party consisted of more than twenty, and when some eighty miles or more away in the Colony looking for some sheep or cattle to carry off, a party of farmers had fallen upon them, and shot seven of their number, and wounded others. Such as could, made their way homeward as quietly as possible; the three now before us were all that were known to have got thus far. That is a lamentable state of things, when one feels a sort of satisfaction in this.

August 25.—Yesterday sabbath, and almost expected some interruption to our usual social worship, from movements or operations of the party, who had passed the previous night so near us. They moved off early in the morning, however, in the direction of Eiland's Post. Most likely they are taking supplies there.

The cold of last night quite benumbing, and this morning shews the top of the Kat-bergen

covered with snow. The sun shines out, however, and in our lower altitude the day is beautiful and pleasant. We had early intimation that the party which had gone on yesterday, was seen returning from Eiland's Post. Horses, goats, and men were soon all out of sight in the bush. A party had gathered at nearly the point of Incotoyiridge, which I at first thought to be Festivi's people. A few shots fired quite near the station, both startled and alarmed me. I saw the person leading away an old horse, at whom I thought them to have been fired; and the party from the ridge rushed down upon him, so that he was likely to pay dearly for his temerity.

These, however, turned out to be Fingoes, not Caffres. It is their practice to detach themselves in straggling parties, from the military which they accompany, when they have any expectation of being able to pick up anything for themselves, no matter how trifling. To see whether there were anything up on the station sufficient to induce them to turn so far out of their way, they had perched themselves upon this height where they had a view of the whole. The old horse was the only thing that met their eye, and one of the party had come down to possess himself of it, when he was fired upon from the edge of the bush, by Gadie, brother to Festivi. It would have been wise of him, however, to have kept quiet.

The Fingoes took this as a sort of challenge, and were not slow to take it up; it indicated to them too that there was in the bush something more worthy their attention than the old horse. A very small party of them pressed boldly forward, entered the bush, and brought out with

them about a dozen of horses, several of them beautiful animals; all of them save one had been stolen from the Colony; in addition to the horses, the Fingoes made spoil of a good many goats in the bush. The men, however, all kept in close hiding among the great stones, and under the roots of trees. Many of the Fingoes passed through the station they picked off several little things; from the women, but to ourselves were mostly quite civil.

The women gathered about me, and made great clamour that the Fingoes had taken away the goats of a poor widow belonging to the station. On being assured by them that these were her own honestly-come-by property, I set out after the Fingoes to recover them. They suspected my object, and ran forward with them in such haste as put it out of my power to overtake them. I pushed on to complain to the commanding officer, for the regular troops were now passing at a point within two miles of the station, when the thought struck me—Well, what if after all, the goats have not been well come by? I turned back, and afterwards found that it was really as I had feared—the goats were stolen property when brought to the station. In indentifying one's self in any way with those people, a person does not know to what he may be committing himself.

September 20.—This is the principal planting month with the natives, when all the grains and esculents which they cultivate are put into the ground. This season has been all that could be desired. Well-timed and copious rains have kept the ground soft, and in excellent trim for work-

ing. But while God causes all His paths to drop down fatness, man, in the perverseness of his ways, enjoys not the blessing. Instead of the spade and the ploughshare, it is the rifle and assagai that occupy the whole attention here of the Satan-enslaved Caffre and Hottentot.

It is well that I was early taught how to use the spade and hoe. It would have fared much worse with us, if, with the unjust steward, I had it to say—"I cannot dig." I have planted the seed for a new crop—who may reap it, none can tell. I began early to plant, for one thing, to set an example to the station people. If I only could get them to turn their attention to the breaking up of their land, it would in some measure draw them off from the dishonest and wicked way in which they were living. Then, if still on the station when their crops were yielding food, which would be within three months, they could support their families from the proceeds of their honest labour.

At first the men came and looked over the fence at me in silent astonishment, and generally went away, giving an expression of surprise at a man planting when the "land was dead," their usual way of speaking of the country in a state of war. Not one of them offered to help us with a day's "delving." They more than once asked if I expected to eat the potatoes I was then planting. I told them, that they were planted that the wants of our family might be supplied from the fruits of honest industry—that we could not live upon plunder. They evidently began to be influenced by my example, after the first week, and to feel my implied rebuke. Dukwane came

one day to say, that some of them were now talking of planting, as they saw we were doing so. We urged them at once to set-to, that they might support themselves in an honest way. In a day or two after, almost every hand was busy, on the open spaces far up the side of the mountain. I could not prevail upon them to come down to the low fields about the station.

A very considerable body of the Hottentots had their lager, or rendezvous, about eight miles from us, in the bush, near where was the village of Auckland. There was a constant intercourse kept up between them and the station people, more especially Festivi's party. When there, they were successful in bringing several flocks of sheep and a good many cattle, safely out from the colony, so that they were in no lack of mutton or beef. Tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, soap, and articles of clothing, they were sadly in want of. Most of the station people had clothing stowed away, and this was now brought out and disposed of to the Hottentots for flesh. The station people here, and those at Lovedale Free-Church Mission, kept up too a close intercourse. The women of Soga's party were down sometimes twice a week; they went in during the night; their friends there disposed of fat, of which they had plenty from the animals that were killed, and then purchased such things for them as they wanted at Alice. The parties from this kept in concealment all day, and came up during the dark of the following night. Through this channel, supplies of I do not know all what, were conveyed to both Hottentots and Caffres in the mountains. It was the same with the station people at Fort

Beaufort ; through them Macomo and those with him in the notorious Waterkloof, obtained supplies : and not supplies only, but intelligence of all sorts was communicated between the parties.

When all the facts and circumstances are known, the avowed foes and the positions they occupied, and the treacherous friends with the concealment of their wickedness, and the forbearance exercised towards them, those charged with the subjugation of the rebels, and the restoration of peace, had no easy commission to execute. More than once, I called the attention of parties having the deepest interest in getting this intercourse put a stop to, to it. This was at considerable risk to myself, but all the thanks I got, was to act with great prudence and caution. This timidity of spirit is unworthy of a man in such circumstances. Pray for the restoration of peace, and yet wink at that which gives those who provoked and who perpetuate the war such advantage.

The Hottentots made liberal offers to supply us with fat, ox tongues, and meat, with which they repeatedly sent both men and horses laden ; they mostly wanted coffee and tobacco in exchange for these things. We were weeks together without meat, but never for a moment did we think of giving countenance to those men in their wickedness, by taking what they offered. When digging one day, two men came and asked me to buy an ox tongue, which one of them had in his haversack. These men were Cape-corps deserters. I asked them what they thought would be the end of such a life as that they were leading ? One replied, they knew it was not right, but that

Jesus Christ would save them—that was their hope.

The man said this with so much of the air and tone of a penitent, that I felt moved to speak very faithfully to him. With earnestness I warned them against deceiving themselves. No man living, as they were living, could have lot or part in the salvation that is by Jesus Christ. He is a Saviour to save his people from their sins, not those who deliberately and from choice prefer to live in sin as they were doing; they could give no more sure evidence that they were not of Christ's people. I asked him who had been his teacher? He replied that he was one of Mr. Read's people. Of all the Kat river Hottentots with whom I have been brought into contact here, and that has not been few, with one individual exception, they have described themselves as being Mr. Read's people. I was usually prompted to ask who had been their teacher, from their too ready obtruding of religion into their discourse. Let no man be ashamed to own his Lord, but let him do so, rather by honouring all his laws, than by merely having his name upon their tongues.

CHAPTER XVII.

Military operations—Death of a native teacher—Caffre notions of money—The military villages destroyed—News from Europe—The station surrounded by natives—The feint and the attack—Death of Colonel Fordyce—Caffre sermon on War.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Yesterday, sabbath, when at morning worship, four very ill-looking Caffres came and set down at our cooking fire behind the house. They were from Macomo's bush, and asked us to give them tobacco. They said they abhorred the sight of an upright house, meaning a house built in European fashion: some of their other remarks too, made us wish them well away from our neighbourhood.

In the evening, two of the women belonging to the party that had left Chumie more than a year before, came from King William's Town, distant from fifty to sixty miles. They had been entrusted with the conveying of dispatches to Fort Cox, and had adroitly and faithfully executed their commission. Friends had wished them to come on our length, to know of our welfare, and to bring some little supplies of things which we were not without need of; this also served as a cover to the real object of their being sent out. The people came about them to hear all that was going on about head quarters, the number of troops collected there, and what might be the expected operations of these troops?

how the station people were living, and what the Governor was now saying about peace.

Between the two parties, however, there existed the grounds of a radical misunderstanding. Those from King William's Town applied the term impi—enemy—to the Caffres, while those here used it in reference to the English only; nor would they believe the statements of those from King William's Town, regarding the military force now at the Governor's disposal. The station people too were not only living well, and earning great sums of money by honest work, but were steadfast in their attachment to Government. All this most deeply chagrined the people here, and they soon evinced towards the two women, such a state of feeling, as made it needful for them to keep out of the way, and they had to get away by stealth before daybreak next morning. As soon as it was known that the women had left, some eight of the women of the station here started to overtake them, in hopes that they would take them with them into King William's Town, that they might get things, as they said, from their friends.

September 27.—Toby called, and under evidently elated feelings, assured us that the Fetcani had come to the help of the Caffres. Festivi asserts that he saw them with his own eyes, and shewed them with his gun the way the English fight. The Fetcani are a people lying backward between this and Natal, and are spoken of by the Caffres as being ferocious and bloodthirsty above every other people. This may arise from their having completely routed the Caffres, in a battle near where Pirie station now is, some forty years

ago. However, we have all such notions of the Fetcani, that the report of their being near greatly alarm us. Another party just come from Sandilli's most confidently maintain that not one Fetcani is in Caffreland.

Truth has ever been but a second-rate virtue in Festivi's eyes; he seems now altogether given up to falsehood. The wickedness of the people has indeed become great. Would to God I were out from among them. To witness all their wickedness is not the least part of my affliction.

September 29.—About sunset yesterday—sabbath—vexed to see an ox rapidly driven up to the mission-house, where it was immediately slaughtered. Dukwane had procured this one, from a party of Hottentots, who were passing with a lot of stolen cattle!

October 6.—Reports that have reached us during the last two or three days, shew military operations going on again with a little more vigour. Have, in consequence, felt an increased earnestness in the speedy and total subjugation of these wicked men. A thought, suggested by a paragraph of one of Flavel's sermons, which alludes to Pilate as doing a service to the cause of Christ, which even his own disciples could not render, has been dwelt upon by my mind with some satisfaction. What if it shall yet be made manifest that Sandilli, Mocomo, and these vile Hottentots are really effecting work in God's service! breaking up the very kingdom, which all their exertions are calculated to make permanent! A universal Kingdom of Peace and Righteousness! Shall such assuredly yet bless this world?—Lord, hasten it according to Thy word!

“Glorious things are spoken of thee, O, City of God!” and all that is spoken will be realized! Faith, when in vigorous exercise, so lays hold on that Word and those promises of God, as to realize their fulfilment, however future, in a way not to be described. Poor wordling! What are all his pleasures to this? What glorious things are said of that on which his heart is all set! One hour of the true Christian’s present faith only, is worth more than all the joys of all the mere men of the world heaped together!

October 8.—Very great uneasiness, from Dukwane having called to confirm the report of the Fetcani being come to the help of the Caffres. We were put into a mood, when but little was wanted to make us decamp from the station, without any endeavour to take our goods with us. Dukwane said he was concerned for our safety, and would go to Sandilli, to remind him that we were still here, and to ask him to give the Fetcani a word to spare us, but as he had no horse, I must give him mine. This I refused, saying, that I could have no communication with Sandilli, neither would I consent to any one taking my horse, to go on any pretext into the Amatole, or among the violent and avowedly war party. Dukwane got into a pet at this, and said it was by the chief’s pleasure that we were living here, and if I would have no communication with him, nor give my horse for the object for which he had just now asked it, then, I must just myself see to our safety. By this time, I had but small confidence to place, even in Dukwane. I had my suspicions, that he had

some object of his own, above caring for our safety.

October 13.—Yesterday, sabbath, was a day of much uneasiness among the people. They had no meeting for worship, the form of which, at least, with whatever lack of consistency, they usually keep up. They had early observed a large body of troops to be moving from Fort Hare, and were, in consequence, all on the alert, getting goats, horses, &c., stowed away into the bush. All this, though the troops move to a greater distance from the station! They seem to be apprehensive that every movement, no matter in what direction, is to compass some design against them. "There were they, in great fear where no fear was."

Towards sunset, was called down to visit Koti, his family having become alarmed at his rapid sinking. Found him a state of great weakness, fast going the way of all the earth. I could do nothing more than repeat to him a few of the Saviour's assurances of His support to, and presence with His own, when they are called to pass through the dark valley, and then commend him to the mercy of his Redeemer-God. He signified that he heard me, but was too weak to speak.

October 14.—After we had gone to bed last night, notice of Koti's departure was brought us. He has gone to his rest, and to the bosom of his God, I confidently hope. His family being exceedingly desirous to have him buried with some of the decencies of Christian sepulture, and no man being on the place to make a coffin, his widow sent to say, that she was ashamed to ask me to do such work. I understood what this

meant, and was pleased to have an opportunity of giving countenance to the feeling cherished by the family. With such materials and tools as I could command, I made a coffin; a number of the men came down from the bush, and dug a grave, and about sunset, we committed "dust to dust."

In the burial scene, there was what was calculated to gratify, and to vex as well. The respect paid to the remains of Koti by every one of the place, male and female, young and old, following them to the grave-yard, was gratifying. There was a true eastern expression of grief too, especially by the female relatives and members of his family, which, whether becoming or no, I had, myself, difficulty at times to resist giving way to it.

There were mourners there, however, at sight of whom one became sad. Native females, decked out in rich silk gowns, and other articles of clothing, told too plainly that the hand of plunder had done more than that of industry to furnish their wardrobe. The men, too, went to the very grave's mouth, with their guns and assagais in their hands. Their appearance was sullen and unhappy in the extreme. The sound of a heavy cannonade had been all day falling upon our ears, and they knew well against whom this was directed, and had grounds for apprehensions as to its results. No one said so to us; we were left to conjecture that an attempt was being made to dislodge Mocomo with his desperadoes from their inaccessible rocky bushy fastnesses, in which I pray God they may succeed. Yet how ticklish does success make our own po-

sition ! The barbarians when dislodged, are likely to rush in this direction to gain their other fastnesses in the Amatole. And against those mortified barbarians, and madly-reckless Hottentots, who is our defence ? In God only is our refuge !

Koti, to whose remains we had now discharged the last offices of humanity, had for a number of years been the native agent at the out-station called Mitchell's School, in honour of the late Dr. Mitchell, of Wellington-Street Church. He had a salary of ten or twelve pounds from that church, which is a very handsome sum indeed for a native in this country, and perhaps Koti was the only native agent to whom his salary was a real benefit. It is very much with salaried native agents here, as it is with old pensioners at home. On the faith of their salary, they get over head and ears into debt with every one who will either lend them money, or give them goods, and it is the last of a Caffre's thoughts to ever think of paying when he gets into debt. When those agents have money, they spend it with all that improvident extravagance which usually characterizes those who come so easily by it as they do.

In all those respects Kōti was an exception to the general character. He and his whole family were strictly honest and honourable, both I think from the influence of Christian principle, and from a natural high-mindedness, and independence of disposition, for which they were distinguished. The Caffre, with what is called his independance of spirit, and native pride, exhibits a servility and meanness, abject to the last degree

should occasion require it. If it may contribute in any measure to set him well in the good graces of a superior, or be likely to increase by a few more head, his already overgrown herd of cattle, or minister in any way to his self-interest, there is no meanness that he will not descend to, and no deceit so base, that he will not with unequalled adroitness betake himself to. This I deliberately write down, as confirmed by my whole experience of native dispositions and habits, nor do I make any exception in favour of those at our mission stations known by the name of converts. There are few indeed in whom grace has subdued this inbred deceitfulness of disposition.

I have been so deceived by even those reckoned the very best of our converts, that I have become cautious in setting forth the good qualities of any of them. My first confidence in Koti, however, had never been shaken. My earliest services among the Caffres were kept up at Mitchell's school, and a most hearty welcome I ever got from Koti; he had then only a Caffre hut for his own accommodation, but out of respect for the worship of God, had put up unaided, a pole house in European fashion, in which his daughter kept school, and where I have often addressed as many clay-smear'd Caffres as could well be pack'd within its walls, all brought out by Koti and his people from kraals in their neighbourhood, where he was respected by all. A little tin of Caffre milk, and a quantity of nice figs he had always in readiness for me, that being as he said, "the only decent food he had to offer the teacher," and seated upon a stone, with the earthen floor for a table, for neither chair nor table constituted

any part of the furniture of the hut, I have often partaken of this simple substitute for dinner, with a relish unknown amid the comforts of more highly-civilized life, with all the good cheer and delicacies which may be there spread upon the most hospitable board.

Stimulated by a little generous aid from the members of Dr. Mitchell's family, whose interest in the school bearing their father's name was unabated, Koti had got a house after European model put up. Several months before, I had visited his place, and assisted, and gave him directions in putting on the roof, and four other houses were then in progress, but on the first mad outburst of the Caffres the whole was abandoned.

Early on the forenoon of 25th December, the memorable day on which the military villages were destroyed, Koti with his own family, and the others who had settled with him at Mitchell's school, came as fugitives from the fury of their countrymen here to the station. Koti was then ailing; sick as he was, however, he brought all his people out with him; he regarded them as committed to his care, and would not leave them exposed to a danger from which he himself fled. After the people and station here had been abandoned by the missionary having the charge of it, and the people put to flight by the oft-repeated alarms of commandoes advancing, there were a number of leprous, blind, lame, and sick people on the station, who were unable to flee with the healthy to the bush, and were constantly kept in a state of indescribable terror, lest the Fingoes or Boers should fall upon them at any time by surprise, for somehow or other, the way in which we had

been accustomed to hear those parties talked of, we all regarded their coming near the station with a sort of dread, which when they did come, we found to have been cherished without cause.

It was most distressing, when alarm spread among the station people, to see how these poor sick, and lame, and blind, crawled up, one in one way, and one in another, to get, if possible, to our house, that they might have what protection we could afford, from danger, fancied or threatened. To prevent, as far as we could, all this distress, we had those parties brought up, and kept beside us. The hut that had been occupied by Miss Chalmers as a school-room, was filled with these, and others were accommodated in that used for cooking by Mrs. Chalmers.

Among those was Koti, with his wife and sick boy. He was without food of his own, his crops having just been ready to begin to reap, when he had to flee and leave all. Having recruited a little, without making us acquainted with his wish to move, he left our hut, and went up to the bush, and then from that went farther into Caffreland. I was vexed by these unaccountable movements. It was but few weeks till he returned, and had some sort of shelter or hut made for him, far up the mountain, among the rocks and bushes. Here he was brought to the point of death, and I sought to go up to see him. I asked Dukwane, and some of the other men, to go with me. They seemed not unwilling, but never to have a fitting opportunity to go. I concluded that they had no wish that I should go into the bush at all. They said that no harm might be feared while I kept on the station, but

if I ventured up there, it was hard to say what some parties might do.

Koti was, however, brought down again to the station, and I then lost no time in visiting him. In reference to his going away, as he had done, to the bush and mountain, he said it was in a fit of disobedience and rebelliousness; that at the time he did so, not a fear of death, but a great unwillingness to die, came upon him; but now he was quite submissive, and had come back to the station just to wait to die.

I continued to visit him regularly, and had every reason to cherish the confidence, that Kito was a true-hearted believer. The consolations of the Gospel were ministered to him; the realization of its exceeding great and precious promises sustained him, until he at last slept in Jesus. I will long cherish in affection the remembrance of Koti.

October 18.—The sound of active warfare has daily greeted our ears this week. We are ignorant of what success attends those efforts to dislodge the rebels; but it is singular, that not a soul, male or female, has come in this direction from the scene of operations. The Caffres seem closed in for once. Yesterday the sound of near firing made us all look about us. The men hastened to the bush, and the women, who were mostly all up in their fields, as hurriedly left it with their children. It turned out to be at Xayimpi's bush, near Auckland, that the military were engaged. This party has been patrolling the Tyumie hoek, to intercept parties from Macomo's getting into the Amatole: saw the patrol pass near Woburn this morning.

October 22.—The third anniversary of my taking leave of friends in Scotland, especially my dear mother, and had very unexpected gladness by receiving a packet of letters from her and other friends. I had almost thought that I had become as a dead man to even my dearest friends. These letters revive me. At what a small expence can we give each other joy! A pen, ink, and sheet of paper, an hour's writing, and the payment of postage; and for this we may cause a mother, a brother, a sister, or a spouse's heart, to sing for gladness; and, what is more, may excite many to help us in giving expression to feelings of thankfulness and praise to God, when we know of his dealings towards those we love, and they know of his treatment of us. How much of heaven may the people of God enjoy, in even this present state!

October 25.—Felt not a little uneasy from numbers of Hottentots passing. Knew not where they had come from, but learned afterwards, that for three days they have been lying in the bush, within two miles of us, with the design of pouncing upon Alice cattle, if driven out in this direction to graze. In disappointment they return towards Tyumie and Amatole, cold, wet, hungry, the very personification of wretchedness. They have kept passing all day, yet not one of them came near to molest us. Surely we are hid in the secret of "His tabernacle!" Heavy cannonading heard from very early yesterday morning, and Macomo is said to have sent, imploring help from Sandilli.

October 28.—A man and two women passed as if from Macomo's bush—do not know that any

here spoke at all to them. The people are very sullen, and seem unwilling to hear the news, and still more unwilling to let us know them.

About dusk a large mounted party most unexpectedly made their appearance, and alarmed us all. From the whole of them being mounted, I tried for a minute or two to cherish the hope that it might be our friend Mr. Thompson taking advantage of an escort passing from Eiland's Post to Alice, and coming this way to see how it fared with us all. The cry "they are Hottentots!" instantly gave a different character to my feelings.

They came dashing on at a furious rate. That same morning it had been whispered to us, that some party from the station visiting the Hottentot camp, had heard us named in connection with sending letters to Alice, and that they were coming to take us to account for what we had written, for they knew it all from friends they had at Alice. Knowing this did not lessen our apprehensions. They all off-saddled down about the mission premises, and came up in bands, but not one of them brought his gun with him.

Mrs. Chalmers went out and met them rather before they got forward to the house, that she might learn the object of their visit; some of them asked for me and I went out. They conducted themselves with more civility than we had expected. In such of them as I had known any thing of before, it was easy to mark a rapid sinking. The clothes that were on them were changing to rags, and their whole appearance haggard and revolting. There were a good many of the Cape Corps deserters who talked with great swelling words. They would all fight to the last

man. I asked them to tell me what they were fighting for, as I did not well understand it. They appeared quite put about by my asking this.

One said they were forced to fight, or they would be killed; another that they would never serve under Sir Harry, but would make peace with Stockenstrom; Mr. Renton and the missionaries had taken letters from them to the Queen, and they could not understand how the Queen was sending out fresh soldiers to help Sir Harry; they were beginning to fear she too was taking part against them. No matter, they would die fighting; they would never give in. At Sir Harry they sneered in very contempt, "He would put all to rights in fourteen days! The war was now ten months old, and not yet half over, and what had he been doing all the time but losing his soldiers!" I felt in my heart mortified at having to listen to this, and from such miscreants too.

Some of them in a spirit of flattery to us, or self gratulation to themselves, made some remark about our being allowed to live so long in safety here. I told them that I did not myself see the object of our being kept here; that most undoubtedly God had some purpose to serve in it; that my trust was simply in Him; that I had not sought or in any way courted the protection of any party.

I then most earnestly expostulated with them, and warned them of the danger to which they were exposing not their lives only, but their souls also in their present evil course. They heard me in unbroken silence, and did not speak one word more, beyond civilly, though somewhat curtly, saying good night. They had previously told us

that they had been called to help Macomo in Waterkloof, and were on their way ; and had just off-saddled here a little to let it be darker before they went forward. A quarter of an hour more was spent in catching their horses and up-saddling, when they were all again prancing away from the station, to our no small satisfaction. I reckon the party to have numbered about a hundred men, all mounted. My earnestness in the few sentences that I addressed to them, so excited me that I was not well all the night after.

October 30.—Heard the report of close firing yesterday afternoon and evening. This morning some wounded Hottentots passed, and it now turns out that the party whose approach caused us so much alarm two days ago, practiced one of their base deceptions upon us. Instead of being on their way to help Macomo, they were the mounted men of a muster of three or four hundred that were on the way to attack and carry off the cattle of Alice. When will the lying lips of these men be put to silence, and the arm of the wicked broken.

November 15.—These are the most singular times of any that we have yet come through. We hear at intervals the sounds of active warfare in the distant cannonade, but not one word can we hear of what is really going on in Waterkloof. Several parties of twos and threes have passed from that direction, but they keep as silent as they appear to be starved and famished.

Our days have been hot, and our nights clear. Do not remember to have ever looked upon so magnificently brilliant a "starry heavens" as on last Thursday night. How those stars shone !

At times I felt when gazing at them, as if they were something more than mere lights. There was a penetratingness about them, as if they were the eyes of some great intelligence : and so pure, so lovely pure, in looking at them one could give no place to such a feeling as that they had ever been dimmed by the breath of sin, or impurity of any kind.

A party of Caffres, with a few oxen, kept lounging all the afternoon down in the hollow ; many of the people went down to them, but no one seemed to know where they had come from, nor to where they were going. Dukwane, who took pet at my refusing him my horse to go on our account, as he would have made us believe, a message to the chief, had found another horse, and for nearly a whole month has been away with Festivi, among the rebels, so, that as I at the time thought, he had an end of his own to serve, rather than our safety to attend to ; and all the more so that now we know what he told us about the Fetcani, to have been wholly a fabrication.

November 22.—Have this week learned that the Caffres, with the oxen, of which no one could last Saturday tell us anything, were passing on towards Macomo, sure sign that hunger is pinching there, when supplies are being drawn from Amatole, instead of the farmers' kraals. Three oxen too, which last Sabbath afternoon were brought to the station, were procured by Myosi, Festivi, and Dukwane, from Hottentots who passed with a large lot of cattle plundered from the Colony. These after being kept a few days on the station, were sent onwards to be added to their reserve herds, with which some of their

friends have gone away far back among the Caffres. It is thus that they conduct war. One party keeps upon the frontier and gathers in the spoil, which they transfer to the charge of another party that has gone away over the Kei, or found a harbour among the "friendly tribes?"

By a note from Lovedale, learn that Col. Fordyce has fallen in the Waterkloof. This is mournful news. No officer on the frontier gave greater promise, without words at all, than did Col. Fordyce, with his 74th. His was one of the few names of those conducting military operations here, which was ever pronounced with confidence. There was no standing back, taking another way, or sham fighting with him. He was an earnest soldier. His name was cherished with a kind of affection, as well as pronounced with confidence, and every one feels as if he had lost a personal friend, in the fall of so able a man, and so brave an officer. His warfare has been soon ended. May his spirit rest in peace.

November 29.—This week has been silent and peaceful, almost to painfulness. Those rests in military operations before the object for which they were entered upon has been affected, are intervals which our wily foes turn to good account. Shut up till ready to devour each other, they rush like so many starved wolves, ravening in every direction. It is not by great battles that these barbarians are to be overcome. Our thousands of men must be broken up into parties of hundreds, and set down at every pass, at which cattle is brought into their mountain fastnesses; thus only will the Caffres be forced to abandon them. Carried on as it has been, the war may last for

ten years, or twice that period, if there be farmers to plunder.

December 8.—The reports we hear, shew a degree of boldness and activity on the part of the Caffres. Let us then have action. If those in authority cannot do more to check and subdue those reckless men, their being "driven beyond the sea," were hardly to be regretted. As we sat down to dinner Soga made his appearance. He gave us little in the shape of news. He talked largely, however, of the evils of war, and of the wickedness and foolishness of the Caffres in having provoked and continued it. By doing so, they had no doubt made God angry, for he had given rain until the whole land was covered with grass, that reached even to men's knees, and because of the war, they could not bring a cow to eat it. This shewed the goodness of God, and the wickedness of his own countrymen.

Language like this in the mouth of Soga, could excite only disgust and suspicion in the mind of every one that knew him. He was assuming his favourite, though vilest of all characters—hypocrisy, and more, not only studying to deceive, but also to draw into some snare the party to whom he thus addressed himself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Visit from the destroyers of Auckland—Departure of unwelcome guests—Failure of expedition against Alice—Caffre women sent into the bush—Terms offered to the rebels—Unsuccessful attempt at a parley—Encounter in the bush—The mission ordered to leave Chumie—Conduct of Government injudicious—Distress of the Caffres on the station—Chumie abandoned and destroyed.

NOVEMBER 9.—After we had Soga yesterday afternoon, it was whispered by some of the women that the Caffres were getting up “amkosi,”—a commando, or mustering their forces—and that Soga had come to have the men here in readiness. “What shall be done to thee, thou lying tongue?” This morning confirms the truth of what we were in somewhat in doubt when we heard it first; the men, both those of the station and stranger Caffres, are leaving, and passing in bands, to make an attack, and endeavour to carry off Alice cattle. The number of the whole, however, that we had seen pass out on this expedition, was inconsiderable, and we had little anxiety regarding the issue. It threatened rain too, which the Caffres wont fight in, as they have not the means of keeping their powder dry which soldiers have.

During the forenoon, rain set in in earnest. We had just risen from dinner, when, looking out in the direction of Alice, a mounted party was observed making towards the station at a rapid pace. Immediately every approach and pathway was crowded with footmen and horsemen, all

directing their course towards us. The furious dashing of the horsemen, the shouting and running of those on foot, and the thick gloom of the driving storm covering all around. Ah! I will not say what my feelings and emotions at the moment were: we had but short time for mere apprehensive forebodings.

These hordes rushed on, naked, cold, hungry, and dripping with wet; some passed, others crowded into the room, the door of which opened to the outside, and into the verandahs, until there was not space into which another could cram himself: the front door had the latch undone, by parties trying to get it open; this I observed, and got behind it just in time to make it fast. Now there was not a house, hut, or covert, on the station, under which a head could be sheltered, that was not packed full. Wobo, the chief, with the principal party, occupied the church, the seats and wood-work of which they made into firewood: the noisy, wretched, shivering, rabble within, and about our own doors, held their ground.

Prudence required that I keep out of sight, and, to do so, had to keep in the passage between the two rooms, there being no window that looked into it. At every window as many eyes were staring in, as might have made one of much more vigorous nervous organization than I can now boast of, feeling uneasy. My dear Janet trembled for my safety, and, with our darling boy, kept at my side. The noise and threatening language of those outside, alarmed her still more. I yielded to her entreaty, and went up to the garret: we were thus separated from Mrs. Chalmers and

children, who were in the room below. We read the fifty-sixth Psalm, and kneeling down together, cast ourselves on Him, on whose arm we had never leaned in vain, nor trusted and been disappointed.

Mrs. Chalmers had sent for Dukwane, who, when he came, made those who had crowded into the room go out; those under the verandahs, and all around the house, had but little shelter from the driving blast, and left to go up to the bush, where were a good many huts, and plenty of wood to make fires for themselves. Now I could peep out to see them pass away, and a more wretchedly barbarous spectacle never met my eyes. Not a few of the men were utterly naked, very many of them had only a single sheepskin, this soaked with rain, held together in front tightly over the shoulders, only added to the wretched appearance of the wearer; some few had the fragments of an old blanket, or remains of some other European clothing about them. The station was soon swept of every thing that could make a fire; there was nothing to afford food, but every green thing, if it could only be gnawed, was eaten up.

A thousand of these men must have been upon the place; and we now learned that we were likely to have their unwelcome company all night. Our own cooking-place, a large hut, was still packed to the door with those who had first possessed themselves of it. These were Xayimpi's men, who were those principally engaged in the massacre of the settlers at Auckland; Xayimpi himself came up to order them out, when Mrs. Chalmers complained of their being in the way.

Heedless of his orders, they laid still, and we had just to put up with their intrusion. Several other parties came in during the evening, and none of them shewed any unfriendliness. The chief sent a message he was in want of food, and would not refuse any thing we had to send. A few potatoes were all we had to give.

December 10.—Well may we take the words of the Psalmist, and say—"I laid me down and slept—I waked, for the Lord sustained me." Hundreds of wicked men have been all around us, and we are kept from all harm. Dare not even ask when they think of leaving. Hear they are consulting whether to renew their attempt against Alice, or go home. Parties kept coming in at intervals during the day. I took every opportunity to remonstrate against their procedure: I bade them look at the state into which they had thrown the whole land, and had they yet, or did they now hope to better even themselves? Before the war, most, if not all, of them could appear in a good blanket; now, of the hundreds collected together, there were not twenty that could present themselves in good blankets; besides, their loss, hunger, alarm in which they were kept, and danger, going out as they now were, they put themselves in the way of death; most certainly some of them would fall. Could any one of them say, it would not be him, and were they prepared to die? They had given but little heed to the teachers of God's word, and had burned down all the houses of God; yet most of them knew that, after death, they must stand before the Great God in judgment. Did

they ever think on this, and what comfort had they in doing so?

One group heard me in unbroken silence. The chief Botman's son, was at the head of them; he sat in deep thoughtfulness; then rose and grasped my hand, and said "most certainly the word of God has been spoken by you—I never before felt it so—it is the word of God, in truth, I have heard this day." And looking full in my face, he pressed my hand and said, "remember me," and walked out.

To Wobo, the acknowledged chief of the whole party, who to flatter his youthful pride and vanity had taken the name, gonyama—the lion—I spoke in much the same strain. He heard me with a kind of scorn, told me not to speak to him of death; the whites were frightened of them, and had gone to fight with Kreli's people over the Kei; they knew how to spear them when they come to Matole, and he suited the action to the word. One of the young men by whom he was accompanied, sneered more derisively when I spoke of death; a few more hours and he was destined to taste it.

Four large oxen were brought about mid-day from the Amatole to be slaughtered for this famishing crowd, but whole companies had to be satisfied with knowing that some of their companions in arms got only a little—they themselves got none. Rain having cleared away, appearances led us to hope that we might soon get quit of our visitors.

December 11.—All still this morning and quiet. The Caffres had left at an early hour, or during the night, to prosecute their original design.

We had got Dukwane to sleep in the house for the last two nights, both for a little security to ourselves, and to prevent him if we could going with the multitude in their work of wickedness. After we got up, however, I saw him with Nyosi and another man follow hard after his countrymen. Soon after the females with their keviae followed as usual.

These half-famished men have for thirty-six hours been in crowds about us; nothing that could be even chewed has been left upon the place, save within our own garden enclosure, where was a plot of ripe potatoes, in quality not to be surpassed, and upon which we were dependant for the honest support of our own family; not one shaw of these has been touched, nor has the most trifling article belonging to us been taken away or injured! Surely He who hath the hearts of all men in his hand, is in abounding mercy, illustrating and confirming this truth here now! The praise and glory be all to Him!

Late in the afternoon we were relieved of no little anxiety, by seeing the Caffres fleeing towards Amatole routed; one man only came up to the house; he was candid enough to say, that a handful of English had driven away all their hosts. A good many were killed in the flight, among whom was the young man who sneered so derisively when I spoke to him about death the day before.

December 16.—Learn that parties at Lovedale station have got into an unpleasant position, from it having come to light, that a message to the effect, that now was their time to come to Alice, the place being weak from the men being

all away on the Kei expedition, had been sent by certain of the station men, to the Caffres, in consequence of which they had made their great muster last week. This clandestine traffic with parties on Lovedale station, and Hottentot females, about Alice, has been too long winked at.

December 25.—Twelve months now since the first outbreak of that violence which has rioted over, and desolated this fair land, and to check which, hardly anything effective has yet been done. Where now is his Excellency's boast, that fourteen days would suffice him to chastise the perfidious Caffre! Well, if it must be, "let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth." "The Lord reigneth," and his purposes shall stand. Towards us, his mercies, special mercies, during the bygone year, have been beyond measure and reckoning! My heart grows big with emotion, when I think of only a few of them. What altogether marvellous deliverances have been wrought for us—what visible stretching out of the Almighty arm on our behalf—and covering with his feathers—what support afforded—what unexhausted supply of temporal provision, with sound health and above all, what seasons of unshaken confidence in God, with joy and gratitude that words cannot express! I feel the want of many hearts, and many voices to help me to praise Him for all.

December 26.—Find with surprise on getting up this morning that a large party of Hottentots have possessed themselves of the church during the night. They had been overtaken by rain on their way to attempt the spoil of cattle at Alice. These broke down part of the pulpit which the

Caffres had spared, to kindle fires for themselves. They left again in the afternoon to renew their attempt; Festivi and his party were the only men from the station that joined them. In all they numbered about two hundred, mounted men about forty, these were said all to be deserters from the Cape Corps. God grant that the iniquity of those men's own heels may overtake them!

December 29.—Heard nothing on Saturday of the marauders that had gone on their wicked work, and was in expectation of yesterday having our sabbath quiet broken in upon by them, either returning successful, or fleeing, with those they had gone to rob in pursuit. Their hearts had failed them, however; they turned back to Amatole, without venturing upon an attack. Festivi, Nyosi, and their party, returned to the station, shortly after Dukwane with a few of the people had met for worship.

1852—January 12.—We witnessed a somewhat novel spectacle this afternoon. A caravan, consisting of more than thirty men, all loaded with new blankets and packages, the contents of which we had no means of knowing, passed backwards in the direction of Waterkloof. A good many of them were parties we had seen before. When asked, they told us that they had purchased the blankets and things from the traders at Buffalo mouth, distant from this nearly a hundred miles. It was only a few of them that would stand to speak, they seemed all very fidgetty, and anxious to get to their rendezvous, yet a long day's journey in advance. I was working with the spade, planting potatoes, when they passed;

they made some allusion to this, and said, when the war was over, I would not need to do such work. They had talked it over, and thought to make me a present of a large number of cattle, after there was peace, as I was the only teacher that had shewn that I had no fear of them; all the others had fled to military posts for safety. This was rather an equivocal sort of compliment.

January 27.—It seems determined that the women and children now evacuate Waterkloof; considerable bands of these have passed towards the Amatole, haggard, and faint, and wretched. It is upon them that all the horrors of war tell with appalling severity. And where now are those creatures, famished and ready to perish, to flee? The Amatole is again being occupied. Early this morning the cry—"A commando!" greeted our ears, and on looking out, the long train of wag-gons was seen moving onwards, to about where the camp had been in June.

January 28.—Ignorant of any movement to be made in this direction, had sent two women to Alice, in expectation of getting letters from home. On their return, learned that a packet of letters and newspapers for me had been taken to the camp, where it was thought I would get them more conveniently. Had these to-day, with a note from Colonel Sutton, who shews himself most ready to oblige.

During the night we were waked up and alarmed by a party on horseback, that we heard about the door; rose to ascertain who they were, and found that it was a party from Macomo's, with a large number of companions—they had lost their way. Some of the women told them

that the camp was near the Tyumie, and they slept quietly away without offering any mischief.

February 4.—Since the Lovedale people got into trouble for their secretly communicating with the enemy, we have had no freedom to send there to get supplies from Alice. Parties of the people from Lovedale, however, have repeatedly found their way here since. The Caffres had succeeded in stealing a few goats, and among these were some belonging to their friends at Lovedale. A party came here and got Dukwane to go to Sandilli, to recover the goats, as being those of his own people. On this ground he got them back; they were brought here, and the parties returned the following sabbath, and took them away. The natives manage such transactions with an adroitness and concealment which baffles us. The native assistant in the seminary was one of those who thus recovered his goats.

Fort Cox is eighteen miles, or about double the distance that Alice is from Chumie; we had got, through the kindness of friends, both military and those connected with the Burn's Hill station, all our supplies there for some time, getting perhaps ten pounds of meal, or flour, sometimes as many pounds of butcher's meat, sometimes none to be had, after sending two women a two-days journey. Such is the state of things produced by this barbarous war! And yet you take the credit at home of being good folks, who apologize for, and sympathize with, those who madly provoked and obstinately prolong this state of things!

From both the contractor and private parties at the camp, we could now get abundant supplies.

Two women, who had gone to fetch what we wanted yesterday, on their return said, the camp was to be here to-morrow. We thought nothing more of it, than that the Fingoes had sought to amuse themselves at the expence of the frightened women. But, without any jesting, we have them all upon us, and the camp formed less than a mile from the station. General Somerset rode up, attended by several of his officers. He stated the Governor's terms, upon which only he could treat any native who had borne arms against Government—"unconditional surrender." Dukwane had signified to us the previous evening, that he was, as well as several other of the men, disposed to give himself up. On hearing this, the General evinced the liveliest anxiety to have all who were so disposed got out of danger. The Fingoes were all over the place, and would shoot every Caffre they saw, and by day-break next morning, parties would be sent up the mountain to destroy the crops, and scour the bush, so that any one there would have small chance of escape.

On leaving, the General said it might be well to have a guard sent up from the camp, lest the Fingoes should become troublesome. I thought there was no occasion for this. Shortly afterwards, the soldiers came strolling about, and three of the 74th went down into the garden to help themselves to what mealies and pumpkins they could find. I went down, followed by Mrs. Chalmers, and spoke to them, and they turned away. Others had now collected in front of the house. The sight of so many Scotch faces, and the accent of so many Scotch tongues, half turned our heads, as may be well supposed, and we readily

entered into conversation with them. Poor fellows! As he parades our streets at home all so tidy and smart, many think the soldier has a fine life of it. Let such look at him here. No dangling feathers, white belts, or shining buckles, but caps, jackets, trousers, one hardly knows how to describe them, All tanned and roughened too, by exposure to sun and weather, with beards like what you expect to see whiskers at home; many of them sore-footed and crippled, without having slept under a roof, or upon a bed for months; such is a soldier, and a soldier's life here; and added to all this, his constant exposure to danger, and death in forms that only savage barbarity can inflict. I have often felt much for the soldier.

While talking with those in front of the house, others had gone down into the garden to pillage, doing so by stealth, however, as if ashamed. From what I saw, I thought it best to let the General know how the men were conducting themselves. I went down to the camp, and when the General heard that our garden was being plundered, exclaimed—"These Fingoes." An officer standing by said, "It is not the Fingoes, but those lying soldiers." I felt ashamed and vexed to hear my countrymen thus characterised. Those whom I left in conversation with Mrs. Chalmers, no sooner saw me out of sight, than taking advantage of my absence, they pushed down through the garden, carrying off whatever they could. It was a few only who came down to such dishonourable meanness. A guard of the 91st was immediately ordered up to Mrs. Chalmers's house, and we had no more trouble.

On the following day we had a guard of the

74th; the sergeant expressed his regret at what had taken place the evening before, but that men knocked about as they were, sometimes forgot themselves. We had a guard alternately of the 91st and 74th, and every civility and respect was shewn us from that day, up to the time that we left the station. The soldiers came in and joined us in our social worship, received with thankfulness such tracts and books as I had to distribute among them, and when we left, they all rendered us the most hearty service, in packing and loading up the waggons. It is to them we owe the preservation of so much of our own and mission property.

In the evening Dukwane ventured down from the bush: when I stated the terms to be unconditional surrender, life not to be taken. He said if the men knew that their lives would be spared as I said, many of them would be glad to give themselves up. I urged him to get away to make known the terms, that all who wished to take advantage of them might have an opportunity of doing so, and get out of the bush before the morning. Dukwane went but soon returned again. He said the men were altogether at one place—that he durst not speak of the matter openly—a party was ready to fall upon and murder any one that would propose to give himself up. The only shift that now remained was to get the wives, mothers, and sisters of those who were known as having a wish to give themselves up, to communicate with their husbands or sons by themselves in the bush, to acquaint them with the opportunity that yet remained for them to get out of danger.

There was no place on the station where such parties would be safe, save in our house, and Mrs. Chalmers made one of her rooms be kept open all night, to be a refuge for such as came down from the bush. By day-break, eleven men had come down from the bush. By that time too, two columns of the 91st and 74th were being moved up the mountain, each man with a sickle in addition to his fire-arms. These were to cut down and destroy all the crops. But for their muskets, and the regularity of their pace in marching, in their appearance otherwise the soldiers would have passed most readily for a great band of reapers, such as I used to see when a boy passing along the highways during the harvest, and very much like what I used to see before I left home, a squad of navvies on some of the great railways. The 74th passed quite near us. One of the officers turned aside, and, with great urbanity and kindly frankness of manner, entered into conversation, and asked me a good many questions. From the newspapers I have since learnt, that this same young man has returned to Scotland bearing the family name and title of Sir David Baird. May he live to honour both.

The General had told me to keep the men in charge till he sent up an officer with an escort to take them down to the camp. Shortly after breakfast they were taken down, and immediately disarmed. They had a tent prepared for them, and were in every respect well treated. Between the two shoulders of the mountain, where the soldiers were employed in destroying the crops, the hollow is covered by the forest of large timber, and every sort of twining, creeping,

hanging, thorny underwood, which is the bush so often referred to. In the most secure and hidden parts of this, the men had their hiding places. Far up at the foot, a precipitous rock which towers in rugged masses, high above the loftiest forest trees, Festivi and his party had their rendezvous; not one of them had given themselves up, and it was from fear of them that the others had to get out of the bush by stealth.

The Fingoes were now all in that bush. Just as I was called to dinner, I heard the soldiers on guard at our door say—"There now, the Fingoes are at it; they have been fired upon."

I stepped out and looked up the mountain; nothing was to be seen but the soldiers busy at their work. The sound, however, of unceasing volleys of musketry re-echoing through the forest and overhanging rocks was a sound at which I instantly sickened. I knew it to proceed from where Festivi and his party were likely to be, and I concluded they were perishing *en masse*, under that murderous fire. A trembling and faintness came over me; I sat down at table with the others, but in attempting to use them, my knife and fork dropt from my hands. I said not a word to any one of the cause of my uneasiness, but imagination kept before me those whom I had known well, rolling in their blood, and more than once I had almost fainted. Festivi and his whole party had richly merited a full measure of punishment; still the thought of their being shot down was too much for me. However, my imagination had the worst of it. Festivi had managed to scamper off with his party, out of reach of the Fingoes. Memke, however, who

had been left to bring on a few goats, which Festivi had, was shot. He was one of the smartest lads on the station, and had outstript all his schoolfellows, in the progress he made, and had latterly been placed under Mr. Govan at Lovedale seminary, but was dismissed with the other boys at the breaking out of the war.

In the evening, Dukwane was sent off to Fort Cox under an escort of forty men, to be disposed of by the Civil Commissioner. The General called and wished me to make out a list of the wives and families of the men who had surrendered, that they might get rations. He gave us to understand too, that the express sent to the Governor, might bring an order for his immediate removal, and it would be well for us to consider in such a case how far our position would be one of safety; and if we thought of leaving, we could not too soon have everything in readiness. About dusk the Fingoes came over in great numbers, and sadly alarmed the poor helpless women, beating, stripping them of clothes, and offering other brutalities. My efforts to restrain them were unavailing, and I got my horse upsaddled and rode hastily over to the camp. A party of the line was instantly ordered to the station, to bring away as prisoners every Fingo found on it. Most of them had skulked away whenever they saw me ride off to the camp. A very bad party, however, were found in the mission house; they were at once disarmed and marched to the camp.

Saturday morning we expected to have been required to leave. The General called up to say that the express not having returned from King

William's Town, there was less occasion for pressing us away ! he thought we might enjoy the quiet of the sabbath undisturbed, but advised us to have all our bulky and weighty things sent down with the first waggon that went down to Fort Hare ; then, if a hasty move of the camp was ordered, he would endeavour to give us the accommodation of one waggon, which would be enough to take out our family, and that he would give two women a pass to go down to Lovedale with a letter to friends there, that they might provide house accommodation for us. Aside the General said to me—" I cannot exercise my authority, and *order* Mrs. Chalmers out ; her heart is bound up in Chumie, but do use your influence to shew her that duty to her family requires her now to leave ; I do feel much for her." The General's whole bearing towards us all had evinced this.

Late in the afternoon the express came, and brought the order that the station men who had given themselves up were, after being disarmed, to be sent under guard beyond the Tyumie, with their wives and children. Indeed ! verily, these men could have walked across the Tyumie, taken their arms, and whatever else they pleased with them, without at all troubling Sir Harry or any one else about it. To have seen these men brought to lawful trial by either court-martial or civil tribunal, and punished as they deserved to be for theft or robbery and rebellion, would not have elicited from me a disapproving remark. But this way of doing things confounds me !

Dukwane and the other men maintain that the Caffres will most certainly put them to death

as soon as they are in their power. They with their families are in great fear and perplexity; we all feel with them, the Governor's order has taken us by surprise. I remonstrated with the General; the letter of good faith may have been kept with those men, but certainly not its spirit. He consents to keep them in custody, till a representation of all the facts of their case be made to the Governor, which he promises to forward to-night.

February 8.—Sabbath: the General sent for me to the camp; he shewed me the Governor's instructions; they are positive; he must needs carry them out, and wished me to furnish a list of the wives, families, and dependants of the men, that they may all be sent across the Tyumie by daybreak to-morrow morning. I decline to take more to do in this business. I used all my influence to induce the men to give themselves up, hoping that thus they might escape from a position to which they had been abandoned some thirteen months before, and in which they had made shipwreck of their Christian integrity and honesty. And supposing their fears of their countrymen's vengeance to be groundless, the driving them over the Tyumie, was to force them into a course even more full of evil, than that to which they had been too prone to betake themselves. The General seemed to feel the force of my reasoning, and was at a loss how to act. He thought to send them over again to the station and charge me with their safe-keeping, also with their support—some fifty adults, besides children, in these times!

I returned without being able to report any-

thing being decided upon. All was consternation among the men and their families. At dawn the following morning we were waked up by the rattle of the waggons driving up to take away our things. There was no lack of hands to help us to load up, soldiers, waggon-drivers, every one was forward with his services. Mr. Thornton, of Fort Beaufort, whom we had not previously known, even by name, but who was somewhat acquainted with our circumstances, from his being brother-in-law to Mr. Sage, a native of Hamilton, now well established here, had his waggon brought up and placed at our service, for which he would accept of no compensation.

It had been agreed I should go with the waggons, to see all the things put right at Alice or Lovedale, leaving Mrs. Brown with Mrs. Chalmers and family at Chumie, to be brought out if the camp were ordered to move before I had an opportunity to get back. I had just got on horseback, when my path was quite blocked up by the whole of the women on the place, with their children on their backs and in their arms, crowding around me. Many of those I had repeatedly seen carried away under the impulse of feeling, rioting and exulting in such wickedness as had excited my grief and detestation, and I then heartily wished that they might be visited for their evil doings. Now that their calamity was come upon them, all my feelings of compassion and pity were moved. The sight, I think, would have moved a heart less given to relentings than mine. Every hand was stretched out, even those of the little children, to take a last grasp of mine ; the deep, anxious, imploring look

of the poor mothers, I shall not soon forget. I could speak only one word of comfort to them—I hastened to get out of the midst of, and away from them—the scene was too much for me!

I expected to have seen the General at the camp, but he had left two hours before, and I had to go on in ignorance of what he had determined upon in reference to the station people. I remained at Lovedale from Monday till Thursday. I knew that two waggons were on the road, and I ventured to go up again to Chumie without escort, or any companion. The quiet and still of death was upon the station. The men had been brought up from the camp on Monday evening, and left on the station, with orders to be in readiness with their families to be marched under guard beyond the Tyumie the following morning. I am glad I was not there to witness their departure from the station. Guarded safely across the Tyumie, there the Fingoes in the service of the British crown were permitted to fall upon, and fire upon, this band of unarmed and defenceless men, with their helpless wives and children; some of the men were stript of every thread of clothing; most of the women too, who had any clothing worth taking had this torn from them. Koti's widow and daughter carried one of her boys, who had for years been sick and a cripple; Mrs. Brown had given the cover of our own bed to wrap him in; he was barbarously taken from his mother, shaken out of his covering upon the ground, and had this snatched away. All this was befitting Fingoes, but that an officer having command of them, and British soldiers, should

stand quietly by and witness this, makes one burn with shame and indignation.

It needed no argument now to convince any of us that it was duty to leave Chumie. To some, our remaining so long may not be easily justified. The preservation of mission and private property was but a secondary consideration; Mrs. Chalmers's attachment to the place, and to many of the people, can be understood, and her disposition to palliate the guilt of their wrong-doing excused, when it is known that for some twenty-five years she had laboured there, with her husband and other members of her family, to promote the best interests of that people. Chumie had been entirely changed since the death of her husband, and though most of those who had been brought under the influence of the gospel during his ministry had been driven away, still her attachment was strong to those that remained.

To save as much as possible from the flames, I spent most of the intervening days in dismantling the whole premises, taking out windows, doors, and every moveable piece of wood-work. Since our departure all that remained has, as was anticipated, been burned down, save Mrs. Chalmers's house. On the 19th February, we bade adieu to Chumie, and safely reached the resting-place which had been prepared for us. Most manifestly has the hand of God been about us, and all that we had, during the thirteen months we were left alone at the station. We will remember His loving kindnesses.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

NARRATIVE OF MRS. BROWN'S ESCAPE FROM IGQIBIRA—

Mr. Brown's departure—Sudden insurrection of the Caffres—Mrs. Brown is compelled by Caffres to quit station—The station ravaged and destroyed—She takes refuge in Caffre Chief's kraal—Mrs. Brown starts for Fort White, which she safely reaches—Two women sent from Chumie to escort her thither—She leaves Fort White, and is plundered by Caffres on the road—Returns to the fort—Caffres attack the fort, and are repulsed—Again leaves the fort—Frequent alarms—Reaches Chumie in safety.

ON reference to the earlier pages of this work, it will be seen, that Mr. Brown left Igqibira for Chumie, and that the sudden outbreak of the Caffre revolt made it impossible for him to return home in time to protect Mrs. Brown, when compelled to quit the station and provide for her own and infant's safety by flight.

When on the morrow after his departure the flames of insurrection burst forth all around with resistless fury, the situation of Mrs. Brown and her infant was one of deep solicitude. There was no possibility of communicating her condition to any one. No white man but a missionary could have ventured through a country filled with infuriated Caffre insurgents, and not even a missionary could have ventured where he was not personally well known, without a Caffre escort,

and the Caffre converts on the station were struck with terror.

Many days passed without any tidings from Igqibira. It will also be remembered, that on the twenty-eighth, without any one's approval, and, indeed, in the face of remonstrances, on account of the certain dangers to which he would be exposed, Mr. Brown ventured to leave Chumie under the protection of a confidential servant of Macomo, who had come to the station. He returned on the following evening, to the great relief of his friends, in safety, but without Mrs. Brown, and greatly jaded and dejected. He had escaped many deadly assaults by the fidelity of his attendant, who once and again threw himself between him and the weapon lifted for his destruction, and by the prompt interposition of two young chiefs on one occasion, and of some old men on another, but for whom the efforts of his faithful guide would have been unsuccessful to shelter him from the assegais, or wrest them from the hands raised to thrust them. His wife and child he had not found. The accounts he got of them were, that they had been left two or three days alone—had then been conducted to Stock's (the chief) kraal, and from it had proceeded to Fort White. The dwelling house had been destroyed, its contents had been carried off; and at the chief's kraal, where he spent the night, he saw some of the men wearing his own clothes, and scattered round was a profusion of the articles which had been pillaged from his house. Subsequently, some women were sent to Fort White for Mrs. Brown, but they had

to return without her, after encountering from some insurgents rough usage.

It was not till January the twelfth, nineteen days after the commencement of the outbreak, that a party of women and one man, from Chumie, all Caffres, succeeded in bringing her safely to the station. Her own narrative, as she furnished it to her friends, is subjoined. It discloses a series of terrible and affecting circumstances, through which she passed, wonderfully preserved and self-possessed; and while it unfolds much treachery, and rapacity, and deceit, on the part of the Caffres, presents also some instances of true humanity and kindness, which call forth our admiration and gratitude, and show, that human nature is not inferior in these barbarians to what it is among civilized Europeans.

Wednesday, December 25.—Mr. Brown left me yesterday, to attend a meeting at Chumie; and this morning the servant girl came to me before I was up, and asked me to come to the door, and see so many armed Caffres passing. I went, and was much surprised at seeing this sight, not knowing what was the cause of it. However, I was soon made acquainted with the news.

The chief, Stock, sent messengers, to see if Mr. Brown had returned. I told them he had not, and that I did not expect him until Friday morning. The men answered me, that I should not be at Igqibira on Friday—that I was to leave immediately, and go to the nearest post, for the country was dead. I said I could not leave, as Mr. Brown was from home. They answered—“You must go to-night, before sunset.” I asked them if they would not allow me to remain till I

could send for Mr. Brown. After some talk, they consented to this proposal. I sat down and wrote a hurried note for Mr. Brown, and sent the man off; at the same time Stock's men said—"It will be a wonder if the man reaches Chumie in safety." After some talk about my not leaving when I was commanded to leave, the messengers left, and the principal man among them, who was Stock's brother, carried away with him one of our table-spoons, and refused to return it when I asked it. About sunset four armed men came, opened the door, and sat down. They were sent by the chief to protect me during the night. I gave them the kitchen to sleep in.

All seemed very quiet during the night; and now my eyes behold another sun—the Lord preserved me from all danger, and permitted nothing to befall me. The mapakatis left after sunrise, and promised to return in the evening. In the afternoon, Pepe and Gasa came. Gasa asked me what I was going to do. I said I did not know what to do, for I was very anxious about Mr. Brown; and was surprised that neither Mr. Brown nor the man had made their appearance. Gasa asked if I would not ride on horseback, and accompany them. I asked when they intended to leave. He said, that was not an answer to his question—that I must either say yes, or no. I said, I did not wish to leave during Mr. Brown's absence. They said no more, but went away to their homes. About sunset, seventeen armed Cafres came to the door; they said nothing, but wondered much at me not being afraid to stop alone. They went quietly away. Then appeared the chief, with the four mapakatis. The chief

asked me if I was not frightened. I said no. He said he would try and get some oxen, as the most of ours were stolen, and I was to leave next morning, but not remove any thing out of the house ; that I was to leave every thing, and he would take charge of them. The chief bade me good night, and said he would be sure and get oxen for me. This promise he did not fulfil. He afterwards sent word, saying, he could not get oxen. I gave the mapakatis a good supper, and gave them their mats. They wished to sleep in the dining-room. I said no—they must sleep where they slept last night. They again refused. At last I said, that they would annoy me with their smoking, for it made me sick, and if they would not go to the kitchen, I would tell Stock. At last they rose up and went to the kitchen. I called the girls in—committed ourselves to the protection of our heavenly Father, and then retired to rest. About an hour after going to bed, some person tried to open the front door. The eldest girl called, and asked who was there. No answer was given, and the noise ceased. After all was quiet, a second attempt was made to open the door—the girl called again, but she received no answer. I spent a sleepless night, but the Lord again preserved me from dangers not a few. Towards the morning I fell fast asleep, and was awakened by a rough voice, calling “ Missis.” I opened my eyes, and what was my surprise to see two Caffres standing at the bed-room door. They told me to get up and leave immediately. I asked where am I to go to? They said go to Fort White. I said I will stop—you will not hurt me. They answered, What is the matter

with you? Do you not know that other females have been murdered? I made no answer, but began to dress myself, and that in a very unpleasant manner, for the two men stood there, and would not leave before I finished dressing myself. Others came into the bed-room, put their guns and assegais against the wall, and bade me make haste and leave the bed-room. They commenced taking the blankets off the bed. I went into the next room—some articles were already taken out of it. Some of the Caffres said to me, Go out of here, what are you wanting? I went into the front room, and saw many things destroyed and taken away.

I went into the store—got the reams and other things belonging to the waggon, and tried to get the four remaining oxen inspanned, but unfortunately I could get no one to drive the waggon, as all the people had left the station during the night. I could now get no means of even saving a few clothes for Mr. Brown and myself. I knew not what to do—the house was full of Caffres, some carrying away our property, while others were busy breaking and destroying the furniture. I tried all I could to save a few things; I failed in this. I could not think of leaving, for I knew not where to go. At last a strong Caffre took me by the arm and pushed me out of the door. The servants called me and said, Why do you stop in the midst of danger; come away. I ventured again into the house, but received the same treatment. I now saw it was time to leave. Taking my infant from the girl, she and another little girl accompanied me to the great place. I asked for the chief—he came to

me—I told him what had happened—he gave a deep sigh, and said, I will go to the station myself. He went—I left the infant with the two girls in Stock's hut, and returned again to the station. I could not see a single article remaining. The chief instead of helping me to save anything, got his counsellors to carry away the meal, sugar, and coffee. I said to him, Now that you have destroyed everything, can you not help me and return a large book. I described it to him—it was Mr. Brown's large Bible. I said, If you know who has it, help me, and give it to me. One of the counsellors said, Poor creature; whoever has the great book he must give it to her, for it is only a book, and we do not want books. The chief immediately sent the friendly councillor for the Bible, who ran to a kraal, rescued the golden treasure, came running after me, placed the Bible, in my hands, and with a smile said, "Here Missis, take your book, and be very careful not to part with it again." I thanked the poor Caffre, who very kindly expressed his sympathy, and said his heart was very sore for me.

It was now time to leave the station, as every thing was taken away, the mission house destroyed, and not a creature left but Caffres, who told me to go to Fort White. Accordingly I left; found the two girls on the road with the infant, who was crying very much; I took him, sat down for a little under a tree, and proceeded again to the great place. The chief told us to sit in Gasa's school until the evening, and then go on to Fort White. I asked a little milk from the chief, as we felt very hungry, not having tasted food since Thursday evening. The chief sent a cup of thick

milk, which I shared with the two girls, and was very glad to get it. The chief sent two women to accompany us to Fort White. However, they got tired and left us. We met a young woman and a little girl, who, when they heard our tale, offered to accompany us, and show us the road to the Fort. It was now turning late—I felt tired and very faint; the girl noticed this, who begged me to go no further. We wondered where we should pass the night, and while we were looking around, we saw two huts: with a beating heart I went up to them—the young woman who was our guide told what had happened to us to the inmates of the house. They all expressed their sympathy, and wondered much that their countrymen should have such cruel hearts. Before retiring to rest, they gave us some milk, which we were very thankful to get. They very kindly gave us a mat to sleep on. We lay down, and when I looked back on the dangers to which we were exposed during the day, my heart was filled with wonder. Mercy—yes, mercy, had compassed us about.

We awoke very early on Saturday morning, and started with our guides for Fort White. About nine o'clock we came in sight of the Fort; the woman and girl then left, as they were afraid to go near the Fort. We were received with much kindness. All remained quiet till Sabbath evening, when we were much alarmed to hear the sound of firing, which we learned was an attack made by the Caffres on the Cape corps, who had taken the post to Fort Cox.

On Monday afternoon, two females arrived from Chumie, to assist me on my way home. I

awoke early on Tuesday morning, and just when about to leave, hard firing was heard. I waited at the Fort until the firing ceased. Sir Harry, with his troops, arrived, and I left with the women for Chumie. We had scarcely gone two miles, when we sat down under a tree to rest. We had just stood up to proceed on our journey again, when the girl said—"There are the Caffres." We were immediately surrounded by twelve armed Caffres; they never spoke a word, but pounced on us in a manner which I cannot describe. Often I fancy I see the Caffre pressing his assegai to my naked bosom, as he did on that morning; and now that it is past, I often wonder whatever prevented him from thrusting the weapon into me. I felt very much frightened. I said—"Oh, do not stab me." Three armed men held me—they undressed me, and left me with only my chemise and flannel, and took the two girls' clothes also from them. One of them returned again to me, and wished to take what I had on, for he said, he was sure I had money about my person. He came forward again—caught hold of me; but one of the women quickly snatched me from him, and asked what he meant by again returning to me, after he had taken all I had? He left me not, however, until he had taken the poor old woman's handkerchief off her head. On this day, they took all that I had in the world. The Bible, which the friendly Caffre had rescued for me, and two hymn-books, were taken by them. It was in vain to ask them from them. How grieving to think that these, it is likely, are cut to pieces by the hand of the poor, ignorant Caffre, who knows not their value. After getting every-

thing from us, they walked quietly away. One halted, and called out, saying—"If you go on, you will meet more Caffres." This was the one who took my bonnet and gown. He again called to the woman, and said—"Old woman, you must take great care of the missus, and not allow any thing to hurt her." I got a sad fright, and had no heart to proceed on my journey.

I returned again to the Fort. I was descried at a distance, and seeing the state I was in, some kind person sent a gown to cover me. Again the Lord preserved our lives in the midst of great danger. All went on very quietly at the Fort until Friday morning, when the alarm was given, "the Caffres are coming!" I looked out, and saw that it was quite true, the enemy was coming down, in four different directions, in great numbers. The firing commenced. No one can describe the horrors of that day. Three balls from the Caffres, came into the room where we were, but, thanks be to the Lord! He permitted nothing to befall us. Twenty-one Caffres were on that day quickly hurried into eternity. One of them was dressed in Mr. Brown's cloak, another in his shirt, and a third in one of my best gowns. I was requested to go over and see the dead bodies, to see if I knew them, but this I refused to do. A heavy thunder-storm came on towards the afternoon; the firing ceased, and the Caffres began to disappear. No one belonging to the post was hurt, except one man, who was slightly wounded. On Friday the 10th, two women again made a trial to come for me.

I left the Fort at three o'clock; a heavy rain came on. We went on, joined by Daniel, who

had come from Chumie, until we came to a kraal, where we were received with great kindness by the head man, who was one of Sandilli's counselors. He was very kind to us, and provided a good supper of boiled meat and thick milk. He gave me a clean mat, and another offered me his blanket. I thanked him for it, and said, I would not take it from him, as I had a large shawl, which would do, for it was very hot. We slept very comfortably in our friend's hut, and awoke early next morning. The man wished us to stop till the time for milking the cattle, that we might get some breakfast. We thanked him for his kindness, and said, we would rather go on, as we wished to get the cool of the morning. He bade us good morning, and said, he hoped we would reach Chumie in safety. His wife came a good way with us. After she left us, we met several Caffres; they were well acquainted with the man who was with us, and they appeared very friendly. We went on until we came to the Bera plain, where we saw three armed Caffres running down the hill to meet us. They seemed a little ashamed when they saw Daniel, whom they knew quite well. They went on a long way with us, talking about the state of the country. They asked me if I thought Fort White a strong post? I said, I did not know, for I was no judge of these things. I asked them why they asked that question? They said, "Because we are going to burn it." I said, I feared they would not be able to do that. They said, "We will try."

They continued walking with us, when we saw other two armed men flying to meet us, but fortunately they knew Daniel. They confessed

that they were coming to strip us, as they thought we were carrying letters from the Fort to Alice. Another came running with a gun; he seemed very much enraged—said, I was their enemy, for I was white, and he would shoot me. The other Caffres caught hold of his gun,—told him who I was and that I was going to Gwali to the teachers. He said, “What are the teachers? I do not care about them; it is them that have killed the country.” After a little, his anger seemed to cool; he asked tobacco from me. I had none, but asked a piece from some of the women, and gave it to the man, who thanked me, and said, “It is right Daniel is with you, for we know him; if he had not been here, we would have killed you, for we look on all white people as our enemies.” They left us, and we went on quietly till we reached Chumie.

And now that I am here in safety, when I look back on the many dangers to which I was exposed, and yet preserved from them all, I am lost with astonishment at the mercy of the Lord to me.

THE END.



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